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HISTORIC HOMES IN WASHINGTON.

HISTORIC HOMES

IN

WASHINGTON

ITS NOTED MEN AND WOMEN

AND A

CENTURY IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BY

MARY S. LOCKWOOD

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,
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1892.

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DEDICATION.

To My Brother, Rodney B. Smith:

When you read this page of dedication and see to whom it is inscribed, your first thought will be of the days so long ago, when hand in hand we climbed the hills and spanned the meadow brooks, because we were "nest-deserted birds grown chill through something wanting" in our home. Of all that such a recollection implies, of saddest and sweetest to both of us, we could not speak, one to the other, without voices faltering. It is enough that each doth know the other's thought.

The boyish arm that round me clung in those sad days has stronger grown, as years have passed, in manly might, softening or enhancing the bitter or the good that each has known. To you I give this inscription, knowing my heart will be satisfied; for between me and the public I shall have, at least, one generous reader.

PREFACE.

In gathering the materials for this book, it has been the writer's aim to collect authentic data of facts, and changes that have come over the face of this fair city since the day that Capt. John Smith sailed up the Potomac, through the Colonial days; from the imaginary city, well-planned on paper, to the magnificent city of to-day. For the descriptions of the homes, and sketches of the men and women who have lived in them, those who made the laws of State, society and dress, old journals, family letters, and papers have been consulted, and reference had to various sources that would give authentic information for the work in hand. Something of the glory of vanished generations is herein recorded, which, with the passing of time, might have faded away and been forgotten; yet enough remains to fill many volumes more.

But the leading spirits of this day and generation have herein been accorded a place and a habitation in history.

M. S. L.

INTRODUCTION.

"Historic Homes in Washington" will interest every American. It is a history from which the colors have not faded. It is a romantic chronicle in which the men and women of the olden times walk and speak again, and we go with them to their firesides. The grim jurists, the doughty warriors, the mighty men of the Nation's childhood, and the stately dames and haughty belles, all pass in a living panorama sketched by the master hand of the author. Secret history of the daily life of the Capital is uncovered for the first time; the motives of statesmen and intrigues of diplomats are laid bare.

Men and women whose names are as familiar as the epochs in our history have the loves and hates of their social world all explained, and the in-goings and outcomings of politics are elucidated with a piquancy that is as delightful to us now as it would, no doubt, have been embarrassing to many a grand personage half a century ago.

The story goes back to the days when the Father of his Country drove a hard bargain with the sturdy farmers for the site of the National Capital, and is brought down to the present time. All the famous houses and the endless procession of great men and women who have flourished there awhile and passed on, fill, in turn, the foreground of the picture. Nothing is hidden.

The work is unique in conception as it is masterly in execution. It grows in interest as it progresses, and it must be read as a hitherto unknown chapter in our National History.

PUBLISHERS OF THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

HISTORIC HOMES IN WASHINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST SETTLERS.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH—THE RED MAN'S WIGWAM—THE CAMPING GROUND OF THE BRAVES—SETTLING THE COLONIES—THE CENTURY OF THE NEW NATION'S BIRTH—THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS—THE ITINERACY OF THE CONGRESS OF THE CONFEDERATION—CONTROVERSY OVER THE LOCATION OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL—"OBSTINATE DAVY BURNS"—THE ENGINEER OF THE CAPITAL

When Capt. John Smith, in 1608, sailed up the Potomac, the curling smoke from the red men's wigwams welcomed him.

The Powhatans, the Manahoacs, and the Anacostians had become powerful tribes; and here where Washington stands in all its glory was the camping ground of these brave men of the forest. When the yearly councils of the chiefs were called, it was on the banks of the beautiful Potomac that their council fires were built.

When Capt. John Smith first stepped foot upon this goodly land the days were not ripe for the new civilization, and he turned his bark down the Potomac. The years came and went. The sound of the woodman's ax was not heard. The red men of the forest held possession of the land for another decade ere the new Nation was born.

In the fullness of time there came a day for the settling of the Colonies. It was the century in which the great Queen Elizabeth died—a century in which King James gave us the English translation of the Bible; a century

that produced a Cromwell, a William III., a Louis XIV.; a century in which Milton dreamed of Paradise Lost and Shakespere sang his songs immortal; a century that gave a new world to the nations of the earth.

After the independence of the Colonies was established, some of the disbanded troops from Lancaster came clamoring at the doors of Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia, for money due them. Congress was powerless, and called upon the Metropolitan police to quell the mob. They were unwilling or unable to do so. Congress therefore adjourned to Princeton, N. J. This awakened the people to the importance of the selection of a Capital. It could not be established in any municipal city where the Government had not jurisdiction.

For the next four years the Congress of the Confederation was exercised over this subject; but as no official record of the debates has been preserved, it is only through the tenor of the resolutions adopted that we can glean an insight into the methods, or appreciate the trouble that attended a solution of the vexed question.

These years of controversy over the location of the National Capital brought to the front the foremost men of the times. Mr. Jefferson has recorded in his Ana a curious bit of history that touched the spring which gave the final action upon the adoption of the Potomac site for the National Capital.

According to Mr. Jefferson's statement, the session of 1790 was one of dissension and bitterness, marked by an obstinate scheme of Alexander Hamilton's to assume the State debts, amounting to $20,000,000. An amendment had been offered to the pending act covering this amount, which was rejected by the House. At this time Jefferson was Secretary of State and Hamilton Secretary of the Treasury.

Hamilton was nervous and excited, and urged Jefferson to aid in its recommendation. The North favored assumption, and the South opposed it. Jefferson and Hamilton met on the streets, and, arm in arm, walked back and forth before the President's house for half an hour.

Jefferson says that "Hamilton was in despair. He painted pathetically the temper into which the Legislature had been wrought, the disgust of those called the 'creditor States,' the danger of the secession of its members and the separation of the States. He said that the members of the Administration ought to act in concert; that the President was the center on which all administrative questions finally rested; that all of us should rally around him, and support, by joint effort, measures approved by him; that an appeal from me to the judgment and discretion of my friends might effect a change in the vote, and the machinery of Government, now suspended, might be set in motion.

"I told him that I was really a stranger to the whole subject, not having yet informed myself of the system adopted. That if its rejection endangered dissolution of the Union at this incipient stage, I should deem it the most unfortunate of all consequences; to avert which, all partial and temporary evils should be yielded. I proposed to him to dine with me the next day, and I would invite another friend or two, and bring them into conference together, and I thought it impossible that reasonable men, consulting together coolly, could fail, by some mutual sacrifices of opinion, to form a compromise that would save the Union.

"The discussion took place. It was finally agreed that, whatever importance had been attached to the rejection of this proposition, the preservation of the Union and concord among the States was more important, and that therefore it would be better that the vote of rejection should be rescinded; to effect which some members should change their votes.

"But it was observed that this pill would be peculiarly bitter to the Southern States; and that some concomitant measures should be adopted to sweeten it a little to them.

"There had been propositions to fix the seat of Government either at Philadelphia or Georgetown on the Potomac; and it was thought that by giving it to Philadelphia for 10 years, and to Georgetown permanently afterwards,

this might, as an anodyne, calm in some degree the ferment which might be excited by the other measure alone.

"So two of the Potomac members, White and Lee, agreed to change their votes, and Hamilton undertook to carry the other point. In doing this the influence he had established over the Eastern members, and the agency of Robert Morris, with those of the Middle States, effected his side of the engagement, and so the assumption was passed—20,000,000 of stock divided among favored States, and thrown in, as a pabulum, to the stock-jobbing herd, and the permanent Capital fixed on the Potomac."

Up to this time, Mr. Jefferson's statement has been accepted as a part of the history of the times. We have shown how the vote was obtained. After this, in the year 1791, the 30th day of March, 15 years after the Independence of the United States, followed the amendatory proclamation of President Washington.

After all the controversy, it is a very significant fact that Congress fixed absolutely no definite place for the site of the Capital City. It gave to the President of the United States power to choose any site on the river Potomac between the mouth of the Eastern Branch (Anacostia) to the mouth of the Conococheague—in fact, he could make his choice within a distance of about a hundred miles, following the river windings from the present site of Washington to where the Conococheague joins the Potomac at Williamsport, Washington County, Md., about seven miles f om Hagerstown.

Under this act the President had it in his power to have fixed the Capital 100 miles up the river.

A contemp raneous letter of Oliver Wolcott's says, "In 1800 we are to go to the Indian place with the long name, on the Potomac,"—meaning Conococheague.

The result shows that the rare judgment of Gen. Washington was peculiarly illust ated in the selection of the site of the Metropolitan city, which will continue to bear his name as long as the Nation lives.

The crowning point of the Nation's birth was reached when a permanent National Home was provided for, and

Washington was given the power to issue his amendatory proclamation:

"Now, therefore, for the purpose of amending and completing the location of the 10 miles square, in conformity with the said amendatory act of Congress, I do hereby declare and make known that the whole of the said territory shall be located and included within the four lines following:

"Beginning at Jones Point, being the upper part of Hunting Creek, in Virginia, at an angle of 45 degrees west of north, and running in a direct line 10 miles for the first line:—Then beginning again at the same Jones Point, and running another direct line at right angles to the first across the Potomac, 10 miles for the second line, running two other direct lines of 10 miles each. The one crossing the eastern branch aforesaid, and the other the Potomac, and meeting each other in a point.

"And I do accordingly direct the Commissioners named under the authority of the said first mentioned act of Congress, the 30th day of March, 1791, 15 years after the Independence of the United States, the said site thus agreed upon, to proceed forthwith to have the said four lines run, and by proper metes and bounds, defined and limited, and therefore to make due report under their hands and seals; and the territory so to be located, defined and limited, shall be the whole territory accepted by the said act of Congress as the district for the permanent seat of Government of the United States."

The three Commissioners appointed by Washington for the surveying and laying out of the Federal City were Thomas Johnson and Daniel Carroll of Maryland and Daniel Stuart of Virginia. It would seem to have been a very easy matter for the Commission, after Maryland and Virginia had ceded this right, backed by Congress and the President, to have accomplished their task; but from the outset they found themselves hemmed in by the obstinacy of some of the landholders. The farms of Daniel Carroll of Duddington Manor, Notley Young, David Burns, and Samuel Davidson covered the ground where the city now stands.

Negotiations were at last entered into with all but the obstinate Scotchman, David Burns. With him the Commissioners failed, and Washington was told that he alone could bring him to terms.

The Davy Burns farm lay south of where the President's House now stands, and extended as far east as the present site of the Patent Office. The farm contained 600 acres.

By an instrument dated July 5, 1681, a patent was granted to one William Langworthy of the 600 acres, then called the "Widow's Mite," which had been taken up by his father. Washington made his way to the Burns farm. Getting Uncle Davy to sit down on a rustic seat, under a clump of shade trees that were the shelter and shade of the Burns mansion, he used all his powers of persuasion to bring about the sale.

But "obstinate Mr. Burns," as Washington often called him in his correspondence, yielded not a jot. The story goes that upon one of these occasions, when Washington was trying to convince him of the great advantage it would be to him, Uncle Davy testily replied:

"I suppose you think people here are going to take every grist that comes from you as pure grain, but what would you have been if you hadn't married the Widow Custis?"

At last, after frequent interviews, Washington lost his patience. He gave Mr. Burns to understand that he had been authorized to select the location of the National Capital, and said:

"I have selected your farm as a part of it, and the Government will take it. I trust you will, under the circumstances, enter into an amicable agreement."

The obstinate Scotchman thought discretion, under the circumstances, was the better part of valor, and that by surrendering gracefully he could secure a better bargain

When the President once more asked, "On what terms will you surrender your plantation?" Mr. Burns replied, "Any that your Excellency may choose to name."

We find the deed of David Burns conveying the land

to the Commissioners, in trust, the first deed recorded in the City of Washington.

One by one the original proprietors, Daniel Carroll, Notley Young, David Burns, and Samuel Davidson, surrendered their lands, to be laid out as a city, and gave one-half of them to the Government for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of the necessary public buildings.

When the negotiations at last were at an end, on the 31st day of May, Washington wrote to Jefferson from Mount Vernon to the effect:

"The owners conveyed to the United States, on consideration that when the whole should be surveyed and laid off as a city, the original proprietors should retain every other lot, the remaining lots to be sold by Government from time to time, and the proceeds to be applied to the improvement of the place."

The land comprised in the sale was 7,100 acres. For so much of the land as might be appropriated for the use of the United States, they were to pay $66 2-3 per acre, not including streets. The cornerstone of the new District was laid by the Commissioners April 15, 1791, and under the direction of Washington, a Frenchman, Peter Charles L'Enfant, a skilled engineer, was employed to lay out the city. He was a Lieutenant in the French provincial forces, but when quite young the New World held out many attractions for him, and we hear of him as an Engineer in the Revolutionary Army in 1777, and in 1778 he was appointed Captain of Engineers.

He was afterwards wounded at the siege of Savannah, and was then promoted to be Major of Engineers, serving near Washington. This gave Washington ample opportunity to learn that he had in Maj. L'Enfant a man of rare art culture and of versatile endowments, one that was imbued with the civilization of the Old World, and when Washington made this selection it was because he knew that he would utilize his knowledge of the art and architecture of European cities.

In a letter dated September 9, 1791, the Commissioners informed Maj. L'Enfant that they had decided to call

the plot the Territory of Columbia, and the Federal City the City of Washington.

It is a well-authenticated fact, that Maj. L'Enfant's plan, notwithstanding the different opinions existing, was the one adopted in the laying out of the city. It is also true that he wrote Jefferson asking his advice, thinking, from his long experience abroad, that he might give suggestions and plans that would be helpful.

Through all this correspondence, and aside from plans of many cities which Jefferson had procured abroad, such as Paris, Marseilles, Turin, Milan, etc., it is very evident that one plan alone stood uppermost in his mind. It was the old Babylonian one, exemplified in the parallelograms and angles of the city of Philadelphia—emblem of the square cut, Quaker element that administered her municipal laws, but not in keeping with the "line of beauty" the Frenchman had pictured in his city of "magnificent distances."

It conformed, however, to Jefferson's wishes that he should take as the foundation of his plan the squares of Philadelphia and the topography of Versailles, and then introduce the broad transverse avenues intersecting the streets of the city with a variety of circles, open squares and triangular reservations.

Maj. L'Enfant was unfortunately imbued with a French temperament. In two months after his plan was published he was dismissed from the service. It is very probable that his exalted ideas of art and finance were not in keeping with the provincial methods of the Commissioners. The early education of both parties would tend to separate rather than combine methods.

CHAPTER II.

THE COTTAGE OF DAVID BURNS.

MEETING AT THE OLD BURNS COTTAGE—TOM MOORE'S ROOM. MARCIA BURNS—HER MARRIAGE—ASSOCIATIONS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

L'Enfant was grand, elegant, magnificent in all his conceptions, and when Daniel Carroll began building Duddington House in the center of one of his grand avenues (New Jersey), and he saw that it would lead to the breaking up of his great plan, he first admonished him that it could not be, and when he saw that this was not heeded, he did not hesitate to send parties in the night to raze the house to the ground, much to the disgust of the Commissioners, and especially of Daniel Carroll. Duddington House was rebuilt by the Government.

It was at about this time that Washington wrote to Jefferson: "It is much to be regretted that men who possess talents which fit them for peculiar purposes, should almost invariably be under the influence of an untrained disposition. I have thought for such employment as he is now engaged in, for prosecuting public works, and carrying them into effect, Maj. L'Enfant was better qualified than any one who has come within my knowledge in this country or any other."

In a letter from Jefferson, dated March 6, 1792, his dismissal was thus announced: "It having been found impracticable to employ Maj. L'Enfant about the Federal City in that subordination which was lawful and proper, he is notified that his services are at an end."

Andrew Ellicott was the man chosen to finish the laying out of the city, after the original plan of Maj. L'Enfant.

When Washington made the contract with Mr. Burns, he agreed to have the lines of the streets so run as not to disturb the cottage of the latter. This agreement was faithfully carried out by the Government.

Mr. Burns's estate came to him through a long Scotch

ancestry, and if he held on to his broad acres with obstinate tenacity, it was his right; for, ere Isaac Barre called the colonists "Sons of Liberty," ere William Pitt thundered in Parliament, "if the Americans had submitted to the Stamp Act they deserved to be slaves,"—ere Washington was made Commander-in-Chief, or Boston had had her Tea Party, the thumb-latch of the door to this old cottage was smoothed and battered by the hands of sturdy Scotchmen.

Those long, Winter evenings brought many a merry meeting of the old neighbors. They would sit before the crackling fire in the old fireplace, with its hanging crane and singing firewood, and while the flames were making weird pictures upon the back log, they talked of the old homes and mother country, and cherished recollections of Bonnie Doon.

Such was the life under this roof in the old Colonial days, when the master was plain Farmer Burns. But when the sale of the broad acres had brought him wealth, there was a change in all this. The places of the plain farmers who came in surtout and doublet to drink their round of applejack were taken by men famous in the world's history. George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, were frequent visitors. The Calverts, the Carrolls, were his intimate neighbors. Tom Moore was an honored guest.

The little room off the large room, on the ground floor was pointed out as Tom Moore's room. Quite possibly it was in this room that he wrote his poetry about Americans; and from here he penned to Thomas Hume the lines:

"In fancy now beneath the twilight's gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern Rome,
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
And what was Goose Creek once is Tiber now!
This famed metropolis, where Fancy sees
Squares in mo asses, obelisks in trees;
Which traveling fools and gazetteers adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,
Through naught but wood, and ——, they see,
Where streets should run, and sages ought to be.

* * * * *

"So here I pause,—and now, my Hume! we part;
But, oh! full oft in magic dreams of heart
Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
By Thames at home, or by Potowmac here!
O'er lakes and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,
'Midst bears and Yankees, democrats and frogs,
Thy foot shall follow me; thy heart and eyes
With me shall wonder, and with me despise."

Could such a cottage stand through the centuries and not have its chapter of romance to bequeath tender legacies to the after time? Whisperings have brought to us the name of one whose graces made this old home beautiful.

The fairest belle in all the realm was Marcia Burns. It was a rich inheritance, indeed, to this child of Nature, to be surrounded with fields of waving grass, and trees, and singing birds, and the broad acres, to give her the sense that she was born to a noble principality. It was one that brought many suitors to her home; but of them all, John P. Van Ness was the lucky man. He was a member of Congress from New York. We read of him that he was "well-fed, well-bred, and well-read," elegant, popular, and handsome enough to win his way to any maiden's heart.

Marcia Burns married Mr. Van Ness at 20 years of age, and being the only living heir, inherited the whole of her father's vast estate. For several years after their marriage they continued to live in the cottage in which she was born, a plain, unpretentious home; yet in the day it was built it had no rivals, and was known as the Burns Mansion—a low, one-story house with a garret, four rooms in all. In all its appointments it bore the most primitive stamp.

In 1820, when their only child returned from school at Philadelphia, a new mansion was ready for occupancy. It stands in the same grounds that surrounded the cottage, and was the most magnificent of all the houses in the place. No historic house to-day in Washington compares with it in elegant pretentiousness. Latrobe, whose

master hand is seen in the Capitol, was the architect. This house was built, at a cost of $60,000, half a century ago. The old cottage was still the object of tender care, and was looked upon with the utmost veneration. The Italian mantles that adorned the new home, with their sculptured Loves and Graces, had no more charm for Mrs. Van Ness (Marcia Burns) than the old fireplace in the cottage, sacred to old associations, where love had always had a home, and the hearth-fires needed no vestal watch to keep them burning.

The finish of costly woods, the doors ornamented with Spanish Azulejos, meant no more to her than the old cottage door that had for ages swung upon its rude hinges. It was into the new home that Ann Elbertine Van Ness was brought. Like her mother, she was lovely in character, form, and feature.

Miss Van Ness was soon after married to Arthur Middleton, of South Carolina, but in less than two years from the time that the Van Ness Mansion had echoed with the merry laughter and happy voice of girlhood's glee, the young life which had always brought joy into the home had gone out forever—the young wife and mother was carried to the grave with her baby in her arms.

With Marcia Van Ness there was but one abiding thought from this time—how best to acknowledge her love of God. The experiences of life had done their work. Conviction swept like a mighty river into every recess of her nature, and she was borne on to higher sentiments of love and adoration, self-denial and self-abnegation.

At the grave of her beloved child she made her offer of the City Orphan Asylum of Washington. Bereft of her own, she adopted motherless children and gave to them, unstinted, a mother's love, pity, and tenderness. The old cottage was made her sanctum, and there she would spend hours in meditation.

The atmosphere of the old home where she was born, where her parents had lived and died, was filled with pleasant memories. The rustling of leaves, the very song of the cricket on the hearth brought back associa-

tions of the olden time, ere she had drunk of the bitter waters of Marah, on the highway of human experience.

But there came a day when Marcia Burns needed all the grace that is promised to the faithful. Her last sickness was long and full of suffering, but peacefully she watched and waited, thinking more of the loved ones around her than her own suffering. She passed away Sept. 9, 1832, aged 50 years.

At the time she died Mr. Van Ness was Mayor of Washington. She was buried with public honors, the citizens placing upon her casket a plate with this inscription:

"The citizens of Washington, in testimony of their veneration for departed worth, dedicate this plate to the memory of Marcia Van Ness, the excellent consort of J. P. Van Ness. If piety, charity, high principle and exalted worth could have averted the shafts of Fate, she would have still remained among us, a bright example of every virtue. The hand of death has removed her to a purer and happier state of existence, and while we lament her loss let us endeavor to emulate her virtues."

Gen. Van Ness lived to be 75 years of age. He entertained royally. Every year Congress was his guest.

It is said that the Government did not live up to its contract, but sold lots to private individuals around the Mall. He sued the Government, but lost his suit.

The old cottage was torn down some years ago. The grounds and Van Ness Mansion are now used by an athletic club.

CHAPTER III.

DUDDINGTON MANOR.

EXTRACTS FROM OLD LAND-PATENTS—NEW SCOTLAND—MR. POPE'S PATENT—CALLED IT ROME—DANIEL CARROLL—SOCIAL STANDING—A SPECULATIVE MOVEMENT—THE HOME SWEPT AWAY. THOMAS LAW—THE BILL FOR A UNITED STATES BANK—A CHANGE OF NAME—OCTAGON HOUSE—HOUSE OF EDWARD EVERETT, AND SOMETHING ABOUT ITS OWNERS—WIRT MANSION RICH IN STORIES OF THE PAST.

By extracts from old land-patents dating back to June 5, 1663, we find that one of the patentees was Francis Pope. A company of Scotch and Irish emigrated to this country about that time, and made a settlement on the land that is included in the District of Columbia.

They divided their lands into farms, and gave the name of New Scotland to their home. They lived in their quiet, unobstrusive way, reaping and enjoying the fruits of their labor for nearly a century; and it was with some of their descendants that negotiations were made for the land on which the City of Washington now stands.

Mr. Pope's patent included Capitol Hill, and with almost prophetic vision he saw a city rise which in the future would be the Capital of the Nation, and which would rival imperial Rome. He called it Rome, and was named, therefore, "Pope of Rome." Goose Creek, that skirted the foot of the hill, bore, from that time, the classic name of Tiber.

The years passed by; a great Nation was being molded; changes came; families were scattered, and new ones took their places; in time, Daniel Carroll was in possession of "Scotland Yard," afterward known as Duddington Manor.

Daniel Carroll was a man of culture and refinement. His social standing was in keeping with the "old Mary-

land line." He was a brother of the Rt. Rev. John Carroll, the first Catholic Bishop of Baltimore, the man who laid the foundation stone on which has been built in solid masonry the Catholic Church of Maryland, and the founder of the Jesuit College of Georgetown.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Md., a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was his cousin. Daniel Carroll was a Delegate to the Philadelphia Convention that framed the Constitution, and a member of the First Congress of the United States.

After the selection of the site for the Capitol Mr. Carroll had visions of a city on the hill. He consequently put an exorbitant price upon his land. An opinion has prevailed that as the Capitol fronts toward the east, Washington and his associates looked for the growth of the city eastward.

There are reasons why this might not have been in their minds. It must be remembered that the corner-stone of the White House was laid Oct. 13, 1792, and that of the Capitol, Sept. 18, 1793. The beginning was toward the west, and in the building of cities river fronts are not usually deserted.

A speculative movement was inaugurated, and Mr. Carroll sold many of his broad acres with promises of payment." Stephen Girard made an offer of $200,000 for a certain part of the plantation. This was a princely offer, but an inflated price was asked, not only by Mr. Carroll, but by others who had made purchases for speculative purposes.

The result was the city lots upon the hill were left on the owners' hands, and Mr. Carroll never realized the great wealth he anticipated, and when he came to die his estate was much embarrassed.

The Carroll Mansion, known as Duddington Manor, was erected late in the last century.

The house was erected not far from the site of the one that was begun in the center of New Jersey avenue, and was the first fine house built in the city.

We recall a visit made to the Manor. When we were shown through the vacant rooms, that gave with every

footfall echoes of the past; when we followed our dusky leader into the old kitchen, whose brick floor was worn thin with the footsteps of all the years, and were told that 30 years had passed since either of the sisters, the last of the family and the ruling mistresses of the house, had entered it, we see again the signs of neglect and decay that have crept over the old home and its presiding geniuses.

We found on the place an old colored man 80 years of age, who was born there and had been a slave. With tottering steps he was making his way across the grounds, and in answer to our inquiries said:

"Yes, dey's all done gone. Massa gone, Missus gone, chilluns gone." Then with an indescribable chuckle he added, "Ole Joe's shackles done goin', too. God bress Massa Lincum! De ole house done gone, too. Now I spec' ole Joe go. Dey say a sintacus buy dis place, whateber dem is."

As the old man limped off in the darkness, we felt that he would soon follow those whom he so much revered, and who made this house so beautiful. Even this patient old guardian could not stay the hand of change that was so rapidly removing every trace of the old palatial mansion.

But the fullness of time has come, and the home of the Carrolls has been swept away.

Once again we entered these grounds. The sun had ceased making shadows over Arlington Hights. We clambered up the rude steps that had been made in the earth, and, by clutching the underbrush, scrambled to the top of the hill, where we found, instead of velvet lawns and fertile meadows, a primeval forest. We passed on, and found a fascination in its very wildness. We reached the gravelled walk that led to the place where the old house stood; but, alas! the landmark had passed away. While standing there visions of departed days filled the mind. The gathering darkness added to the delusion, and we fancied the place peopled again by men of the old regime, with their powdered wigs, knee-breeches, buff waistcoats, ruffled shirts, and cocked-hats, bustling

about, ordering the slaves hither and thither with old-time imperiousness.

THOMAS LOW.

A little farther on we came to a row of buildings, built by Thomas Low, of brick brought from England. Their antiquity is their only claim to a place in this sketch. Thomas Low was an historic character in Washington. At the time Warren Hastings was Governor-General in India, Low was his friend and amassed a large fortune. He brought to this country $500,000 in gold. He soon became a friend of Washington, who induced him to invest largely in this city of anticipations. He married Miss Custis, sister of George W. Parke Custis and granddaughter of Mrs. Washington.

He built a row of houses on New Jersey avenue, one block south of the Capitol. They were originally first-class boarding-houses, and many of the dignitaries of the land were entertained beneath their roofs; Louis Philippe, Thomas Jefferson, the Adamses, Monroe and many others. It was here that the bill was drawn up, with Alexander Hamilton as guide and adviser, to establish the United States Bank.

The high price set upon property operated also against Mr. Low's investment. His buildings were left solitary and unoccupied for a long time; in fact, till long after he had passed away, with his day and generation.

Like his benefactor, Hastings, misfortune attended him to the grave. His wife parted from him; his fortune wasted away, and he spent his melancholy days in little enjoyment.

He was a man of peculiar temperament and faulty memory. It is said of him that he would forget his own name when inquiring for letters at the postoffice. He once locked his wife in a room, through thoughtlessness, and came to town, keeping her in durance vile until he returned at night.

As you ascend Capitol Hill you might see upon the right the name of George Law, in flaming letters, on one of these historic buildings. Whether his own faulty

memory changed his name to Law, or whether the reasons that kept him from returning to his native land made it a matter of convenience, doth not appear; but by the oldest inhabitant he is more often called Law than by his real name, Low.

THE OCTAGON HOUSE.

At the corner of 18th street and New York avenue is the Octagon House.

This house was built about one hundred years ago by Col. John Tayloe, a man of large fortune and one of the representative men of the time. He owned a large estate at Mt. Airy, Va., and divided his time between that home and the Octagon House.

His income was princely. His slave roll was 500, and among them he had artisans of every class and calling—miners, shipbuilders and carpenters. Without going outside of his own domain he wrought iron, felled the forests, worked the fields, and built ships.

The Octagon House stands to-day a hallowed monument to departed chivalry. It was in this house President Madison and his wife lived after the White House was burned by the British in 1814. The octagon room over the hallway is the one in which the treaty of peace was drawn. In this house, surrounded by all that was brilliant—by scholars, statesmen, heroes of the war, citizens and strangers, Mrs. Madison, the center of attraction, held the elegant "drawing rooms" which have made her noted.

The responsive echoes from barren walls and banquet halls deserted, bring back faint glimpses of the brilliant scenes then enacted; but memories still haunt the great rooms and fill every alcove, niche and staircase with historic recollections—some that we would like to forget.

For when we pass out of these echoing halls into the grounds, and look upon the sites of slave-pens, we remember that human life and liberty were made a sacrifice; that men, women and children were here sold to the highest bidders. When wit and mirth, beauty and grace,

music and dancing made the old halls ring with gladness, sorrow sat upon the threshold.

The story goes that the spirits of the slaves whom death released from their chains, visit the old home and announce their comming by the ringing of bells. At least, the Octagon House has the reputation of being haunted.

HOME OF EDWARD EVERETT.

On the southeast corner of 18th and G streets stands a plain, three-story brick building with a long L. Many people have occupied this house who, in different ways, have become noted. This house was built and occupied by Hon. Edward Everett, when he was Secretary of State under the Administration of Millard Fillmore.

We cannot, here, give a sketch of this brilliant man's career up to the time that he occupied a seat in the National House of Representatives, which was from 1824 to 1834. In 1835 he was made Governor of Massachusetts, a position he filled four years. He then went to Europe, and while residing in Florence, with his family, was appointed Minister to England. Upon his return to the United States he was elected President of Harvard College.

When Daniel Webster died, the vacancy made in the Cabinet was filled by President Fillmore by the appointment of Mr. Everett. He had been strongly attached to Mr. Webster, and had always made him his confidential friend. It seemed a fitting compliment that he should be the one appointed to fill the place made vacant by the death of his friend. After the close of this Administration he represented the old Commonwealth State as Senator.

But these were the days when sectional strife was entering the wedge to civil discord. To a man of Mr. Everett's transcendent patriotism it weighed upon him like a nightmare. He saw the end from the beginning. His anxiety for his country was so great that it made fearful inroads upon his health, and ere his Senatorial

term was half over he resigned and returned to private life.

But a man so full of energy and force must needs be occupied. He therefore prepared a lecture upon Washington, which he delivered in all the leading cities of the Union. By his eloquence he secured $100,000 toward the fund to purchase Mount Vernon from the Washington family; and thus it is that to-day the people of the United States owe it, in large part, to Edward Everett that Mount Vernon is the property of the people.

In 1860 he was nominated by the Union party as their candidate for the Vice-Presidency. John Bell, of Tennessee, was the candidate for President. A little later on he was using his influence, by speeches, pen and means, to support, protect and defend the liberties of his country. He was the beau-ideal of what the American statesman should be.

The next person occupying this house was Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Pierce.

He had been married twice. His first wife was the daughter of ex-President Zachary Taylor. She married him against the wishes of her father, who, for years, never exchanged a word with her husband. After her death, Mr. Davis married Miss Howell, of New Jersey. It was after this marriage that he occupied this house. He continued to live in it while Secretary of State. When he was again elected to the Senate, he lived on I street, between 17th and 18th northwest.

And now we come to a name that we hardly know whether to give the honor of an abiding place or not. A man who cannot be honest or true to friend or foe deserves no recognition from his fellow-men. But this man had filled high official places of trust and profit, both in the service of the United States and in the Davis Cabinet. That he proved himself recreant to both, every child who reads knows; that he would have devastated cities with Greek fire, and carried into their midst the seeds of pestilence, is also well known.

After depleting the treasury of his friends and his foes,

he turned his back on his native land and went down into Egypt to retain his ill-gotten gains; but, even there, it was "pricks in his eyes and thorns in his sides." A few years later, the flags are at half-mast on the public buildings. "Who is dead?" is asked. "Jacob Thompson, ex-Secretary of the Interior Department under James Buchanan."

The house has since been the residence of Capt. Henry A. Wise, a distinguished officer of the United States Navy, who married a daughter of Edward Everett. He was bo n in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1819. In 1862 he became Commander in the Navy and Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography. He d ed in Naples, Italy, in 1869. His wife survived him until 1881. She was noted for her benevolence. The poor of Washington lost in her a benefactor and friend.

The house was afterward rented to the Medical Department of the Navy for a naval dispensary. Surg. Gen. Philip S. Wales took special pride in this, as it was established under his administration of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery in this Department.

THE WIRT MANSION.

A few rods to the east of the home of Edward Everett, between 17th and 18th streets, on the south side, stands the old mansion once owned and occupied by Hon. William Wirt. Here this eminent jurist lived the 12 years that he was Attorney-General, a position which he held during the Administrations of James Monroe and John Quincy Adams.

This house is rich in incident and stories of the past, both before and after it came into the possession of Mr. Wirt. The first authentic record that we have of it is that it was formerly owned by Tobias Lear.

Col. Lear was a distinguished officer in the Revolutionary War, and, at one time, was the private secretary of Washington, by whom he was always treated with the greatest consideration and regard. For many years he

attended to the details of Washington's private affairs, and was liberally remembered by him in his will. He was afterward appointed Consul-General to San Domingo, and then was sent to Algiers, as Commissioner, to conclude peace with Tripoli.

This was accomplished in 1805, in a manner not pleasing to Gen. Eaton, who, with Hamet Caramelli, the deposed Bey, had gained important advantages over the reigning Bey.

Mr. Lear's conduct was approved by the Government, though highly censured by many of the people. One morning in the Fall of 1816, while residing in the mansion, he was found in the Summer house of the grounds, in the rear of the house, with his brains blown out and a pistol in his grasp. In 1817 this property was purchased by William Wirt from Benjamin Lear, the son of Tobias Lear.

Mr. Lear was the owner of the old gray stone warehouse on the Potomac at the western extremity of G street, close to the river. This warehouse was built about 1798, and was the first substantial warehouse in the city. When the Government was moved in 1800, all the official furniture and archives were landed at this wharf and stored in this building.

At that time only the Navy and War Departments were completed; all the boxes, etc., that belonged to those particular Departments were carried there, and everything belonging to the other Departments was transferred to hired houses opposite the "Six Buildings," on Pennsylvania avenue, between 21st and 22d streets.

At that time there were so few wagons in the city that it was difficult to procure a sufficient number to move the public property. Mrs. Adams speaks of the same inconvenience in getting firewood to keep the White House warm.

Mr. Wirt was born in Bladensburg, Md., in 1772, of Swiss and German parentage. He was educated in Montgomery County, Maryland; read law, and commenced practicing in 1792, in Culpeper Courthouse. In 1795 he married Miss Lucy Gilmore, of Virginia, and

settled near Charlottesville. His wife lived but five years.

In 1799 he was chosen Clerk of the House of Delegates, and was afterwards appointed Chancellor of the Eastern Shore of Virginia; the year 1802 found him practicing law in Norfolk and engaged in literary work. During this time he published in the Virginia *Argus* his "Letter to a British Spy." Later there appeared in the Richmond *Enquirer* a series of papers from his pen, under the title of "Rainbow."

He was retained to assist in the prosecution of Aaron Burr for treason. He was Attorney-General of the United States from 1817 to 1829. It was during these years that he lived in the G street mansion.

When this house was purchased it was three stories high, with attic and back buildings. The grounds extended from the corner of 18th and G down to F street, and passed by and included all the ground on F street in which Michler Row now stands, coming north to G street, where Clark's (formerly Cruit's) large stable now stands. Mr. Wirt's stables were filled with fine horses and carriages.

There was a beautiful flower garden on the east of the house, which you approached through a veranda. Mrs. Wirt was a connoisseur in the flower kingdom, and it was while living in this house that she wrote her "Flora's Dictionary."

This was the first book published containing emblems of flowers with appropriate selections from the poets; it had also an appendix containing the botanical history of each flower, and suggesting why the flower was chosen to represent the emblem.

Mr. Wirt made large additions to the place; a spacious dining-room was built, which was often used for dancing parties. This was, at that time, the largest room for private entertainments in Washington. We can readily people these rooms again in memory.

As a matter of course, the Judges of the Supreme Court, of which Judge Marshall was Chief, were frequent visitors. The members of the Cabinet under the Admin-

istrations of James Monroe and John Quincy Adams were all men of distinguished ability. There was William H. Crawford, of Georgia; Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of the Treasury; John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War; Smith Thompson, of New York, and Samuel Southard, Secretary of the Navy, and Henry Clay, of Kentucky, Secretary of State.

These were some of the men who made up a galaxy of really great men who adorned society in those days, and made a brilliant and charmed circle oftentimes in the Wirt Mansion.

Mr. Wirt was twice married. At the time of his first wife's death he was about 30 years of age. It is said of him that he was a most companionable, genial, warm-hearted man, highly engaging and prepossessing in manner. He was strikingly elegant and commanding in appearance.

At Pen Park, Albemarle County, where he married Miss Gilmore, he placed this tablet over the grave of her who first brought him to this spot:

"Here lies Mildred,
Daughter of George and Lucy Gilmore,
Wife of William Wirt.
She was born Aug. 15, 1772; Married May 25, 1795; Died Sept. 17, 1799.

"Come round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer flame inflamed with purer fire;
Be all that's good, that cheers and softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend and wife,—
And when your virtues you have counted o'er,
Then view this marble, and be vain no more."

His second wife was not won without many apprehensions on the part of the pater familias. The lover, at this period of his life, had no promises of a fortune, or even a living competency, to strengthen his claim, and so it came that Col. Gamble, for reasons best known to himself, when the momentous question was proposed, thought best to put the gay young man on probation.

During this interval, his biographer says, Col. Gamble had occasion to visit his future son-in-law's office at sunrise one Summer morning. It, unluckily, happened that Mr. Wirt had the night before brought some young friends there, and they had had a merry time, which had so beguiled the hours that even at sunrise they had not departed.

The Colonel opened the door, little expecting to find any one at that hour. His eyes fell upon a strange group. There stood Mr. Wirt with the poker in his right hand, the sheet-iron blower fastened upon his left arm, which was thrust through the handle; on his head was a tin wash basin, and as to the rest of his dress—it was hot weather, and the hero of this grotesque scene had dismissed as much of his wardrobe as comfort might be supposed to demand, substituting a light wrapper, that greatly added to the theatrical effect.

There he stood in his whimsical caparison, reciting, with an abundance of stage gesticulations, Falstaff's onset upon the thieves. His back was toward the door, and the opening of it drew all eyes.

We may imagine the queer look of the anxious probationer as Col. Gamble, with a grave and mannerly silence, bowed and withdrew, closing the door behind him without the exchange of a word.

It is quite possible some escapade of this kind gave credence to another story told of Mr. Wirt. The story runs that, after the death of his first wife, while residing in Richmond, Va., he sometimes indulged in sprees. At one time, after a night of conviviality, and while still under the influence of wine, he lay asleep under a tree in the most public thoroughfare of the city. The young lady to whom we have already referred chanced that way, and seeing him in this condition, and wishing to shield him from the public gaze, took out her handkerchief and laid it over his face.

When Mr. Wirt awakened from his sleep of intoxication and removed the handkerchief, he saw it bore the initials E. M. G. It is difficult to say which feeling predominated, chagrin that she should have found him there.

or joy at the flicker of hope to his aspirations this action on the young lady's part gave to him.

It has been said, as far as the handkerchief story goes, that Miss Gamble declared it lacked one important element, which was truth. As for his convivial spirit, the Falstaff night, at least, points a moral and adorns a tale

About this time in Mr. Wirt's life, the promotion to the Chancellorship came in most opportunely to sustain the pretensions of the lover. But after his marriage, and the expenses of a household came upon him, we find this extract from a letter written to a friend:

"This honor of being a Chancellor is an empty thing, stomachally speaking; that is, a man may be full of honor, and his stomach may be empty; or, in other words, honor will not go to market and buy a peck of potatoes. This is the only rub that clogs the wheels of my bliss. But it is in my power to remove even this rub, and in the event of my death to leave my wife and my children independent of the frowns or smiles of the world."

He resigned the Chancellorship, and the success he made in life is known to the world. He was a man greatly beloved for his social virtues; but each year the illustrious are passing away with the fading memories of contemporary friends.

When Gen. Jackson was made President Mr. Wirt rented his mansion to Gov. Branch, of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy, during his first term; afterward to the Hon. Lewis McLane, Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. McLane had served as Senator from the State of Delaware. He was also Minister to England, and afterwards became a resident of Baltimore, where he was for many years President of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company.

Mr. Wirt sold this property to the Branch Bank of the United States, which was then in the building now in use by Riggs & Co. The bank sold the property to Maj. Andrews, of the Army, after which it was purchased by the late Dr. Thomas Lawson, Surgeon-General of the Army.

Dr. Lawson was a bachelor; he lived here for a time.

but afterward rented the house to the French Minister, Count de Sartiges, who became noted for the hospitalities dispensed during his long residence in Washington.

The next person to occupy this house was the Hon. Aaron Brown, Postmaster-General under President Buchanan. His residence here was very brief; he had held the office but little more than a year when he died. While he resided here his wife and stepdaughters, the Misses Saunders, gave very elegant entertainments.

The mansion was next used as a fashionable boarding-school, instituted by Mrs. Smith. In addition to the usual exercises, she established a riding-school on the grounds, where young ladies were instructed in horsemanship.

The Prince of Wales when on a visit to this country was entertained here at lunch by Mrs. Smith.

When Dr. Lawson died, this, with other valuable property, was willed to his children; their mother was his colored housekeeper. The property was sold by them, for an asylum for the orphans of the Army and Navy. It has since been used as an office by the Signal Corps.

This house, to-day, stands a silent witness of the "have beens," filled with mournful echoes of the past.

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A few squares to the west of this are two double three-story brick houses, one at the corner of 26th and K streets; the other, and older, near what is known as the lower K street bridge. They are large and commodious buildings that at once strike the looker-on as houses whose histories reach back into the shadowy past.

They were built about the year 1728, by Col. John Peters, of Georgetown, whose son, Thomas Peters, married Martha Custis, a sister of Washington Parke Custis of Arlington. His mother was the beautiful Eleanor Calvert, of Mount Airy, Prince George's Co., Md., the daughter of Benedict Calvert and granddaughter of the sixth Lord Baltimore, who had married John Custis, the son of Lady Washington by her first marriage. Martha Washington, as is well known, on the death of her son, John Custis, took these children and brought them up as her own.

Mr. Hines, an old resident, in his recollections of Washington City, relates an incident appropriate to these houses:

"Gen. Washington had ridden up from Alexandria, and crossed the ferry to Georgetown, where he was received by the students of Georgetown College and citizens, armed and organized for the occasion, who saluted him with a volley of cheers. Gen. Washington was greatly pleased, and so expressed himself, at the soldierly appearance of the boys, who wore red waist-belts. They then formed a procession and escorted the General over the bridge to Peters's house, and formed in line opposite the spot where, for many years, stood the old dilapidated brewery."

CHAPTER IV.

HISTORIC HOMES OF LAFAYETTE SQUARE—THE ERECTION AND OCCUPATION OF THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.

THE WHITE HOUSE—JOHN ADAMS, PRESIDENT—ARCHITECT OF THE CAPITOL—THE NEW CAPITOL—ONE WING OF THE CAPITOL ERECTED—PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE ON PAPER—ONLY TWO COMFORTABLE HABITATIONS—MEAGER ACCOMMODATIONS FOR CONGRESS—THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE—WASHINGTON AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE—MRS. ADAMS FOUND EVERYTHING IN CONFUSION—LETTER TO HER SISTER. THE HOUSE UPON A GRAND SCALE—WOODS EVERYWHERE AND NO WOOD TO BURN—IN A NEW COUNTRY—FOUR MILES TO RETURN CALLS—DRIES CLOTHES IN THE EAST ROOM—THE FIRST LEVEE—ABIGAIL ADAMS AS WIFE AND MOTHER—HER LETTER TO HER HUSBAND.

In 1800, on November 17, 24 years after the Declaration of Independence, the Sixth Congress took up its abode in the Capital City. John Adams was President, Thomas Jefferson Vice-President, Oliver Wolcott Secretary of the Treasury, Samuel Dexter Secretary of War, and Benjamin Stoddard Secretary of the Navy.

The Government officials numbered 54 persons, including the President, Secretaries, and various clerks.

Congress had appropriated money and the friends of the District of Columbia had borrowed funds to push forward as rapidly as possible the Capitol building. Mr. Hallet was the first architect of the Capitol, and was succeeded by Mr. Hadfield and Mr. Hoban; but a few years after, the magic touch of the peerless Latrobe made it a habitable and imposing building.

Philadelphia was a far more attractive city in all respects, and the members of Congress who attended the first session held in Washington were unhappy over the discomforts that beset them. They wrote most dismally

of the condition of everything. Their letters give graphic descriptions of the new Capital, and, in fact, give the only picture we have of the city at that time.

The following letter by John Cotton Smith, member of Congress from Connecticut, portrays vividly the cheerless state of affairs at that time:

"Our approach to the city was accompanied with sensations not easily described. One wing of the Capitol only had been erected, which, with the President's House, a mile distant from it, both constructed of white sandstone, were shining objects in dismal contrast with the scene around them.

"Instead of recognizing the avenues and streets portrayed on the plan of the city, not one was visible, unless we except a road, with two buildings on each side of it, called New Jersey Avenue.

"Pennsylvania Avenue, leading, as laid down on paper, from the Capitol to the Presidential Mansion, was, nearly the whole distance, a deep morass covered with alder bushes, which were cut through the width of the intended avenue during the ensuing Winter. Between the President's House and Georgetown a block of houses had been erected, which then bore, and may still bear, the name of the "Six Buildings." There were, also, other blocks, consisting of two or three dwelling-houses, in different directions, and, now and then, an isolated wooden habitation, the intervening spaces, and indeed the surface of the city generally, being covered with scrub-oak bushes on the higher grounds, and on the marshy soil either with trees or some sort of shrubbery. Nor was the desolate aspect of the place a little augmented by a number of unfinished edifices at Greenleaf's Point, on an eminence a short distance from it, commenced by an individual whose name they bore, but the state of whose funds compelled him to abandon them, not only unfinished, but in a ruined condition.

"There appeared to be but two really comfortable habitations within the bounds of the city, one of which belonged to Dudley Carroll, Esq., and the other to Notley Young.

"The roads in every direction were muddy and unimproved. A sidewalk was attempted in one instance by a covering formed of the chips of the stones which had been hewn for the Capitol. It extended but a little way and was of little value; for in dry weather the sharp pavement cut out shoes, and in wet weather covered them with white mortar. In short, it was a new settlement."

CHRISTENING OF WASHINGTON.

On the 22d of November, with the Houses of Congress in joint session, Thomas Jefferson presiding, President Adams made the annual address, from which period it was considered that the National Capital was christened, and that for all time it would remain in the City of Washington.

The accommodations of the District at that time were so meager that it was with great difficulty that members of Congress obtained any of the conveniences that they had enjoyed in New York and Philadelphia.

The friends of the District expected speedy growth of the city, and that the public buildings would arise like Aladdin's palace; but the sequel has shown that not until the regime of that age had passed away did Washington become the pride of the Nation.

Among the houses projected by the builders of this great Capital was the President's residence, now familiarly known all over the world as the "White House."

Washington, himself, officiated at the Masonic laying of the corner-stone, but never lived in it; yet under his eye the structure rose in form and comeliness, and he had the satisfaction of walking through it, with his wife, a few weeks before his death.

It is a grand edifice, fashioned after the palace of the Duke of Leinster, in Dublin, by the famous architect, Hoban. It is most delightfully situated on the 20-acre reservation known as the President's Grounds, fronting on Pennsylvania Avenue, and running back to the Potomas River very near the Davy Burns Cottage. In fact, it is a part of the disputed fields and possessions of that

tenacious old Scotchman. The grounds are now beautifully cultivated. The house is built in the Grecian style of architecture, having on the north side a grand portico supported by Ionic columns and a semi-circular colonnade on the south. Spacious corridors, grand salons, lofty ceilings, state and private dining-rooms, library and living-rooms, do credit to the ability of Hoban, and should be the admiration of every American.

When President and Mrs. Adams arrived here, in 1800, they found everything connected with the establishment in a deplorable condition, which she has described so minutely in a letter to her daughter, that it is given here to show some of the difficulties that surrounded them.

MRS. ADAMS'S LETTER.

"WASHINGTON, Nov. 21, 1800

"MY DEAR CHILD:

"I arrived here on Sunday last, and without meeting with any accident worth mentioning, except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles on the Frederick road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through woods, where we wandered two hours without finding a guide, or a path; fortunately, a straggling black came up with us, and we engaged him as a guide to extricate us from our difficulty. But woods are all you see from Baltimore until you reach the city, which is only so in name.

"Here and there is a small cot without a glass window, interspersed among the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort in them. The river which runs up to Alexandria is in full view from my window, and I see the vessels as they pass and repass. The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about 30 servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary

business of the home and stables; an establishment very well proportioned to the Presidential salary.

"The lighting of the apartments, from the kitchen to the parlors and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues is another very cheering comfort.

"To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting; not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience that I do not know what to do or how to do.

"The ladies in Georgetown, and in the city, have, many of them, visited me. Yesterday I returned 15 visits; but such a place as Georgetown appears! why, our Milton is beautiful—but no comparisons. If they will put me up some bells and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. I could content myself anywhere for three months; but surrounded by forests, would you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it? Breisler entered into a contract with a man to supply him with wood. A small part —a few cords only—has he been able to get. Most of that was expended to dry the walls of the house before we came in, and yesterday the man told him it was impossible to procure it cut and carted for him. He has recourse to coals, but we cannot get grates made and set. We have, indeed, come into a new country.

"You must keep this all to yourself, and when asked how I like it, say that I write you that the situation is beautiful, which is true.

"The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished; and all inside, except the plastering, has been done since Breisler came. We have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience without, and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying-room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not yet up, and will not be this Winter. Six chambers are made comfortable. Two are occupied by the President and Mr. Shaw, two lower rooms, one for a common parlor, one for a levee-room. Upstairs, there is the oval

room, which is designed for the drawing-room, and has the crimson furniture in it. It is very handsome now, but when completed it will be beautiful.

"If the 12 years in which this place has been considered as the future seat of Government had been improved, as they would have been if in New England, very many of the inconveniences would have been removed.

"It is a beautiful spot, capable of every improvement, and the more I view it, the more I am delighted with it.

"Since I sat down to write, I have been called down to a servant from Mount Vernon, with a billet from Maj. Custis, and a haunch of venison, and a kind congratulatory letter from Mrs. Lewis, upon my arrival in the city, with Mrs. Washington's love, inviting me to Mount Vernon. When health permitting, I will go before leaving this place.

"Two articles we are much distressed for; the one is bells, but the more important is wood; yet you cannot see wood for trees. No arrangement has been made, but by promises never performed, to supply the newcomers with fuel. Of promises Breisler has received his full share.

"He has procured several cords of wood, but six or seven of that was kindly burnt up to dry the walls of the house, which ought to have been done by the Commissioners, but which, if left to them, would have remained undone to this day. Congress poured in; but, shiver! shiver! no wood-cutters nor carters to be had at any rate.

"We are now indebted to a Philadelphia wagon for bringing us, through the first clerk in the Treasurer's office, one cord and a half of wood, which is all we have for this house, where 12 fires are constantly required, and we are told the roads will soon be so bad that it cannot be drawn.

"Breisler procured 200 bushels of coal, or we must have suffered. This is the situation of almost every person. The public officers have sent to Philadelphia for wood-cutters and wagons. The vessel which had my clothes and other materials has not arrived. The ladies are impatient for a drawing-room. I have no looking-glasses but dwarfs for this house; not a twentieth part lamps enough to light it. Many things were stolen, many were

broken by the removal. Amongst the number my tea china is more than half missing. Georgetown affords nothing. My rooms are very pleasant and warm whilst the doors of the halls are closed.

"You can scarce believe that here in this wilderness I should find myself so occupied as I do. My visitors, some of them, come three and four miles; the return of one of them is the work of a day. Most of these ladies reside in Georgetown, or in scattered parts of the city, at two and three miles distant."

Mrs. Adams had an opportunity to display her remarkable executive ability and consummate tact, to get the mansion in condition to hold the first levee, Jan. 1, 1801.

The oval room, on the second floor, was connected with a drawing-room, and the sparse furniture so deftly arranged that none but the initiated knew of the planning and anxious hours spent over the affair.

Washington having been driven to the establishment of levees while President, when the seat of Government was in New York City, they were continued in Philadelphia and could not be dispensed with in the new Capital, notwithstanding the impracticability of such ceremonious affairs, with the President's House unfinished and everything in chaos.

Mrs. Adams was the daughter of a New England minister, and as the wife of Mr. Adams when he was struggling up the ladder of prosperity and fame had been thoroughly disciplined in experiences; hence we find her successfully conducting the levees, presiding at dinners, and on all occasions of ceremony required by the imperative rules of etiquet then in vogue, returning calls, receiving visitors, and at the same time fully conversant with the affairs of state which absorbed her conscientious husband. It is not astonishing that such a parentage should have produced a son who succeeded his father as Chief Magistrate of the Nation. Her talent and refinement were innate. She never attended school, nor had any of the opportunities that the young people of modern times enjoy.

Mary, her elder sister, married Richard Cranch, an

Englishman, who had settled near their home, and who was subsequently made Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Massachusetts. He was father of the late William Cranch, of Washington, who presided so long and with such dignity over the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia.

There is a story that when the eldest daughter was married, Mr. Smith preached a sermon to his people from the text: "And Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her."

ABIGAIL'S MARRIAGE.

Two years later, his second daughter, Abigail, was about to marry John Adams, then a lawyer in good practice. Some of the parishioners manifested disapprobation; for the profession of the law, for a long time in the Colonial history of Massachusetts, was hardly thought to be an honest calling; besides, the family of Mr. Adams was not thought to be on an equal footing with that of the minister. His father was a small farmer near Bainbridge, hence the match was not considered good enough for the minister's daughter. It was said that Mr. Smith once asked Abigail: "Who is this young Adams, and what does he expect to do?"

She replied: "I know who he is. I do not know what he is going to do, but I do know who it is that is going with him, wherever he goes."

It is quite probable that the objections of his parishioners reached Mr. Smith's ears, for it is said that soon after the marriage took place, he replied to them, in a sermon from the text, Luke, 7:33: "For John came neither eating bread, nor drinking wine; and ye say, he hath a devil."

But nothing daunted, Abigail Adams went on, from the day of her marriage to the day of her death, with well balanced judgment and cheerfulness of soul, brightening her husband's pathway.

It matters not where we find her; whether at her own fireside, with her family around her, at Quincy; or when called upon to separate from husband and son, to let them

cross the seas, leaving the hearthstone desolate; or sitting upon Penn's Hill listening to the roar of cannon; or in her letters to Jefferson and other statesmen; or standing before George the Third and the haughty Queen Charlotte, as representative of the first Republican Court; or presiding in the President's House as First Lady of this glorious Republic, Abigail Adams was always the tender mother, the inspiration of her husband, the grand example, the regnant woman.

Her letter to her husband on learning of his election to the Presidency is a model of deep piety and wifely devotion:

"You have this day to declare yourself head of a Nation. And now, O Lord, my God, thou hast made thy servant ruler over the people, give unto him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad! 'For who is able to judge this, thy so great a people,' were the words of a royal sovereign, and not less applicable to him who is invested with the Chief Majestry of a Nation, though he wears not a crown and the robes of royalty. My thought and meditations are with you, though personally absent, and my petitions to heaven are that the things that make for you peace may not be hidden from your eyes. My feelings are not those of ostentation upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts and numerous duties connected with it.

"That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of Yours, "A. A."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Adams, though very quiet in their tastes, conformed to the customs of the times, both in dress and in style of entertainment. The President appeared always at state dinners and levees in a richly embroidered coat, silk stockings, huge silver buckles on his shoes, and powdered wig.

Their career in the Executive Mansion was characterized by many brilliant entertainments and genuine hospitality.

CHAPTER V

THE WHITE HOUSE DURING THE JEFFERSON AND MADISON ADMINISTRATIONS.

THE WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT JEFFERSON—THEIR LIFE IN EUROPE—MRS. ADAMS AND MARY IN LONDON—LETTER OF MRS. ADAMS TO MRS. CRANCH—HER FONDNESS FOR MARY. MARY'S GRIEF AT PARTING—A BEAUTIFUL GIRL—MR. JEFFERSON LEAVES EUROPE—MARIE'S MARRIAGE TO MR. RANDOLPH. MARY'S TO MR. EPPES—EVERYTHING CRUDE IN THE WHITE HOUSE—JEFFERSONIAN SIMPLICITY—A HORSEBACK RIDE TO THE CAPITOL—JACK EPPES'S SIXTEEN HUNDRED DOLLAR FOUR-IN-HAND—SLUSH KING AND MUD MONARCH—KNEE BREECHES, BUCKLED SHOES, RUFFLED WRISTBANDS—PRIEST AND DEMOCRAT—JEFFERSON'S AVERSION TO POMP—FRENCH INFLUENCE—"LEVEES DONE AWAY"—"OVERLAND TRAVEL." THE FIRST CHILD BORN IN THE WHITE HOUSE—MRS. MADISON ASSISTS MR. JEFFERSON—JEFFERSON'S CANON OF ETIQUET. MR. ADAMS AND MR. JEFFERSON ESTRANGED—HAMILTON AND BURR—MRS. ADAMS WRITES MR. JEFFERSON—MR. ADAMS AND MR. JEFFERSON DIE JULY 4, 1826—THE CAPITAL A WILDERNESS—PARTY STRIFE RAN HIGH—OIL ON THE TROUBLED SEA OF POLITICS—THE "PIPING TIMES OF PEACE" ONLY HOVERED OVER THE NATION—NAPOLEON'S FRIENDSHIP A PRETENSE—A STROKE AT AMERICA'S COMMERCE—READY TO SHATTER HIS OWN HOUSEHOLD—PERSONAL AMBITION—JOSEPHINE BROKENHEARTED—NAPOLEON AT ELBA—LOUIS XVIII. ON THE THRONE—FREE TRADE AND SAILORS' RIGHTS. MADISON DECLARES WAR—THE BRITISH ENTER WASHINGTON. MRS. MADISON AT HER BEST—HER GREAT TRIUMPH—HER LETTER TO HER SISTER—READY TO FLEE—SAVES WASHINGTON'S PORTRAIT AND THE STATE PAPERS—SHE LEAVES THE HOUSE—ESCAPES TO VIRGINIA—THE DINNER PARTY A CANARD—THE WHITE HOUSE IN ASHES—THE "OCTAGON" THEIR HOME—FRENCH TREATY SIGNED THERE—GRAND LEVEE IN 1816—RETIRES FROM PUBLIC LIFE—SLEEPS AT MONTPELIER.

Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States, entered the White House March 4, 1801. His wife had died 19 years before, leaving two daughters, who grew to womanhood. During Mr. Jefferson's stay in

Europe these daughters were with him. Marie went with him in 1784, and resided in a convent during her father's stay. In 1787 Mary, who was but eight years of age, reached London in care of a maid. Mrs. Adams received her, and thus writes of her to her sister, Mrs. Cranch, at home:

"I have had with me for a fortnight a little daughter of Mr. Jefferson's, who arrived here with a young negro girl, servant, from Virginia. Mr. Jefferson wrote me some months ago that he expected them, and desired me to receive them. I did so, and was amply rewarded for my trouble. A finer child of her age I never saw; so mature an understanding, so womanly a behavior, and so much sensibility united, are rarely to be met with.

"I grew so fond of her and she was so attached to me, that when Mr. Jefferson sent for her, they were obliged to force the little creature away.

"She is but eight years old. She would sit sometimes and describe to me the parting with her aunt, who brought her up, the obligations she was under to her, and the love she had for her little cousins, till the tears would run streams down her cheeks; and how I had been her friend, and she loved me; her people would break her heart by making her go again. She clung around me, so that I could not help shedding tears at parting with her. She was the favorite of every one in the house. I regret that such fine spirits must be spent in the walls of a convent. She is a beautiful girl, too."

Mr. Jefferson left Europe with his daughter in 1789. Marie married Thomas Maine Randolph, jr., and Mary married Mr. Eppes, of Virginia.

When Mr. Jefferson was inaugurated President of the United States, Marie was living at her husband's country home near Monticello; Mary was happily situated at Monticello.

We have seen how crude everything was connected with the White House during Mr. Adams's Administration; and how sorely taxed was Mrs. Adams, with her superior tact and economic experience, to sustain the official grandeur expected in the President's House. It

could hardly be expected that Mr. Jefferson, as the candidate of the Anti-Federalists, and without a wife, could effect much change in the domestic or social administration of the Executive Mansion.

Much has been written and more been rung upon the ears of the public of "Jeffersonian simplicity." We read of his mounting his horse and riding to the Capitol to take the oath and deliver his Inaugural address; but we hear very little of Jack Eppes having been sent to Virginia to purchase a four-in-hand, for which he paid $1,600, not reaching the Capital in time for the ceremony; and of the dilemma for a time to know how Mr. Jefferson was to get to the Capital, for in the Spring slush was king and mud monarch on Pennsylvania avenue. We hear, too, of his simplicity in dress, appearing in "blue coat, brass buttons, blue pantaloons, and coarse shoes tied with leather shoe-strings," rather than the knee-breeches and big buckled low-cut shoes then in vogue; but we have pictures of him in knee-breeches, buckled shoes, ruffled wristbands, etc., and if "apparel oft proclaims the man," his pictures represent one of quite a different type from the one first described.

The public has also been informed that when the Federalists fell from power the age of politeness passed away. Peter Parley Goodrich lamented the decline of the good old custom of youngsters giving respectful salutations to their elders in passing. "It was at this period," he tells us, "that the well-executed bow subsided first into a vulgar nod, half-ashamed and half-impudent, and then, like the pendulum of a clock, totally ceased." He adds, "When Jefferson came in, rudeness and irreverence were deemed the true mode for Democrats," a statement which he illustrates by one of his anecdotes.

"How are you, priest?" said a rough fellow to a clergyman.

"How are you, Democrat?" was the clergyman's retort.

"How do you know I am a Democrat?" asked the man.

"How do you know I am a priest?" asked the clergyman.

"I know you to be a priest by your dress," answered the man.

"I know you to be a Democrat by your address," replied the parson.

Parton says he is afraid it is true, and he fears much of the superior breeding of the gentlemen of the "old school," of which we are so frequently reminded, was a thing of bows and ceremonies which expressed the homage claimed by rank, instead of that friendly consideration due from man to man.

Mr. Jefferson had spent so much time with Mr. and Mrs. Adams during their incumbency of the Executive Mansion, both in Philadelphia and after their occupancy of the White House, that he had little to learn in the line of etiquet or domestic administration when called to succeed Mr. Adams as President. His political hobby of equality, however, led him to express great aversion for the "Republican Court," and the pomp attending the copy of royalty in matters of State and social intercourse. How much credit or discredit is due France for the molding of Jefferson's character, will always remain an enigma. That his long residence there was historically important, all will agree. That he brought back with him a policy which at once entered into the formation of the character of this new Nation, is well known. How much this influence has affected the body politic of this Nation will never be known; or what the difference would have been if, in the distribution of offices in 1784, Congress had sent Jefferson to London instead of Paris, and appointed John Adams to Paris instead of London.

As soon as Mr. Jefferson was in the White House, he announced that "Levees are done away." Everybody was welcome, and his desire was that every one should feel at home. The President's House was the seat of hospitality.

Mrs. Randolph and Mrs. Eppes alternated in the honors of presiding; but with their own large families, and the difficulties attending a journey from Monticello to Washington, in those days of "overland" traveling by one's own conveyance, or the slow coaches, or on horseback, made it a matter of great effort for them to be in constant attendance. Mrs. Randolph was unable to make more than

two visits during her father's terms. On one of these her son was born, James Madison Randolph being the first child born in the White House. She was a lovely woman with rare accomplishments.

Fortunately for Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison was his Secretary of State, and Mrs. Madison and her sister, Miss Payne (afterwards Mrs. Cutts) were ever ready to assist Mr. Jefferson in matters of etiquet and entertainment.

The many little notes addressed to Mrs. Madison by Mr. Jefferson, show how much he depended upon her "to take care of female friends expected," and other social matters.

As much as Mr. Jefferson desired to ignore the question of ceremony, he was obliged to pay attention to official affairs of this kind, and therefore we have to-day a canon of etiquet formulated by him.

It was a very democratic arrangement of matters of State, socially, and one the family of the President to-day could hardly fulfill. One feature was the time on which calls at the Executive Mansion should be returned.

Many additions in the way of furnishing were made to the White House during Jefferson's Administrations; because, while professionally very unpretentious, Mr. Jefferson had dallied long enough at the French Court in the profligate age of Napoleon, to acquire a taste for the elegancies of Parisian society, and he therefore gradually drifted into much more pretentious surroundings toward the close of his life in the White House than he promised in the beginning.

The affairs of state did not always sit lightly. Partisan feeling ran high. Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson had become estranged personally and politically; but it is believed that the men foremost in the country's service had the country's good at heart, however much they might differ as to the means to be employed to bring it about.

The code *duello* had taken away the great Hamilton. Aaron Burr, after killing this matchless statesman, was tried for treason. Death entered the family circle and bore away the President's daughter Mary, who, though at the White House but little, was much to her father. It

was on the occasion of her death that Mrs. Adams wrote him the touching letter herewith appended:

"QUINCY, May 20, 1804.

"Had you been no other than the private inhabitant of Monticello, I should ere this time have addressed you in that sympathy which a recent event has awakened in my bosom; but reasons of various kinds withheld my pen, until the powerful feeling of my heart burst through the restraint, and called upon me to shed the tear of sorrow over the departed remains of your beloved and deserving daughter; an event which I sincerely mourn.

"The attachment which I formed for her when you committed her to my care upon her arrival in a foreign land, under circumstances peculiarly interesting, has remained with me to this day; and the account of her death, which I read in a late paper, recalled to my recollection the tender scene of her separation from me, when, with the strongest sensibility, she clung round my neck, and wet my bosom with her tears, saying: 'Oh! now I have learned to love you, why will they take me away from you?'

"It has been some time since I conceived that any event in this life could call forth feelings of natural sympathy. But I know how closely entwined round a parent's heart are those cords which bind the parental to the filial bosom, and when snapped asunder, how agonizing the pangs. I have tasted of the bitter cup, and bow with reverence and submission before the great Dispenser of it, without whose permission and overruling providence not a sparrow falls to the ground.

"That you may derive comfort and consolation, in this day of your sorrow and affliction, from that only source calculated to heal the wounded heart, and a firm belief in the being, perfection and attributes of God, is the sincere wish of her who once took pleasure in subscribing herself your friend, "ABIGAIL ADAMS."

Perhaps this letter was the beginning of the restoration of the pleasant relations between Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson, which never ought to have been interrupted by partisan bitterness.

There came a time in later years when a stronger tie was drawing them together. They were getting to be among the last of the surviving signers of the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson feelingly alludes to it in a letter written to Mr. Adams; and there is something particularly touching in the fact that, after years of devoted love and labor for their country, ruling the land and molding the Nation, they should at last pass beyond, into the presence of the Ruler of all Nations, on the same day, almost the same hour, the anniversary—July 4, 1826—of the glorious independence of their beloved country.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Madison was Secretary of State for Mr. Jefferson eight years.

The Capital was almost a wilderness. The White House was separated from the Capitol by a marsh, and was surrounded by the debris of unfinished buildings. Thick woods, with openings here and there, where a house could be seen, formed the setting of this palatial home. Venerable oaks spread their branches over the house, and were a sort of relief to the uninclosed, barren field in which the Executive Mansion was built.

It was a place in which Mrs. Madison felt quite as much at ease while Mr. Jefferson was President, as when she became its presiding genius. She entered the Presidential Mansion at a time when party strife was at its highest. While she held opinions of her own, grounded on what she believed to be the right, she extended the same privilege to every one, and all were alike welcome in the home of the President.

From out of her great and generous heart she poured the oil of gladness upon the troubled sea of politics, and contending factions were harmonized. Men of varied politics met at her table, and public strife and bitterness were for a time forgotten.

But the "piping time of peace" only hovered over the Nation; the clouds of the War of 1812 were gathering in the horizon of National affairs. Notwithstanding Jefferson's and Madison's sympathy with France, one of the strong party measures on which they were elected, France, or

Napoleon, did not hesitate to strike at America's commerce when it served him to do so. Yet we could hardly expect such a man to respect National friendship, when he was found ready to shatter his own household to further the ends of personal ambition. The same year that saw Dolly Madison the Lady of the White House witnessed the Empress Josephine's departure from the home of Napoleon, and a few months later his marriage to Marie Louise. The eye that watched the march of destiny saw, from the hour that Josephine turned her back upon the palace, broken-hearted, to wend her way to Malmaison, Napoleon's star begin to wane, and before Mr. Madison's Administration was ended, Napoleon Bonaparte was at St. Helena, and Louis XVIII. on the throne.

In the meantime the American people, smarting under the insults of Great Britain, had adopted the war-cry of "Free trade and sailors' rights," and were ready to fight.

On the 9th of June, 1812, the urbane, peace-loving Madison, as President of the United States, declared war against Great Britain, and, as is well known, in course of time the British entered Washington. It was through these trying hours that Mrs. Madison was seen at her best. Her heroism during the battle of Bladensburg and the advance of the enemy into the city is one of her greatest triumphs. The familiar letter to her sister at Mount Vernon, written during the hours of suspense, tells us what heroism was necessary to carry her through the ordeal:

"TUESDAY, Aug. 23, 1814.

"DEAR SISTER:

"My husband left me yesterday to join Gen. Winder. He inquired anxiously whether I had the courage to remain in the President's House until his return on the morrow, or succeeding day, and on my assuring him that I had no fear but for him and the success of our army, he left me, beseeching me to take care of myself and of the Cabinet papers, public and private.

"I have since received two dispatches from him, written with a pencil; the last is alarming, because he desires that I should be ready at a moment's warning to enter my

carriage and leave the city; that the enemy seem stronger than has been reported, and that it might happen that they would enter the city with intention to destroy it.

"I am accordingly ready. I have pressed as many Cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage; our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe, and he can accompany me, as I hear much hostility toward him.

"Dissatisfaction stalks around us. My friends and acquaintances are all gone, even Col. C. with his 100 men who are stationed at guard in this inclosure.

"French John, a faithful domestic, with his usual activity and resolution, offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and lay a train of powder which would blow up the British, should they enter the house. To the last proposition I positively object, without being able, however, to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken."

"WEDNESDAY MORNING, 12 o'clock.

"Since sunrise I have been turning my spy-glass in every direction, and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discover the approach of my dear husband and friends, but alas! I can descry only groups of military wandering in all directions, as if there was a lack of arms or spirit to fight for their own firesides."

"3 o'clock.

"Will you believe it, my dear sister, we have had a battle, or skirmish, near Bladensburg, and I am still here within sound of the cannon? Mr. Madison comes not. May God protect him! Two messengers, covered with dust, came to bid me fly, but I wait for him. At this late hour a wagon has been procured. I have filled it with plate and most valuable portable articles belonging to the house. Whether it will reach its destination—the Bank of Maryland—or fall into the hands of the British soldiers events must determine. Our friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and is in a very bad humor with me because I insist on waiting until the large picture of Gen. Washington is secured, and it requires to be un-

screwed from the wall. This process was found too tedious for these precarious moments. I have ordered the frame to be broken and the canvas taken out; it is done, and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen of New York for safe keeping.

"And now, dear sister, I must leave this house, or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it, by filling up the road I am directed to take.

"When I shall again write you, or where I shall be tomorrow, I cannot tell."

Their escape across the Potomac into Virginia, the pillaging and burning of the Capitol and the White House are facts familiar to all.

The story that Mrs. Madison had issued cards for a dinner party, not expecting the enemy would reach the city that night—that preparations for the dinner were going on, and that the British soldiers found, when they marched into the White House, a bountiful dinner spread with covers for 30 guests, is only equalled by the one that she cut the canvas of Gen. Washington's portrait out with a carving-knife. Her own letter refutes that; and as to the dinner, an old and trusty servant who closed the house says, "Such was the excitement that day that no cooking was done, scarcely even for the family," which is altogether the most probable.

When they returned to the Capital, it was to find the White House in ashes, and the smoke still rising from the heaps of blackened ruins.

Many offers of houses were made. Mrs. Madison arrived first and went to her sister, Mrs. Cutts, to await the return of the President, who, after looking about, rented the house on the corner of New York avenue and Eighteenth street, called the "Octagon," and owned by Col. Tayloe, where they lived that Winter, and where the treaty of peace was signed.

Late in the afternoon of Feb. 14, 1815, there came thundering down Pennsylvania avenue a coach and four foaming steeds, in which was Mr. Henry Carroll, the bearer of the treaty of peace between the American and British Commissioners. The carriage was followed by

cheers and congratulations as it sped on toward the office of the Secretary of State, James Monroe; and then to the President's, where the treaty was signed, in the octagon room upstairs.

Mr. Madison afterward rented the house on the northwest corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Nineteenth street, where they resided until the President's House was rebuilt.

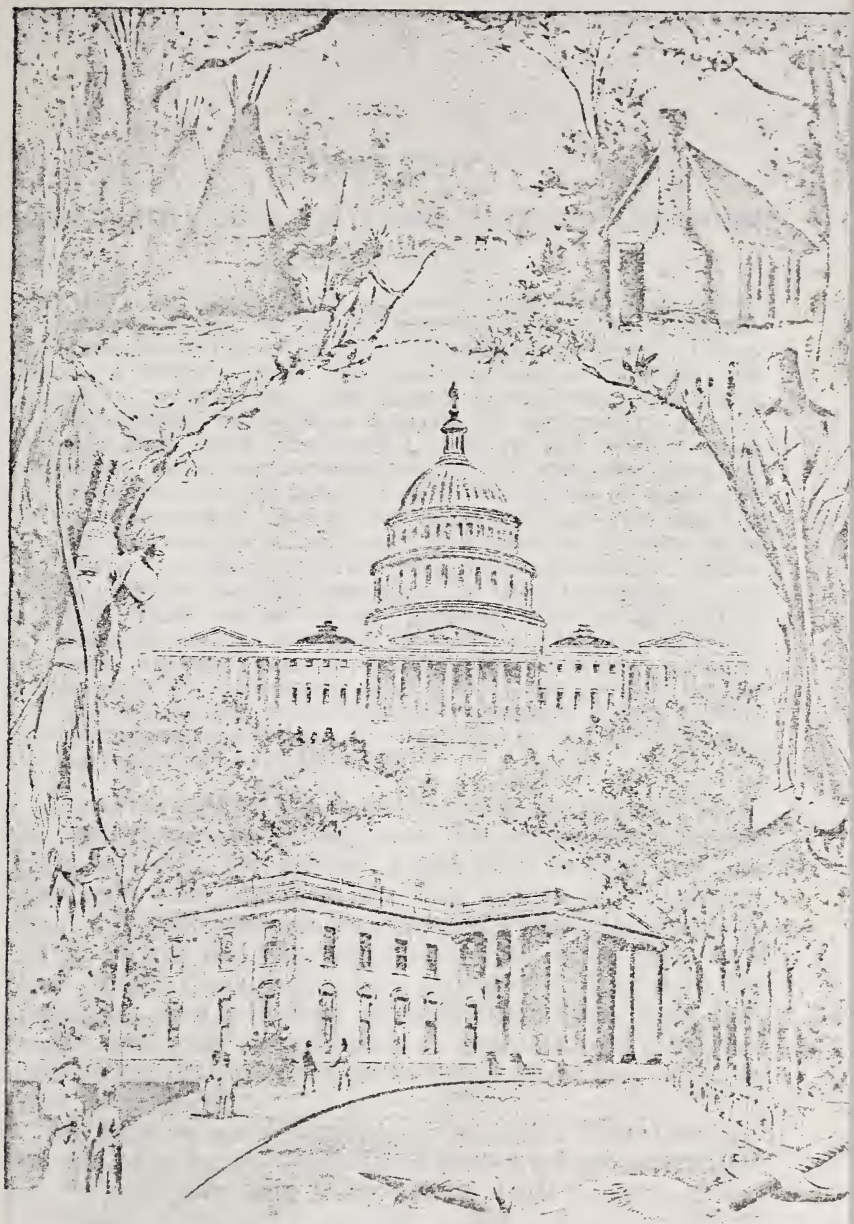
Mr. Gobright, in his "Men and Things in Washington," says: "An old citizen has informed me that the 'levee' of Mr. Madison, in February, 1816, was remembered for years as the most brilliant ever held up to that date in the Executive Mansion."

At this congregated the Justices of the Supreme Court, present in their gowns, at the head of whom was Chief-Justice Marshall. The Peace Commissioners to Ghent, Gallatin, Bayard, Clay and Russell, were in the company. Mr. Adams was absent. The heroes of the War of 1812, Generals with their Aids, in full dress, Federalists and Republicans of both Houses of Congress, citizens and strangers, were thrown together as friends, to be thankful for the present and to look forward with delight to a great future. The most notable feature was the magnificent display of the Diplomatic Corps.

It was on this occasion that Mr. Bagat, the French Minister, made the remark, so familiar to all, that Mrs. Madison "looked every inch a Queen."

Mr. Madison was about 66 years of age when he retired from public life to Montpelier, to return to Washington no more.

Mrs. Madison, however, after Mr. Madison's death, came to Washington and lived for years in a house on the corner of H street and Lafayette Square. Both sleep the sleep that knows no waking at Montpelier, in West Virginia; while the world continues to think of him as an honest, just man, and of her as without a rival in the queenly graces and kindness of heart which made her pre-eminently the most popular woman who has ever presided over the White House.



CHAPTER VI.

ADMINISTRATIONS OF JAMES MONROE AND JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THE WHITE HOUSE REBUILT—MR. MONROE INAUGURATED PRESIDENT—AN AGE OF HEROIC DEVOTION—MR. MONROE AS SENATOR—MINISTER TO FRANCE—SECRETARY OF STATE—AMERICA A CHILD AMONG NATIONS—MR. MONROE PLEDGED HIS OWN CREDIT FOR HIS COUNTRY—MARRIED ELIZABETH KORTRIGHT—SHE VISITS MADAME LA FAYETTE IN PRISON. THE TWO MOST INFLUENTIAL MEN IN THE WORLD—POOR MARIE ANTOINETTE—THE WHITE HOUSE WHEN MRS. MONROE ENTERED IT—THE EAST ROOM A PLAYROOM—A BRILLIANT LEVEE—HENRY CLAY'S COMPROMISE BILL—THE MONROE DOCTRINE—SURROUNDED BY INTELLECTUAL GIANTS—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS ELECTED PRESIDENT—MARRIED LOUISA CATHERINE JOHNSON—MINISTER TO BERLIN, RUSSIA, AND THE COURT OF ST. JAMES—SECRETARY OF STATE UNDER MONROE—SOCIAL AFFAIRS DEMAND A CABINET MEETING. MRS. ADAMS'S BALL—A RED-LETTER DAY FOR JACKSON. A YEAR OF CONTENTION AND STRIFE—THE HOUSE ELECTS THE PRESIDENT—INAUGURATED PRESIDENT MARCH 4, 1825. MRS. ADAMS THE PRESIDING GENIUS OF THE WHITE HOUSE. LA FAYETTE'S FAREWELL VISIT.

Congress ordered the White House to be rebuilt in 1815. In 1818 it was ready once more for occupancy. It was more beautiful than ever. From 1817 to 1825 was undoubtedly the period of the best society in Washington. Mr. Monroe was inaugurated President March 5, 1817. Thus far the Presidents had been men who had passed through the fiery ordeal of a revolution for principle; men who had pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to maintain and give success to the cause for which so much blood and treasure had been spent.

Mr. Monroe could hardly have been other than the man he was, after having been reared in such an age, surrounded by such men, and governed by such circumstances. It was an age of heroic devotion, of manly self-sacrifice. In 1776 Monroe had just graduated from college, and immediately joined the army as a cadet.

From 1790 to 1794 he was United States Senator. He was appointed the latter part of the year Minister to France, and afterwards to the Court of St. James. He was Madison's Secretary of State during part of his Administration.

When he was Minister to France and England this country was but a child among Nations, and when the older Nations of the earth were shaken to the foundations by the disturbing causes of the French Revolution, it required a man of peculiar genius to sustain America's rights, dignity and honor abroad.

He also took command of the Ship of State just before she was plunged into peril. It is well known that when the Treasury was exhausted and the National credit was so low that it was impossible to raise funds for the defense of New Orleans, Monroe, with patriotic devotion, pledged his own credit to raise the necessary means.

From the time he graduated from college he was in public life, and is always spoken of as "one of the purest public servants" that ever lived. He was polished in manners, punctilious in all the relations of life, and always dressed with care, usually appearing in dark-blue coat, buff vest, doeskin breeches, top-boots, a military cocked hat of the fashion of the Revolution, with a bow of black ribbon worn as a cockade, and he is now sometimes called "the last of the cocked hats." He married Elizabeth Kortright, of New York. Her friends thought she made a great mistake in refusing many brilliant offers for a plain member of Congress.

It is the era in which men and women live that often gives them opportunities to stamp their influence on the public.

Mrs. Monroe lived at a time the most eventful in the history of Nations, and whatever of good reports we find in her record worthy of emulation made its impress not only on the age in which she lived, but on all subsequent ages.

The lives of many of the grand women whose patience, fortitude, and courage would have graced many a Roman character, have almost passed from memory with the

century that witnessed their heroism; but the women of the 19th century cannot afford to be ignorant of the history, privations, and experiences of these women, whose lives were beautiful in their simplicity and earnestness.

The pioneers of liberty were sustained by their wisdom. There was a moral principle in the field, to which the women of the country had trained the populace to do homage.

During Mr. Monroe's Ministery to Paris Mrs. Monroe made her visit to Madame La Fayette in prison. The Marquis de La Fayette was adored by the Americans, and the indignities heaped upon his wife could not be silently accepted by either our Minister or his wife. Mr. Monroe decided to risk displeasure by sending his wife to see Madame La Fayette.

The carriage of the American Minister appeared at the jail; the keeper advanced to know the object of her visit. Mrs. Monroe, putting on the dignity of which she was capable, made known her business. Her request was complied with. But a few minutes elapsed ere the jailer returned, bringing Madame La Fayette, attended by a guard.

The Marchioness sank at her feet, unable to manifest her joy from weakness. That afternoon she was to have been beheaded, and had been expecting all day the summons to prepare for execution. Instead of a visit from the executioner, we can judge of her surprise and joy to see a woman—a friend—the wife of the American Ambassador. This unexpected visit changed the plans of the officials, and to the surprise of all she was liberated the next morning.

It is well known that she sent her son, George Washington, to America, to the care of Gen. George Washington, procured American passports, went to Vienna, and had an interview with the Empress. She reached the prison of her husband, and signed her consent "to share his captivity in all its details." The two most influential men in the world at that time, George Washington and Napoleon Bonaparte, inter-

ested themselves in the prisoners' behalf, and they were released, after an imprisonment of five years for him and 22 months for Madame La Fayette.

NO HELP FOR THE QUEEN.

But poor Marie Antoinette had no American Ambassador to intercede for her while languishing in prison. The aid afforded to the American Colonies, of which she was an enthusiastic advocate, added to the financial embarrassments in which France found itself, caused her to write, April 9, 1787: "Dearly enough do we pay to-day for our rejoicing and enthusiasm over the American war."

Paris was then considered the center of all enjoyment. Mrs. Monroe entertained with great elegance, and her entertainments given after she entered the White House were marked by the same quiet splendor. Mrs. Monroe was an elegant and accomplished woman, and if she copied from foreign courts, her charming dignity of manner and warmth of heart peculiarly fitted her for her exalted station.

The White House when they entered it was meagerly furnished. The furniture was not of a kind befitting the house of the President, and the debris from the old building lay in heaps over the grounds. In the early part of the Administration their children occupied the East Room as a playroom. The country being at peace once more, the Government ordered a silver service of plate, and the stately furniture which adorned the East Room was purchased in Paris. Each piece was ornamented with the royal crown of Louis XVIII.; this was removed, and the American eagle took its place before it was sent from Paris.

One could not look at this furniture without recalling the long roll of names of men and women who stand out grandly in our country's history, and whose memories are associated with this stately room; its chairs, its tables, its ottomans, occupying the same places as when they were there in living presence.

The Winter of 1825, it is said, was one of the most brilli-

ant ever known in Washington. It was the Winter of the exciting election in the House of Representatives, when Adams, Crawford, and Jackson were candidates for President. Marquis de La Fayette was here as the guest of Congress. Congress had voted him $200,000 for his services in the Revolutionary War.

A BRILLIANT LEVEE.

On New Year's Day a levee was given of unusual brilliancy. Among the guests were Marquis de La Fayette, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, William H. Crawford; Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina; Harrison Grey Otis, of Boston—the Chesterfield of the North; Stephen Van Rensselaer; Mr. Livingston, of Louisiana, and a host of others, with their wives and daughters, residents of Washington during that memorable Winter. It is said that no subsequent period of Washington society has surpassed its galaxy of talent, beauty and accomplishments.

Among the important events of Mr. Monroe's Administration was the passage of Henry Clay's "Missouri Compromise Bill," by which slavery was permitted in Missouri, but forever prohibited elsewhere north of the parallel of 36° 30′; and President Monroe's memorable message of Dec. 2, 1823, in which he advocated the policy of neither entangling ourselves in the broils of Europe, nor suffering powers of the Old World to interfere with the affairs of the New, generally known as the "Monroe Doctrine."

On this occasion Mr. Monroe declared that any attempt on the part of any European power to "extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere would be regarded by the United States as dangerous to our peace and safety, and would accordingly be opposed."

Mr. Monroe was surrounded by men who, De Tocqueville said, "would have been intellectual giants in any period of the world," like John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States.

In person John Marshall was ungraceful, tall, emaciated, his muscles relaxed, joints so loosely connected as not only to disqualify him, apparently, for any vigorous

exertion of the body, but to destroy everything like harmony in his movements. In spite of all this he was a great social favorite; his influence is known to have been foremost in Congress, with the Administration. In a word, he was a statesman, a jurist, and a Christian.

Henry Clay was the Speaker of the House. His tall, towering form, his sweeping gestures, his magnetic voice, were powerful and convincing beyond description.

John C. Calhoun, at one time Monroe's Secretary of War, was a man of splendid physique. He was tall, well proportioned, his movements graceful, handsome in form and feature, and frank and courteous in manner. His large, dark, brilliant eyes strongly impressed all who encountered them. When addressing the Senate he stood firm and erect, accompanying his delivery with angular gesticulations. Upon every subject he was original and analytical, depending upon his argument to carry his points. Known to be the father of nullification, yet Daniel Webster could say of him: "I have not in public or in private life known a more assiduous person in discharge of his duty; firm in his purposes, patriotic and honest, as I am sure he was, in the principles he espoused and in the measures he defended, I do not believe that, aside from his large regard for that species of distinction that conducted him to eminent stations for the benefit of the Republic, he had a selfish motive or a selfish feeling."

Thomas H. Benton was a Senator at this time—the first Senator from the State of Missouri.

All the Departments of Government were represented by men of renowned personal character. Mr. Tompkins was Vice-President, John Quincy Adams Secretary of State, William H. Crawford Secretary of the Treasury, John C. Calhoun Secretary of War, Smith Thompson Secretary of the Navy, John McLane Postmaster-General, William Wirt Attorney-General.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S ADMINISTRATION.

When John Quincy Adams was elected President of the United States, Congress appropriated $14,000 to refurnish

the White House. The East Room was furnished in a magnificent manner.

Mr. Adams married Louisa Catherine Johnson, the daughter of Joshua Johnson, of Maryland. She was born, educated, and married in London. Her advantages were far superior to those enjoyed by most women of her time. After John Adams was President, John Quincy was Minister to Berlin for four years. Mrs. Adams proved herself fully competent to act her part in the social and political circles in which circumstances had placed her.

On Mr. Adams's return to America he was elected United States Senator. In those days Washington was quite the opposite of the Washington of to-day. Then ladies thought it quite a privation to leave the gayeties of larger cities to be kept here for some eight months. But Mrs. Adams found it very congenial to her, as many of her relatives were living here.

When Mr. Madison was President, Mrs. Adams sailed with her husband to Russia, where he went as United States Minister. It was no holiday trip a hundred years ago to cross the Atlantic. When the country called Mr. Adams to this position, Mrs. Adams, nothing daunted, left her two eldest children in America, and taking the youngest, not two years old, sailed from Boston in August and arrived in St. Petersburg the last of October.

Their six years' stay in Europe was an era of intense interest. In the history of the world, perhaps, there were never such wondrous scenes enacted. Napoleon seemed to have the destinies of the Old World in his grasp. The war between England and America broke out in the meantime, and communication was entirely cut off. British ships cruised about our ports to capture vessels, and hostile cannon thundered in the Capital of our country.

Mr. Adams's biographer says: "He lived in St. Petersburg, poor, studious and secluded, on the narrow basis of the parchment of his commission, respected for learning and talent, but little given to the costly entertainments of an opulent and ostentatious circle."

Mrs. Adams grew weary of her cheerless abode in that far northern city of architectural splendor. The entertainment of Russian nobles and oriental extravagance had no attraction for Mr. and Mrs. Adams while their country was in danger. Mr. Adams met the American Embassadors in Ghent, leaving Mrs. Adams to follow him to Paris.

Spring came at last, and she set out with her boy, following in the wake of a furious war, through a country where passion and strife were rampant; but her courageous spirit carried her through, reaching Paris in time to witness the enthusiastic delight which greeted the return of Napoleon from Elba, and the flight of the Bourbons.

Mrs. Adams, soon after reaching London, in May, 1815, found her husband appointed Minister to St. James, and after a separation of six years she was reunited to her children.

In 1817, when Mr. Monroe succeeded Mr. Madison as President, he appointed John Quincy Adams Secretary of State. He immediately embarked with his family for the United States. They arrived in Washington Sept. 20, 1817. For eight years Mrs. Adams occupied the place Mrs. Madison had so charmingly filled for the same length of time.

No sectional bitternesses were taken into Mrs. Adams's drawing-rooms, but the ever-present and never-settled question of social precedence assumed such proportions at the time Mr. Adams was Secretary of State that it became necessary to discuss it in Cabinet meetings. History gives us many instances where affairs of state have become gravely involved in these seemingly petty affairs of society, and this Republic has not been exempt from these entanglements, as the following extract from Mr. Adams's diary will show:

"Jan. 5, 1818.—At the office I had visits from Mr. Gaillard, the President pro tem. of the Senate, and his colleague, Judge Smith, and had conversation with them on various subjects. Mr. Gaillard finally asked me if there had been any new system of etiquet established with regard to visiting, to which I replied: 'Certainly none to my

knowledge.' I was, myself, determined to make no question of etiquet with any one; but I have been negligent in paying visits, for absolute want of time. They said there had been a rule adopted by Senators as long ago as when Aaron Burr was a member of that body, and drawn by him, that the Senators should visit only the President of the United States, and Mr. King had lately referred them to a book in which it was recorded. I told them it was the first information I had ever received of the existence of such a rule.

"I have been five years a member of the Senate, and at the commencement of every session had invariably paid the first visit to all the heads of the Departments, excepting Mr. Gallatin, who, never having returned my first visit, I never afterward visited him excepting upon business at his office; and I understood that he had never paid or returned any visits while he was Secretary of the Treasury.

"I had always supposed the universal practice to be that the Senators paid the first visit to the heads of the Departments, though since I have arrived here I have heard the practice was different.

"I was ready to conform to any arrangements that might be proper, but I supposed the rule that Senators would visit only the President did not extend to a requisition that the heads of Departments should first visit them. We parted in perfect good humor on the subject."

On the 22d he notes: "My wife received this morning a note from Mrs. Monroe, requesting that she would call upon her this day at 1 or 2 o'clock, and she went. It was to inform her that the ladies had taken offense at her not paying them the first visit.

"All ladies arriving here as strangers, it seems, expect to be visited by the heads of Departments, and even by the President's wife. Mrs. Madison subjected herself to this torture, which she felt very severely, but from which, having begun the practice, she never found an opportunity of receding.

"Mrs. Monroe neither pays nor returns visits. My wife returns all visits, but adopts the principle of not visiting

first any strangers who arrive, and this is what the ladies have taken in dudgeon.

"My wife informed Mrs. Monroe that she should adhere to her principle, but on any question of etiquet she did not exact of any lady that she should visit her."

THE CABINET TAKES THE MATTER UP.

The 20th of December a Cabinet meeting was held to discuss the important question of etiquet in visiting. After two hours' discussion of the subject, they came to no other conclusion than that each one should follow his own course.

Mr. Adams proposed a rule to separate entirely the official character from the practice of personal visiting, to pay no visits but for the sake of friendship or acquaintance, and then without inquiring which was first or which last, and that their wives should practice the same.

Mr. Adams, finding himself liable to be misunderstood in his action relative to this singular subject, took the trouble the day following the Cabinet meeting to write to the President and Vice-President letters which illustrate the social history of Washington at this period. The following is the letter to the President:

"WASHINGTON, December 25, 1819.

"To the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

"SIR:—

"The meeting held yesterday, having terminated without any arrangement relative to the subject upon which it had, according to your desire, been convened, and it being understood that it left the members of your administration free to pursue that course of conduct dictated by the sense of propriety, respectively, to avoid being misunderstood in regard to that which I have hitherto pursued, and to manifest my wish to pursue any other which you will please to direct, or advise, I have thought it necessary to submit the following observations to your candor and intelligence. It has, I understood from you, been indirectly made a complaint to you, as a neglect of duty on the part of some of the members of

your administration, or at least of the Secretary of State, that he omits paying, at every session of Congress, a first visit of form to every member of the Senate of the United States; and that his wife is equally negligent of her supposed duty, in omitting to pay similar visits to the ladies of every member of either House who visit the city during the session.

"The fact of omission, both as regards my wife and myself, is acknowledged; and as you had the kindness to propose having any explanation of the motives of our conduct made known to those who, to our very great regret, appear to be dissatisfied with it, the following statement is made to give that explanation.

"I must premise that having been five years a member of the Senate, and having, during four of the five years been accompanied by my wife, I never received a visit from any one of the heads of departments, nor did my wife ever receive a first visit from any of those ladies.

"We invariably paid the first visit and at that time always understood it to be the established usage. I do not mean to say that every Senator then paid the first visit to the heads of departments, but that the Senators neither exacted nor expected a visit from them. Visiting in form was considered as not forming a part either of social or official duty. I never then heard a suggestion that it was due in courtesy from a head of department, to pay a visit to all Senators; or from his wife to visit the wife of any member of Congress.

"When I came here two years ago, I supposed the usual rules of visiting to remain as I had known them ten years before.

"Entertaining the profoundest respect for the Senate as a body, and a high regard for every individual member of it, I am yet not aware of any usage which required formal visits from me, as a member of the administration, to them as Senators.

"The Senate of the United States, independent of its importance and dignity, is, of all the associations of men upon the earth, that to which I am bound by every and the most sacred and inviolable ties of personal gratitude.

"In a career of five and twenty years, and through five successive administrations, scarcely a year has passed but has been marked in the annals of my life by manifestations of the signal confidence of that body. Unworthy, indeed, should I be of such confidence if I had a heart insensibe of these obligations; base, indeed, should I feel myself, if, inflated by the dignity of the stations to which their continual uninterrupted and frequently repeated kindnesses have contributed to raise me, I were capable of withholding from them, collectively or individually, one particle of the reverence and honor due from me to them. But I was not conscious that this mode of showing my respect to them was either due or usual, and when the first intimation was given me that there was such an expectation entertained by the Senators in general, I quickly learnt from other quarters that if complied with it would give great offence to the members of the House of Representatives, unless also extended to them.

"To pay visits of ceremony to every member of Congress every session, would not only be a very useless waste of time, but not very compatible with the discharge of the real and important duties of the Department, always peculiarly oppressive during the session of Congress. Neither did the introduction of such a system of mere formality appear to me altogether congenial to the Republican simplicity of our institutions.

"To avoid all invidious discriminations I have paid no first visits to any member of the Houses of Congress as such, but I have returned the visits of all who are pleased to visit me; considering it as perfectly optional between every member of either House whether any interchange of visits should take place between us or not.

"The rule which I have thought best to adhere to for myself has been pursued by my wife with my approbation. She has never considered it incumbent upon her to visit ladies coming to this place, strangers to her. She would draw no line of discrimination of strangers whom she should and strangers whom she should not visit. To visit all, with the constantly increasing resort of strangers here, would have been impossible. To have

visited only the ladies of members of Congress, would have been a distinction offensive to many other ladies of equal respectability. It would have applied to the married daughters of the President. The only principle of Mrs. Adams has been to avoid invidious distinctions; and the only way of avoiding them is to visit no lady as a stranger. She first visits her acquaintances, according to the rules of private life; and receives, or returns, visits of all ladies, strangers, who pay visits to her. We are aware that this practice has given offence to some members of Congress and their ladies, and we very sincerely regret the result. We think, however, that the principle, properly understood, cannot be offensive.

"To visit all strangers, or none, seems to be the only alternative, to do justice to all.

"Above all we wish it understood that while we are happy to receive any respectable stranger who pleases to call upon us, we have no claim or pretension to claim it of any one.

"It only remains for me to add that, after this frank exposition of what we have done, and of our only motive for the course we have pursued, I am entirely disposed to conform to any other which you may have the goodness to advise.

"With respect, etc."

The following day the President called at the office of the Secretary of State, returning the letter Mr. Adams had left with him. He said the observation it contained had undoubtedly great weight, and as it principally concerned the members of the Senate, he thought it would be best to give a similar explanation to the Vice-President, and ask him to communicate it to the members of the Senate who had taken exception to Mr. Adams not paying them the first visit; asking as a favor that Mr. Adams would omit the allusion to his daughter, Mrs. Hay. Mr. Adams did so, but adds in his note, "though Mrs. Hay, herself, has been one of the principal causes of raising this senseless war of etiquet visiting."

A letter was sent to the Vice-President, embodying nearly the same language as the one to the President.

The Vice-President, Mr. Tompkins, called on Mr. Adams, and the affairs of visiting etiquet came up. Mr. Tompkins said the principle upon which they rested their claim to a first visit was that the Senate being, by their concurrence to appointments, a component part of the supreme executive, therefore Senators ought to be first visited by heads of departments. Mr. Adams said he thought the conclusion was not logical, and if it was it would require that Senators at home should visit every member of the Legislature, by which they were chosen; a practice which certainly existed nowhere. If that line of argument is used it would place the State Senator above the United States Senator, and the constituency above the State Senator.

The matter was not settled in the days of Adams and Monroe. Mr. Adams gave his undivided attention to the duties pertaining to his office, leaving to Mrs. Adams the arduous task of receiving and entertaining the hosts of visitors who crowded the Capital—diplomats, public men, those who came on business or pleasure were always made welcome, and probably there was not a home in Washington where society found such an agreeable resort as at Mrs. Adams's.

MRS. ADAMS'S GREAT BALL.

The ball given by her Jan. 8, 1824, in honor of Andrew Jackson and the anniversary of his victory at New Orleans, was one of the most brilliant affairs ever given at that time in Washington. It is one of the events that will live in history; it was heralded in newspapers and commemorated in song.

Old Washingtonians do not forget the rhyme in which John Ogg celebrated this event in the Washington *Republican*, Jan. 8, 1824, beginning thus:

"Wend you with the world to-night?
Brown and fair and wise and witty,
Eyes that float in seas of light,
Laughing mouths and dimples pretty,
Belles and matrons, maids and madams—
All are gone to Mrs. Adams."

Among the guests were Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and John C. Calhoun, and if the picture extant of this grand celebration is correct, they did it honor by appearing in full-dress costumes—blue coats, gilt buttons, white or buff waistcoats, white neckties, high chokers, silk stockings, and pumps.

This event was a happy one for Jackson. It soon afterward followed that John C. Calhoun's name was withdrawn from the Presidential ticket and Andrew Jackson's placed instead. John Quincy Adams, his host, was running in opposition to him.

The house in which Mr. Adams lived, and where this famous ball was given, was on F street, opposite the Ebbitt House. Until within a few years it had remained there unchanged. Upon its site has been erected a magnificent structure, christened the "Adams Building," a fitting monument to this great name.

Charles Francis Adams writes of his mother that during the eight years in which Mrs. Adams presided in the house of Secretary of State no exclusions were made in her invitations merely on account of any real or imaginary political hostility; nor, though keenly alive to the reputation of her husband, was any disposition manifested to do more than amuse or enliven society.

In this the success was permitted to be complete, as all will remember who were then in the habit of frequenting her dwelling. But, in proportion as the great contest for the Presidency in which Mr. Adams was involved approached, the violence of partisan warfare began to manifest its usual bad effects. Mrs. Adams decided to adopt habits of greater seclusion.

Most human affairs have their good and their bad sides, and politics is not an exception. The election of the heads of Government determines the general policy of the State and the class of men who shall be appointed to the various offices under the control of the Administration. Those who feel a strong interest in that policy which their judgment tells them is for the welfare of the country, those who desire to promote special measures, and those who are anxious to obtain and hold office are those who

are always found ready to work for such interests. They divide into parties, according to their views, and exert themselves to the utmost to bring about the desired result.

This party influence is useful and beneficial, if properly used, in causing discussion, examination, and thought, stimulating the people to a careful study of their institutions and the principles of Government and the effects which certain measures may have on the public welfare.

In a free Government, where the people wield the power, the result of all this discussion and thought is to imbue the general mind with ideas of high statesmanship. This is the better side of politics. The dark side is that too often it awakens an undue degree of passion and prejudice. Men berate and misrepresent each other. The same disposition which actuates the friends of a candidate also actuates his enemies. They seek to destroy each other's influence, while, no doubt, all are in earnest in seeking the good of their country. They do not stop at public actions, but enter the sanctity of the home. Because of this, Mrs. Andrew Jackson was led to say: "I assure you that I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to live in that palace in Washington."

For this there is no remedy but in the intelligence and good sense of the people themselves. When men learn to be careful and just in judgments of men and measures politics will have taken a higher plane. The year preceding Mr. Adams's election was one of contention and strife, and unfortunately neither candidate was elected.

NEW YORK POLITICS.

At this time Mr. George Ticknor, of Boston, presented a foreign gentleman to ex-President John Adams. They were to avoid talking upon politics, on account of Mr. Adams's feebleness; but when they started to go Mr. Adams asked Mr. Ticknor about the Presidential election in the House. Mr. Ticknor very adroitly remarked: "It is understood to depend upon the vote of New York." Mr. Adams arose and exclaimed: "Then, God help us! As boy and man, I have known New York for 70 years, and her politics have always been among the devil's incompre-

hensibilities." How much his Satanic majesty reveals of New York politics in these latter days remains one of the enigmas.

On Feb. 9, 1825, the formal opening of the electoral packets took place. Neither of the candidates had received a majority of electoral votes.

The House of Representatives then proceeded to elect from the three highest candidates—Jackson, Adams and Crawford.

The roll of the House was called by States. The vote of each State was deposited in a box and placed on the table. The tellers were Daniel Webster and John Randolph, who proceeded to open the boxes and count the ballots. Mr. Webster announced the election of Mr. Adams.

On the 4th of March, 1825, he was inaugurated President, occupying the chair his father had occupied 28 years before. Chief Justice Marshall administered the oath.

ADAMS AND JACKSON MEET.

After the Inauguration the multitude rushed to the White House to congratulate the President. In the evening the usual Inaugural Ball was given. Mr. Monroe gave a levee after the electoral count in honor of the event, of which Mr. Goodrich writes: "In the course of the evening Mr. Adams and Gen. Jackson unconsciously approached each other. Gen. Jackson had a handsome lady on his arm; the two looked at each other for a moment, and then Gen. Jackson moved forward, stretched out his long arm, and said: 'How do you do, Mr. Adams? I give you my left hand, for my right, you see, is devoted to the fair. I hope you are well, sir." Mr. Adams, with accustomed dignity, replied: "Very well, sir. I hope Gen. Jackson is well." Only four hours had elapsed since both were struggling for the highest place to which human ambition can aspire. They met as victor and vanquished, but their deportment toward each other was a rebuke to that littleness of party which can see no merit in a rival, or that has no rejoicings in common with a victorious competitor

Mrs. Adams was the presiding genius of the White House in 1825, and Lafayette, by Mr. and Mrs. Adams's invitation, spent the last week of his stay here in the Executive Mansion. It was from the President's House, Sept. 7, that he bade the land of his adoption a pathetic farewell.

More than half a century had passed since the last sentence of his farewell address was uttered. No true child of America can recall it and the scenes that followed without feelings of the deepest emotion.

As the last words were spoken he advanced and took President Adams in his arms, while tears poured down his venerable cheeks. Advancing a few paces, he was overcome by his feelings, and again returned, and falling on the neck of Mr. Adams, exclaimed in broken accents: "God bless you!" There was many a manly cheek wet with tears as they pressed forward to take for the last time that hand which was so generously extended for our aid, and which was ever ready to be raised in our defense.

The expression which beamed in the face of this exalted man was of the finest and most touching kind. The hero was lost in the father and friend, and dignity melted into subdued affection, and the friend of Washington seemed to linger with a mournful delight among the sons of his adopted country. As he entered the barouche, accompanied by the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, of the Navy, and passed out of the Capital he had helped to save, the peals of artillery, the music of military bands, the large concourse of people produced feelings of indescribable emotion in the heart of Lafayette. This was his triumph for having given his money, his services, and almost his life for the liberty of the sons of men.

Mr. Adams was undoubtedly the most learned man who had yet occupied the Presidential chair. In dress and manner he was a model of courtly refinement. Mrs. Adams's elegant and intelligent regime was felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. Whatever stately court the other Presidents' wives had drawn around them, there had never been any superior to Mrs. Adams's in elegance, taste, purity, refinement and worth.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WHITE HOUSE DURING PRESIDENT JACKSON'S ADMINISTRATION.

JACKSON'S INAUGURATION—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S POLISHED MANNERS—REFINEMENT IN THE WHITE HOUSE—MUCH APPREHENSION BY THE WHITE HOUSE COTERIES—A MILITARY HERO—MRS. DONALDSON, HOSTESS—JACKSON'S CABINET. "TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE SPOILS"—THE MRS. EATON IMBROGLIO—JACKSON'S OBSTINACY—AN IGNOMINIOUS DEATH. A PAGE FOR "MRS. GRUNDY"—A SPIRITED ANSWER TO A FOREIGN MINISTER—JACKSON TIRED OF SOCIAL CEREMONIES. A SELECT BALL.

In 1824, in the contest for the Presidency that was finally settled by the election of John Quincy Adams by the House of Representatives, Jackson received 99 electoral votes. The clamor against his "backwoods manners," uncivilized character and military spirit caused his defeat. But the ascendency he had gained in the hearts of the people by his military achievements made him invincible in the Presidential election of 1828, and he was inaugurated March 4, 1829.

John Quincy Adams, with his polished manners, classical education, and long experience in European schools when a boy, and at foreign coutrs during his father's and his own diplomatic service, was better fitted for this high position than any President who had preceded him. His Administration had been characterized by great refinement in the White House, Mrs. Adams presiding over the social part with grace and elegance. Hence it is not surprising that Jackson's ascendency was looked upon with many forebodings by the coterie that surrounded the White House and the denizens of the National Capital.

In his courage and executive ability in the administration of National affairs they had all confidence. They knew that in his eyes "right was might"; that the laws would be executed; that the rights of every American citizen would be respected the world over, and that evil-

doers and revolutionists would be punished. But whether he would give that consideration which is due in the observance of the smaller proprieties of society obligatory upon the Chief Executive of the Nation, was a question that gave them much apprehension.

Mrs. Jackson having died just before the Inauguration, her wonderful influence over his turbulent spirit was gone—a spirit that never knew restraint except from the loving hand of her whom he mourned.

No one knew better or felt more keenly these forebodings than Jackson himself. Circumstances had given him a reputation unjust to his tender heart and refined nature. But he was of and from the people, and backed by this impregnable support he entered upon his duties.

Like Washington, he was a military hero, and the enthusiasm attending his Inauguration knew no bounds. Innumerable visitors flocked to the Capital. Every imaginary means of transportation was taxed to its utmost. After the Inauguration he was escorted to the White House, followed by the populace, who, defying all control, rushed into the house, filling every inch of space.

The elegant banquet spread in the East Room in his honor was soon a scene of the wildest confusion.

In the carnival that ensued china and glass were broken, wine was spilled, and order was turned into chaos. In their mad endeavor to see the new President, men with muddy boots climbed upon the furniture, and much of it was soiled, broken, and utterly ruined.

Jackson knew that he must establish something more in keeping with the dignity of his position; hence he at once installed the accomplished Mrs. Donaldson, a niece of Mrs. Jackson, as hostess of the White House. He appointed Mr. Van Buren Secretary of State; Samuel D. Ingham, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of the Treasury; John H. Eaton, Secretary of War; John Branch, of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy; and William F. Barry, of Kentucky, Postmaster-General. With the exception of Mr. Van Buren, the Cabinet was in no sense a strong one.

Socially, Mrs. Donaldson was not reinforced more

strongly by the ladies of the Cabinet than the President by the Cabinet counselors.

Calhoun, as Vice President, was very near him, but only to criticize and irritate, and in nowise to aid him to a successful Administration.

In establishing the maxim "to the victor belong the spoils" Jackson had much opposition from the friends nearest and dearest to him. Maj. Lewis was of that number, and in urging his opposition he wrote the following letter:

"I embrace this occasion to enter my solemn protest against it, not on account of my office, but because I hold it to be fraught with the greatest mischief to the country. If it ever should be carried out, *in extenso*, the days of the Republic will, in my opinion, have been numbered; for whenever the impression shall have become general that the Government is only valuable on account of its offices, the great and paramount interests of the country will be lost sight of, and the Government itself will be ultimately destroyed. This, at least, is the honest conviction of my mind with regard to the novel doctrine of rotation in office."

But with characteristic determination Jackson carried out his policy of removal, wherever he desired to serve a friend or punish an enemy.

Many and bitter were the political controversies and battles of his Administration; not unfrequently with the political giants of that day, of whom there was a large percentage in the Senate, led by Calhoun, Clay, Webster, Benton and others, until, finally, the social question became so entangled in the political controversy that the Cabinet was disrupted.

Mr. Van Buren more firmly intrenched himself in the regard of Mr. Jackson by espousing his side of the controversy, and the breach between Mr. Calhoun and the President became wider through Calhoun's opposition.

Jackson was as tenacious of his friendships as he was of his principles and his religion.

THE MRS. EATON IMBROGLIO.

The wife of his Secretary of War, Mrs. Eaton, having been rather unfortunate in her antecedents and early associations, there was the greatest opposition to her presence and position. She was slighted on every hand by leading ladies and gentlemen of the Administration and of the Diplomatic Corps. Friends importuned President Jackson to remove Mr. Eaton and thereby eliminate Mrs. Eaton from the Executive circle; but he would listen to none of them, and, it is claimed, threatened to depose Mrs. Donaldson as hostess of the Executive Mansion should she join the clamoring persecutors of this really unfortunate woman. He knew that she was upright and had in no sense forfeited her right to courteous treatment, and he would not desert her or add to her trials by placing her and her husband at the mercy of her tormentors by removing Mr. Eaton from the War Department.

Mr. Eaton was a lifelong friend of Jackson, and nothing would induce the latter to wound his friend. Mrs. Eaton was a person of fascinating manners and rare personal attractions, bright and vivacious in conversation, and a great favorite with the President. While nothing could be alleged against her personal character, she could not be forgiven her antecedents. Her career was an eventful one. The misfortunes that followed her from the day of the death of her illustrious benefactor are almost incredible, and were they written without embellishment, would be called a romance. She died in this city a few years ago, alone, in great poverty and desolation, after seeing all her glory and friends depart.

For years persons who attended the Metropolitan Church here, saw each Sunday a little old lady with no trace of beauty left in her pinched and wrinkled face, clad in shabby-genteel garments, slip quietly into a seat on the side aisle, near the altar, listen attentively to the sermon, and as quietly withdraw at its close. Few knew that this was Mrs. Eaton, who was once the most conspicuous woman in President Jackson's official circle

Mrs. Donaldson was a woman of remarkable beauty; dark auburn hair, brown eyes, fair complexion, lips and brow exquisitely molded, and a slender, symmetrical figure. Her picture strongly resembles that of Mary, Queen of Scots. Her wardrobe was very elegant. The dress she wore at the Inaugural ball is still preserved, and even in this day of extravagance would be greatly admired. It is an amber-colored satin, brocaded with bouquets of rosebuds and violets, and richly trimmed white lace and pearls. Though Mrs. Grundy was given little space in the newspapers of that day, this dress was graphically described. It was presented to Mrs. Donaldson by the President-elect, who loved his niece as his own child, always calling her "my daughter," as a term of endearment. Her vivacity and quick repartee delighted him.

On one occasion a foreign minister, desiring to compliment her, said: "Madam, you dance with the grace of a Parisian. I can hardly realize you were educated in Tennessee."

"Count, you forget that grace is a cosmopolite, and, like a flower, is found oftener in the woods than in the streets of a city," was the spirited reply. At dinners, dancing parties, receptions, and on all occasions—and there were many in those days of genuine hospitality—Mrs. Donaldson presided gracefully, greeting all with much cordiality of manner."

At the close of Jackson's first term no complaints were heard of boorishness, or inhospitable administration; hence when the fates decreed a second term of the Jackson regime, there were no regrets or unkind prophecies of shortcomings in the courtesies of the White House.

Jackson, however, was determined to relieve himself of much of the irksome detail of entertainments. The long-drawn-out dining of officials, including the members of both Houses of Congress, was trying to his patience. The promiscuous levees were intolerable to him. After entering upon his second term, he invited the ladies of the Cabinet to a consultation on matters of etiquet, where he explained that he wished to be relieved from the odious ordeal of affairs of ceremony.

It was resolved that the President should give a grand ball in the Executive Mansion, the night before Christmas, 1835, to which he could invite persons entitled to such consideration, and thereby avoid the promiscuous crowd of a public levee. The guests assembled at 9. The ball was in the East Room. The supper was served in the West Room at 11 o'clock, and the company dispersed by half-past 12; but those who were not included in the list of guests were much dissatisfied, and the following, from a contemporary paper, shows how impossible it was to adjust social affairs then, when the city was comparatively in its infancy and the population small:

AN UNINVITED'S COMPLAINT.

"A little set of exclusives is now formed under the immediate patronage of the President, who has set himself to the grand object of separating the true and acknowledged fashion and rank of the community, from contact with those who are not exactly of the right sort. The social institutions of Washington have too long, in his estimation, borne a resemblance to the political institutions of the country, and admitted respectable persons from every part of the country, without a very rigid scrutiny into their pretensions as people of fashion.

"The system is now to be changed. The scale established by the President is peculiarly arbitrary. For instance, clerks with $3,000 salary are invited, those of $2,000 are excluded.

"On Friday the public New Year levee is to be held, and to that the Irish laborers, etc., are to be admitted in their shirt sleeves, as heretofore. Andrew the First will give an exclusive ball and supper once a fortnight, hereafter, till the weather is too hot for dancing."

Again: "The President has determined to give no more exclusives. The last one was a shocking exhibition. The members of Congress brought ladies, and numbers came from every part of the city and vicinity without invitation and pushed their way in. Sixteen hundred

persons were computed to be present, and, of course, the rooms were crowded to suffocation."

The President handed Mrs. Forsyth to the supper-room, but the mob rushed past him and excluded him from the table.

"Well," said he, very properly offended, "this is the first time that I was ever shut out from my own table, and it shall be the last."

It is acknowledged that the social brilliancy of Gen. Jackson's Administration equalled, if it did not surpass, any that had preceded him. There was as polished and refined society to be found in Washington then as to-day, and it was accessible to all who wished to enter it. Undoubtedly there is not a city in the United States where true worth is recognized as quickly as in Washington, or where more consideration is given to innate refinement and talent. Many families depend upon the Government for support, giving an equivalent in services rendered. The only difference is one of income, which governs the manner of style of living. Society is made up of those in official life, foreigners of rank, citizens of wealth, men of letters, and women of culture and refinement, who give tone and polish to the body social.

Gen. Jackson, following the example of his predecessors, except Jefferson, held his levees periodically, and all who wished to pay their respects to the President could do so on these occasions.

The members of the Cabinet, heads of Departments, foreign Ministers and other dignitaries gave dinners and evening parties, during the session, to strangers of note, and as these were multiplied or lessened the mercury marked the brilliancy of the season on the social barometer. Hotel registers were carefully watched. No strangers of note missed an invitation. All lions of the day were in demand. Members of Congress were eagerly sought. All these were concomitant parts of a fashionable party. Some of them, we must admit, were diamonds in the rough, coming from the rural districts, in all their simplicity and rusticity, with undisguised astonishment that an entry into a house must be preceded

by a "ticket with your name onto it"; but Aladdin and his magician's lamp works no greater transformation than this entry into fashionable society, where the elite of the land preside; and the newcomer gradually throws aside the order of the novice, and in time becomes a full-fledged aristocrat.

The Secretaries gave the usual round of soirees, which commenced at 9 or 10 o'clock, the host and hostess standing in the drawing-room to receive the company. Dancing, cards, and conversation were the amusements of the evening. Light refreshments were served through the apartments, and at 11 o'clock a supper was partaken of by the guests; at 3 they began to disperse, and at 4 the banquet hall was deserted.

DEATH OF MRS. DONALDSON.

In the Spring of 1836 Mrs. Donaldson's health was so impaired that she left Washington and returned to Tennessee, little thinking as she passed out of the White House that she was parting with all its honors and pleasures for the last time. She rapidly failed in strength, and in December, 1836, the spirit of "the lovely Emily" passed from earth. During the following session the President's House was closed in respect to her memory.

Her four children were born in the White House, President Jackson acting as godfather to two of them, Mr. Van Buren to another, and Gen. Polk to the youngest. One of these children is now Mrs. Eliza Wilcox, a clerk in the Treasury Department, having been a widow for many years, dependent upon her own exertions for the support of herself and family. From her baby head Jackson cut a lock of hair, which he sent to the Committee to be placed in the cornerstone of the Treasury Building, as the most valued treasure he had to deposit; little thinking that in the changes that time brings this "precious baby" would ever join the throng that goes in and out of the great building in the weary round of the treadmill-life of a Government clerk.

Jackson's devotion to the memory of his wife was most pathetic, and betrays a tenderness as beautiful as the courage that made him immortal. She had been his joy for 40 eventful years, passing through vituperation, poverty, and the trials that ever attend men of mark.

It seemed a cruel fate that removed her just as he was entering upon his triumphs. It is said that he wore her miniature always, and at night it was placed upon a little table at his bedside, leaning against her Bible, that the smile preserved by the artist in the loved face might greet him on awaking. And as we look upon the picture of this saintly woman, we are not surprised that it was the inspiration of that grand old hero.

The face is oval, the features delicate, the eyes are large and beautiful in their clear and spirited gaze; the dark curls which cluster round the finely-formed head are half revealed and half concealed by a cap of soft lace falling vail-like over her shoulders; a double ruff of lace encircles a delicate throat; the brow is broad, and the mouth is wreathed in a smile that gives the face a lovely expression. We can imagine that to steal away from the throng that beset him, this old man often had his solace in gazing upon this inanimate portrait of her whom he idolized in life and revered in death.

During Jackson's regime the White House had but few additions in the way of elegant furnishings or expensive luxuries. That was left for the more elaborate taste of his successor, Martin Van Buren

CHAPTER VIII.

ADMINISTRATIONS OF MARTIN VAN BUREN AND WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

INAUGURATION OF MARTIN VAN BUREN—THE COUNTRY SUFFERS FROM A FINANCIAL CRISIS—DULL TIMES IN WASHINGTON. ATTACK UPON THE PRESIDENT'S EXTRAVAGANCE IN REFURNISHING THE WHITE HOUSE—RETURN OF MRS. MADISON AFTER 23 YEARS' ABSENCE—VISIT OF FANNY ELLSLER—END OF A HALF-CENTURY OF CONGRESS—"LOG CABINS" AROUSED BY REPUBLICAN RIDICULE—"TIPPECANOE AND TYLER, TOO." CAMPAIGN OF INTENSE EXCITEMENT—NATION SHOCKED BY DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT—MRS. HARRISON'S LOVABLE CHARACTER.

The Inauguration of Martin Van Buren, the successor of Gen. Jackson, March 4, 1837, has been so graphically described by N. P. Willis that we may be pardoned for giving it *in extenso*:

"The Republican procession, consisting of the Presidents and their families, escorted by a small volunteer corps, arrived soon after 12. The General and Mr. Van Buren were in the 'Constitution phæton,' drawn by four grays, and as it entered the gate they both rode uncovered. Descending from the carriage to the foot of the steps, a passage was made for them through the dense crowd, and the tall white head of the old chieftain, still uncovered, went steadily up through the agitated mass, marked by its peculiarity from all around it. The crowd of diplomatists and Senators in the rear of the columns made way, and the ex-President and Mr. Van Buren advanced with uncovered heads.

"A murmur of feeling came up from the moving mass below as the infirm old man, just emerged from a sick-chamber, which his physicians had thought he would never leave, bowed to the people. Mr. Van Buren then advanced and, with a voice remarkably distinct, and with great dignity, read his address to the people.

"The air was elastic and the day still, and it is supposed that nearly 20,000 people heard him from his elevated position distinctly. I stood, myself, on the outer limit of the crowd, and, though I lost occasionally a sentence from

the interruption nearby, his words came clearly articulated to my ear."

Mr. Van Buren was a disciple of Jefferson, imbibing his doctrines and political principles, entering into politics when only 18 years of age, being a State Senator in 1812, subsequently Attorney-General, Governor of the State of New York, and United States Senator. He was Secretary of State under Jackson, who also appointed him Minister to St. James, but Mr. Calhoun defeated his confirmation. He was, however, made Vice-President when Jackson was elected for the second term, and to Mr. Van Buren's influence were many of Jackson's mistakes attributed.

THE PANIC OF 1837.

The country was verging on a financial crash, from various causes, and in a brief time after the brilliant Inauguration it came near destroying the credit and business interests of the whole Nation. Suspensions were the rule, and solvency the exception.

Nothing daunted, Mr. Van Buren still insisted upon the payment of all public moneys in gold and silver, and indulged his refined and extravagant taste in the repairs and additions to the White House. This exasperated public opinion and Congress to such an extent that we find a Mr. Tyler, of Pennsylvania, in July, 1840, making a speech of several days before Congress portraying the evil times that had fallen upon the Nation. All the extravagancies of the Administration were held up to view. It was called the gold and silver Administration, because of the gold spoons, silver knives and forks, and cut glass used at the White House. Said Mr. Tyler:

"What will the plain Republican farmer say when he discovers that our economical reformers have expended $13,000 of the people's cash for looking-glasses, lamps, and candlesticks? What would the frugal Hoosier think were he to behold a Democratic peacock, in full Court costume, strutting by the hour before golden-framed mirrors nine feet high and four and a half feet wide?

Why, sir, were Mr. Van Buren to dash into the palace on the back of his Roanoke racehorse, he could gaze at and admire the hoofs of his charger and his crown at the same instant of time in one of those splendid mirrors!

"Mr. Chairman, there is much truth and sound philosophy to poor Richard's advice, 'Early to bed and early to rise makes you healthy, wealthy, and wise,' but it is clear that our new economists have little faith in early rising, else they would not have laid out $7,000 of the people's money in lamps and candlesticks.

"The Court fashion of sleeping out the day and waking out the night results in keeping the palace door closed, save to persons entitled to the entree, until 10 o'clock a. m.

"It was but a few days ago that an honest countryman, on his way to the fishing landing after breakfast, having some curiosity to behold the magnificent East Room with its gorgeous drapery and brilliant mirrors, rang the bell at the great entrance door of the palace. Forthwith the spruce English porter in attendance came to the door, and, seeing only a plain person on foot there, slammed the door in his face, saying: 'You had better come at 7 o'clock. The President's rooms are not open until 10 o'clock in the morning.' Whereupon the plain farmer turned on his heel, with this cutting remark: 'I am thinking the President's House will be open before day the 4th of March to everybody, for old Tip is a mighty early riser, and was never caught napping. He will not allow supes to be insolent to free men.'"

But, with all this attack upon Mr. Van Buren's extravagance, the Executive Mansion was not the scene of much gayety. Mrs. Van Buren had died many years before he attained to political honors, and had it not been for some of the distinguished ladies of society his Administration would have been a social failure.

RETURN OF MRS. MADISON.

In October, 1837, Mrs. Madison returned to live in this city, after an absence of 23 years. A visitor has left this pen picture of her:

"I took her to be 60 or 70 years old. The same smile played upon her features, and the same look of benevolence and good nature beamed in her countenance. She had lost that stately and Minerva-like motion which once distinguished her in the house of the President, where she moved with the grace and dignity of a queen; but her manner of receiving was gracious and kind, and her deportment was quiet and collected. She received all visitors with the same attention and kindly greeting.

"She remarked that a new generation seemed to have sprung up. 'What a difference,' she said, 'it makes in society. Here are young men and women who were not born when I was here last, whose names are familiar to me, but whose faces are unknown. I seem suddenly to have awakened after a dream of 20 years to find myself surrounded by strangers.'

"'Ah, Madam,' remarked one of the ladies, 'the city is no longer what it was when you were the mistress of the White House. Your successors have been sickly, tame, spiritless, and indifferent. The mansion you made so charming and attractive is now almost inaccessible. The present incumbent has no female relative to preside over it, and seems so much absorbed in party politics that he will scarcely open the house to those who wish to see it. The very tone of society has been affected by these changes. At one time such was the bitterness of party feeling that no visits were exchanged between those belonging to the Administration and those in opposition. Almost all the old citizens are now excluded from office, and brawlers, broken merchants, disbanded officers, and idle young men have been put in their places. But society is beginning to improve, and the fashionable of all parties mingle more harmoniously. Foreigners now, as in your day, are all the go. A poor attache, a gambling Embassador, a beggarly German Baron, or a nominal French Count is preferred to the most substantial and accomplished citizen among the young women at this Court.'"

Mrs. Madison smiled at this picture, and spoke with much feeling of the former condition and appearance of

the city. The following Spring the days dragged by. The curtain of dullness had fallen upon the gay world.

The Court of "Martin the First" was pronounced remarkable for its stupidity. The White House had been opened but twice during the Winter, and the Cabinet officers had closed their doors and shrunk into the privacy of home life, in striking contrast to the brilliant fetes given by the former Cabinet. Private individuals had well sustained the social responsibilities of the Government, and had dispensed hospitalities with a lavish hand, but it had become an irksome task.

We can readily see, when dullness hung like a pall over society, why Congress adjourned to see the great Enchantress, Fanny Ellsler. We read in Hunter's "Souvenir of the New National Theater" that on Monday, July 6, 1840—

"The city was electrified by that graceful goddess, Fanny Ellsler, the most famous dancer on the globe. She literally turned the heads of the audience by the loveliness of her undraped limbs, and magnetized them by her exquisite grace of motion. The audience seemed to have been changed by her Circean power into shouting lunatics and the New National Theater was the scene of wild and extravagant action. Men and women vied with each other in cheering. Gentlemen hurled up their watch chains and rings on the stage, and the fair sex stripped their arms of their bracelets and followed suit, until the stage floor gleamed with he jewels at the feet of the adorable Ellsler, who stood a veritable Danae in this shower of gold."

MARRIAGE OF THE PRESIDENT'S SON.

November, 1838, Maj. Van Buren, the President's oldest son, married Angelina Singleton, of South Carolina. Her first appearance at the White House was at the New Year's levee, when she was supported by the ladies of the Cabinet in receiving with the President. From a letter written by a gentleman who once saw President Van Buren at St. John's Church, we make the following extract:

"Over his shoulders hung a very blue Spanish cloak. On his appearance up drove a splendid carriage drawn by two beautiful blooded horses. The carriage of his Excellency was the most superb thing I have yet seen. It was of dark olive hue, with ornaments elegantly dispersed, shining as bright as burnished gold. When I was in Paris I saw Louis Philippe drive out frequently to Versailles and back to the Tuileries. When I was in London I saw the Queen as frequently drive out from Buckingham Palace around Hyde Park. When I was at Windsor I also saw the same royal personage drive from the castle to the chapel. I have seen all these, but I must say that the carriage and the horses, the ordinary equipage of the Chief Democrat of this loco-foco equality, is far more elegant, superb and splendid than that of either of the other great and royal personages. The servant dashed up the steps, banged to the door, jumped up behind, and away rolled the head of the Republican party, with an air and style that can equal and surpass that of any crowned head of Europe."

GEN. HARRISON TAKES THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR.

On the 3d of March, 1839, the last page was written of 50 years of Congress—a half century under the present Constitution. The day was signally commemorated by a grand fete given by the Russian Minister, Bodisco, who lived very elegantly in Georgetown; and Martin Van Buren vacated the Executive Mansion, to be succeeded by Gen. Harrison.

As soon as the news had gone abroad that the Baltimore Convention had nominated Gen. Harrison, the Baltimore Republicans treated the nomination with the most contemptuous ridicule, and jeeringly observed that if the Whigs would just give Gen. Harrison a barrel of hard cider and settle upon him a pension of $2,000 a year, "my word for it, he will sit the remainder of his days in his log cabin by the side of the sea-coal fire and study mental philosophy."

This was spoken in an evil hour. It roused all the "log cabins" in the country. At the ever-memorable mass-meeting held in Canton, May 5, at which 20,000 people were present, there was a procession representing every State, with log cabins mounted on trucks, accompanied by barrels of hard cider, from which everybody was welcome to drink. This meeting was attended by Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John J. Crittenden, Thomas Corwin, Millard Fillmore, John P. Kennedy, Henry A. Wise and other prominent Whig leaders. Among the speakers, John V. L. McMahon also addressed the meeting, and on rising to his feet used the expression that will never be obliterated from politics: "I call the Nation to order;" and, later on, said: "Every mountain sent its rill, every valley its stream, and, lo! the avalanche of the people is here."

From that time until the election in November every city, town and hamlet kept up the highest pitch of excitement and enthusiasm by mass meetings, barbecues, log cabins, hard cider songs and processions.

A topical song, sung in New York, we remember, ran after this order:

"Oh! if this State should go for Tip,
  Oh! what would Matty do?
He'd rent his house in Washington,
  For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too;
And with them we'll beat little Van;
  Van is a used-up man.
  Van is a used-up man."

The result of all this effort was the discomfiture of the party in power. Mr. Van Buren received only 60 electoral votes, while Gen. Harrison had 234. We have hinted at some of the extravagancies of Van Buren's Administration, and the refurnishing of the White House. It was said by old chroniclers that "Gen. Jackson filled the palace with the vulgar fumes of smoke from an old long pipe. Mr. Van Buren, at an expense of $7,000, cleaned the apartments, whitewashed the smoky ceilings and filled it with preciseness and cold pedantry; that Gen.

Harrison would change the vulgarity of the one and the pretensions of the other. He would make those gorgeous halls reverberate with merry peals of laughter, refined repartee, excruciating anecdotes and good cheer."

In 1836 Gen. Harrison was first nominated for the Presidency. There were three candidates of the old Federal party in the field, which resulted in their own defeat, and Martin Van Buren was elected. In 1840 the Federal party had merged into the Whig party. After a campaign of most intense excitement, the long processions ceased their marching, the mottoed banners were laid aside, the log cabins had served their purpose, and the old Chieftain of North Bend was elected President and John Tyler Vice-President.

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT HARRISON.

Gen. Harrison arrived in Washington in February, and was received with great enthusiasm. The morning of the 4th of March was ushered in by a salute of 26 guns. As on all Inaugural occasions, the city was filled with strangers.

The procession that accompanied Gen. Harrison to the Capitol was a counterpart of many that had been seen throughout the campaign. The General was mounted on a white charger, escorted by officers and soldiers who had fought under his command. Log cabins and canoes were once more brought into requisition and distributed along the line. The pageant was very imposing; the waving of handkerchiefs and the huzzas of the multitude gave tokens of a kindly welcome to the old hero.

He entered upon the duties of his high office with as bright anticipations, as honest purposes and with as much of the confidence of the American people as any man who had occupied the position since Washington. But, almost before the glad tidings of the Inauguration had reached the hamlets and log cabins of his supporters, the President had contracted a cold, followed by pneumonia, from which he rapidly sank until, on April 4, just one month from the Inaugural Day, he breathed his last.

This great National calamity fell upon the people with startling suddenness. The last words of the President were: "I wish you to understand and remember the principles that govern me, and carry them out. I ask no more."

The wife of President Harrison, *nee* Annie Symmes, was born in New Jersey, near Morristown, in the year of American Independence. Her father, Hon. John B. Symmes, was a Colonel in the Continental Army. Her mother died soon after her birth. Her father had the care of her until she was four years of age; he then disguised himself in a British officer's uniform and took her to Rhode Island to her grandmother. He did not see her again until after the evacuation of New York, in 1783. She was educated at Mrs. Isabella Graham's school in New York. At the age of 19 she bade adieu to her grandparents and moved to Ohio in 1794. Her father was Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the Northwestern Territory, and was much from home, holding court.

During her father's absence Annie would spend a part of her time with her older sister, who was living in Lexington, Ky. It was on one of these visits that she first met Capt. Harrison, of the United States Army, then in command of Fort Washington, where the City of Cincinnati now stands. In less than a year they were married, little dreaming that he would become the most popular General of his time, and, still less, that he would some day be President of the United States.

We read of Mrs. Harrison that she was very handsome, with a face bright and full of animation. A friend, who was a schoolmate, writes to her in 1840: "I suppose that I should not recognize anything of your present countenance, for your early days have made such an impression on my mind, that I cannot realize any countenance for you but that of your youth, with which Nature had been so profusely liberal."

Gen. Harrison's duties requiring his frequent absence from home, left Mrs. Harrison in care of a large family. There were no schools in that newly-settled country, and she always employed a private tutor. She often opened

her house to her neighbors' children, for she dispensed a generous hospitality.

She was called to go through many trials that tested her character and chastened her heart. One after another her children were taken from her. She lost four sons and three daughters, all of them settled in life. It was while passing through these trials that she wrote to her pastor: "And now what shall I say to these things: 'Be still and know that I am God?' You will not fail to pray for me and my dear sons and daughters who are left, for I have no wish for them—my children and grandchildren—than to see them the humble followers of the Lord Jesus."

Her health, delicate for years, was even more precarious the Spring her husband made his journey to Washington. Her friends urged her to remain in Ohio until settled weather. While busy in her preparations to join him, the news came to her of his death.

Had he lived, Mrs. Harrison, much as it was against her taste, would have discharged all the duties incumbent upon her with delicacy, courtesy, and self-possession, for she was "to the manner born," and she was one of the sturdy women of the times, who did not look back when duty called.

Mrs. Harrison lived to be nearly 90 years old. Many of her grandsons were officers and soldiers in the Union army. She was always rich in blessings for these boys, and they asked for her prayers not in vain. To one she said: "Oh, no, my son; go! Your country needs your service; I do not. Go and discharge your duty faithfully and fearlessly. I feel that my prayes in your behalf will be heard, and that you will return in safety."

The grandson did return to his grandmother after several hard-fought battles.

On the evening of the 25th of February, 1864, she died, and was buried beside her husband at North Bend, and there, after life's fitful dream has passed, they together sleep on the banks of the beautiful Ohio.

CHAPTER IX.

JOHN TYLER IN THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

SUCCESSOR TO GEN. HARRISON—GOES OVER TO THE ENEMY—POLITICAL DEATH—STEPPED THREE TIMES INTO HIGH PLACES THROUGH LUCK—MRS. ROBERT TYLER—A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. HER IMPRESSIONS OF INTELLECTUAL GIANTS—HER FIRST STATE DINNER—MR. WEBSTER'S COMPLIMENT—PRESIDENT TYLER A CHARMING HOST—MRS. ROBERT TYLER'S DESCRIPTION OF AN ASSEMBLY—DESCRIPTION OF A LEVEE—AUTHORS OF THE SKETCH BOOK AND PICKWICK PAPERS PRESENT—CHARLES DICKENS'S JUST AND UNJUST CRITICISMS—MRS. LETITIA TYLER'S DEATH—MRS. LETITIA SEMPLE, LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE. PRESIDENT TYLER MARRIES MISS GARDINER—MRS. TYLER'S PICTURE IN THE GREEN ROOM—PRESIDENT TYLER RETIRES TO VIRGINIA—ENLISTS IN THE CONFEDERATE CAUSE.

As the legitimate successor, John Tyler was sworn in as President immediately after the death of Harrison. But he was of a very different mind. The succession and its golden allurements completely absorbed him.

The unbiased reader of events must own that however men differ in their version of this Administration, President Tyler accepted the platform and policy of the Whig Party, when he allowed his name to be second on the ticket; and no man, great or small, has ever yet been the representative of a party, and gone in exact contradiction to his instructions, without being consigned to a political death.

Mr. Tyler now stepped for the third time into a place of high public trust by reason of the death of the incumbent. He was made Governor of Virginia by the death of the Executive; he was made a Senator by the death

of a Senator-elect, and death made him President of the United States.

Accidents, sometimes in a mysterious fashion, carry men to lofty pinnacles of fortune; the breeze gets hold of them and carries them up to high places. It is the unexpected that happens, and without irreverence we call it accident. Wealth, honor, place, distinction, the highest places of earth, are as a rule won by the nobleness of effort.

But whatever actuated and governed the President's public life, it was largely atoned for in his domestic relations. Mrs. Robert Tyler and Miss Tyler accompanied the President to the White House. The President's wife was in very delicate health, and did not arrive in Washington until the weather became settled.

Mrs. Robert Tyler is described as a very beautiful woman, elegant and accomplished, and admirably fitted to fill the high station of Lady of the White House, which the President had invited her to accept. Mrs. Tyler from childhood had been surrounded by the very best society in New York. She met Mr. Robert Tyler in Richmond, and within a year was married. She was a ready letter writer, and her correspondence gives a graphic description of her life in the White House. She writes in 1841:

"What wonderful changes take place, my dearest M. Here am I, *nee* Priscilla Cooper, actually living, and what is more, presiding, in the White House. I look at myself like the little old woman, and exclaim: 'Can this be I?' I have not had one moment to myself since my arrival, and the most extraordinary thing is, I feel as if I had been used to living here always. I receive the Cabinet Ministers, the Diplomatic Corps, the heads of the Army and Navy, etc., with a facility which astonishes me. 'Some achieve greatness, and some are born to it.' I occupy poor Gen. Harrison's room. I have no superstitious feeling on the subject, and it is as pleasant as possible; the nice, comfortable bedroom, with its handsome furniture and curtains, its luxuriant

armchairs, and all its belongings I enjoy, I believe, more than anything else in the establishment. The greatest trouble I anticipate is in paying visits; there was a doubt at first whether I must visit in person or send cards.

"I asked Mrs. Madison's advice upon the subject, and she says return all my visits, by all means. So three days in a week I am to spend three hours a day in driving from one street to another, in this city of 'Magnificent Distances.' The victim of this sacrifice is to be attired in a white chip bonnet, trimmed with moss-rose buds, from Lawson's in New York.

"I could spend my time here charmingly, were it not for the duties of my situation. I see so many great men, and so constantly, that I can not appreciate the blessing. I know you will think I ought to give you my impression of these intellectual giants, instead of talking of dresses, bonnets, etc. The fact is when you meet them in everyday life you forget that they are great men at all, and just find them the most charming companions in the world, talking the most delightful nonsense, especially Mr Webster, who entertains me with the most charming gossip."

"WASHINGTON, 1841.

"My first state dinner is over; oh! such a long one, our first dinner in the state dining-room. I was the only lady at table. What with the long table, the flowers, and bright and brilliant dresses and orders of 'Dips,'—not dip candles,—I felt dreadfully confused. Mr. Webster says I acquitted myself admirably. I tried to be as cheerful as possible, though I felt miserable all the time, as my baby was crying, and I received message after message to come to the nursery.

"I think father is a charming host. He received his guests with so much courtesy and simplicity of manner, and I do not think his power of conversation was surpassed, or even equaled, by those around him.

"The British Minister, Mr. Fox, is frightful to behold; he has the reputation of great ability."

The levees at the President's House were alternated by the assemblies, which were held in the old theater situated on the corner of Eleventh and C streets, where a cheap theater now stands.

This theater was built in 1804, but was burned down and afterwards rebuilt by the elder Carusi in 1822, who constructed it and named it the City Assembly Rooms. At these rooms were gathered the fashionable and the gay of Washington society. These were the most brilliant entertainments of the day.

Mrs. Robert Tyler, in 1842, gives in glowing colors the picture of one of these gatherings:

AN ASSEMBLY BALL.

"I went to the Assembly last night, matronizing five young ladies all dressed in rose color, all so lovely, too—Clementina Pleasonton and Belle Stevenson the prettiest of all. Belle has the most perfect figure and face I ever saw, and Miss Pleasonton has a style, *je ne sais quoi*, about her that makes her the most attractive of the two.

"The ball was a brilliant one, admirably lighted, and not crowded, the ladies all well dressed, and showing to advantage. I spent a delightful evening. As I declined dancing, I had the pleasure of talking to many grave Senators, and among the rest had a long conversation with Mr. Southard." [Samuel J. Southard was Secretary of the Navy during John Q. Adams's Administration.] "As we stood at the end of the room, which is the old theater transformed into a ball-room, he said:

"'On the very spot where we stand I saw the best acting I ever witnessed. I came into the theater and took my seat by John Q. Adams. There were never two more delighted people. Mr. Adams said he had seen the same play abroad, in France and England, John Kemble and the great Talma in the cast, Kean, Cook, and Macready, but he had never seen it so admirably acted as then. I entirely agreed with him in his admiration, though I was not so capable of judging by comparison as he.'

"Mr. Southard here paused. Though my heart told me to whom he was alluding, I could not help asking him: 'What was the play and who was the actor?'

"'The play was "Macbeth," and the performer Mr. Cooper.'

"I could not restrain the tears that sprang to my eyes as I heard my dear father so enthusiastically spoken of. I looked around, and thought not only had papa's footsteps trod these boards—I looked down at the velvet dress of Mrs. Tyler, and thought of the one I wore there, six years before, as Lady Randolph, when we struggled through a miserable engagement of a few rainy nights!"

Elizabeth, the third daughter of Letitia Tyler, was married in the East Room of the White House, Jan. 31, 1842, to Mr. William Waller, of Virginia. The wedding, which was at first intended to be a quiet affair, was honored by the presence of many distinguished guests.

The night following the wedding a grand reception was given. It was said that one of the bridesmaids expressed surprise to Mr. Daniel Webster at Lizzie Tyler's accepting a quiet Virginia home in exchange for all the honors of position in Washington.

"Ah!" said he, "love rules the court, the camp, the grove; for love is heaven, and heaven is love."

The President's wife was downstairs on the occasion of her daughter's marriage, for the first time after entering the White House. It was during Tyler's Administration that music was introduced in the park south of the Mansion. Invitations by card to the President's House were considered as strictly private. The public press was not allowed to indulge in descriptions of persons present.

THE LAST LEVEE OF THE SEASON.

In going over the files of the *Madisonian* we find this modest description of a levee, which stands out as the lone star of society news of that day—the Alpha and Omega of all such indulgencies:

The Madisonian, Washington, March 17, 1842.

"The levee held by the President on Tuesday last was a brilliant affair, and gave satisfactory evidence of the esteem in which the high functionary is held in social circles.

"Among the visitors of peculiar note were the authors of the 'Sketch Book' and 'Pickwick Papers.' In addition to whom almost all the Ministers of foreign powers to our Government were in attendance in full court dress.

"The rooms were filled to overflowing with the talent and beauty of the metropolis; Senators and members of Congress without distinction of party served to give interest and add animation to the scene.

"It seems to us that these levees, as at present conducted, are peculiarly adapted to the genius of our Republican institutions, inasmuch as all who please may attend without infringement of etiquet. We almost regret their termination for the season, but look forward with pleasure to the period when they will be renewed."

Charles Dickens, in his "American Notes," tells us of this levee, and also of his call upon President Tyler. His just and unjust criticisms, which he lived to regret, are pictured in all the inelegance of which he was capable:

"My first visit to this house was on the morning after my arrival, when I was carried thither by an official gentleman who was so kind as to charge himself with my presentation to the President. We entered a very large hall, and having twice or thrice rung a bell which nobody answered, walked without further ceremony through the rooms on the ground floor, as divers other gentlemen, mostly with their hats on and their hands in their pockets, were doing very leisurely.

"Some of these had ladies with them, to whom they were showing the premises; others were lounging on the chairs and sofas, others in a perfect state of exhaustion, and from listlessness were yawning drearily.

"The greater portion of this assemblage were rather asserting their supremacy than doing anything else, as they had no particular business there that any one knew of.

"A few were closely eyeing the movables as if to make quite sure that the President, who was far from popular, had not made way with any of the furniture, or sold the pictures for his private benefit.

"After glancing at these loungers who were scattered over a pretty drawing-room opening upon a terrace which commanded a beautiful prospect of the river and the adjacent country, and who were sauntering to and fro about a larger stateroom called the Eastern drawing-room, we went up stairs into another chamber, where were certain visitors waiting for audience. At sight of my conductor, a black, in plain clothes and yellow slippers, who was gliding noiselessly about and whispering messages in the ears of the more impatient, made a sign of recognition and glided off to announce him.

"We had previously looked into another chamber filled with a great bare wooden desk, or counter, whereon lay files of newspapers, to which sundry gentlemen were referring.

"But there was no such means as beguiling the time in this apartment, which was as unpromising and tiresome as any waiting-room in any of our public establishments, or any physician's waiting-room during his hours of consultation at home.

DICKENS'S PICTURES.

"There were some 15 or 20 persons in the room. One, a tall, wiry, muscular old man from the West, sunburnt and swarthy, with a brown white hat on his knee and a giant umbrella resting between his legs, who sat bolt upright in his chair, frowning steadily at the carpet and twitching the hard lines about his mouth, as if he had made up his mind 'to fix' the President on what he had to say and wouldn't bate him a grain.

"Another, a Kentucky farmer, six feet in hight, with his hat on and his hands under his coat tails, who leaned against the wall and kicked the floor with his heel as though he had Time's head under his shoe and were literally 'killing' him. A third, an oval-faced, bilious-

looking man, with sleek black hair cropped close, and whiskers and beard shaved down to blue dots, who sucked the head of a thick stick, and, from time to time, took it out of his mouth to see how it was getting on. A fourth did nothing but whistle. A fifth did nothing but spit, and, indeed, all these gentlemen were so very persevering and energetic in this latter particular, and bestowed their favors so abundantly on the carpet, that I take it for granted the Presidential housemaids have high wages, or, to speak more genteelly, an ample amount of 'compensation,' which is the American word for salary in the case of all public servants.

"We had not waited many minutes before the black messenger returned and conducted us into another room of smaller dimensions, where at a businesslike table covered with papers sat the President himself. He looked somewhat worn and anxious, and well might he, being at war with everybody; but the expression of his face was mild and pleasant, and his manner was remarkably unaffected, gentlemanly, and agreeable. I thought that in his whole carriage and demeanor he became his station singularly well.

"Being advised that the sensible etiquet of the Republican court admitted of a traveler, like myself, declining, without any impropriety, an invitation to dinner, which did not reach me until I had concluded my arrangements for leaving Washington, some days before that, to which I referred, I only returned to this house once. It was on the occasion of one of those General Assemblies which are held on certain nights, between the hours of 9 and 12 o'clock, and are called rather oddly Levees.

"I went with my wife about 10. There was a pretty dense crowd of carriages and people in the court-yard, and as far as I could make out, there were no very clear regulations for the taking up or setting down of company. There were certainly no policemen to soothe startled horses, either sawing upon their bridles, or flourishing truncheons in their eyes; and I am ready to make oath that no inoffensive persons were knocked violently on the head, or poked acutely on their backs, or stomachs, or

brought to a standstill by any such gentle means, and then taken into custody for not moving on. But there was no confusion and no disorder. Our carriage reached the porch in its turn without any blustering, swearing, shouting, backing or other disturbance, and we dismounted with as much ease and comfort as though we had been escorted by the whole Metropolitan force from A to Z inclusive.

"The suite of rooms on the ground floor was lighted up, and a military band was playing in the hall. In the smaller drawing-room, the center of a circle of company, were the President, his daughter-in-law, who acted as the lady of the mansion, and a very interesting, graceful and accomplished lady, too.

"One gentleman who stood among this group appeared to take upon himself the function of a master of the ceremonies. I saw no other officers, or attendants, and none were needed.

"The great drawing-room, which I have already mentioned, and the other chambers on the ground floor, were crowded to excess. The company was not, in our sense of the term, select, for it comprehended persons of very many grades and classes; nor was there any great display of costly attire; indeed, some of the costumes may have been, for aught I know, grotesque enough.

GATHERING OF THE PEOPLE.

"But the decorum and propriety of behavior which prevailed were unbroken by any rude or disagreeable incident, and every man, even among the miscellaneous crowd in the hall, who were admitted without any tickets, or orders to look on, appeared to feel that he was part of the institution and was responsible for preserving a becoming character and appearing to the best advantage.

"That these visitors, too, whatever their station, were not without some refinement of taste and appreciation of intellectual gifts, and gratitude to those men who, by the peaceful exercise of great abilities shed new charms and

associations upon the homes of their countrymen, and elevate their character in other lands, was most earnestly testified by the reception of Washington Irving, my dear friend, who had recently been appointed Minister at the Court of Spain, and who was among them that night in his new character, for the first and last time, before going abroad.

"I sincerely believe that in all the madness of American politics, few public men would have been so earnestly, devotedly and affectionately caressed as this most charming writer; and I have seldom respected a public assembly more than I did this eager throng, when I saw them turning with one mind from noisy orators and officers of State, and flocking with a generous, honest impulse round the man of quiet pursuits, proud of his promotion as reflecting back upon their country, and grateful to him with their whole hearts for the store of graceful fancies he had poured out among them. Long may he dispense such treasures with unsparing hand, and long may they remember him as worthily."

A New York paper says of this occasion:

"When it was known that there would be a levee, and that Irving and Dickens would both be there, the rush was tremendous. It was as much as the police officers could do to keep the passage open. Even the circle usually left open around the Chief Magistrate was narrowed to almost nothing by the pressure. It was computed that the East Room alone contained upwards of 3,000 persons.

"All eyes were turned toward that part of the room occupied by Washington Irving and the lady who presided on this occasion with surpassing courteousness and grace —Mrs. Robert Tyler.

"Irving, now 'grown more fat than bard beseems,' is still distinguished by that glow of genius and humor in his eye, and smile and utterance which made him the adored of the New York world of fashion.

"Washington Irving is at the Executive Mansion now, not as Washington Irving, but as the Embassador to Spain.

"Who is that lady receiving such homage from the new

Embassador? She is a player's daughter, but a President's daughter also, and is welcoming from her elevation her mother's friend of bygone years—the Embassador now created by her father."

And so it came through the silver cord of friendship that the genius of the "Alhambra," the "Sketch Book," and "Rip Van Winkle," visited again the sunny land of the troubadour; the land of poetry and song, where he had gathered many pearls of thought; the land of the past, living on her faded glories and imagining that she is one of the grand old knights of other days.

DEATH OF MRS. LETITIA TYLER.

Mrs. Robert Tyler continued in the role of honor until after Mrs. Letitia Tyler's death, which occurred Sept. 10, 1842. This was the second time death winged a fatal shaft at the palace of the President.

Mr. Robert Tyler, at this time, made business arrangements in Philadelphia, and Mrs. Letitia Semple, the second daughter of the President, assumed the duties of Lady of the White House, which she filled until May, 1844. On the 26th of June, 1844, President Tyler was married to Miss Julia Gardiner.

Miss Gardiner was the daughter of a wealthy gentleman of Gardiner's Island, New York. Mr. Gardiner and daughter were on board the ill-fated Princeton, and Mr. Gardiner was one of the five killed.

Miss Gardiner entered society when very young, and it seems that Governors, Senators and Judges were suitors for her hand; yet she remained heart-whole and fancy-free until she met President Tyler. She was charming in conversation, entrancing old and young by her winsome manner.

The President's suit was successful. It was his proposition to have the nuptials celebrated in the White House, but it was not considered for a moment by Miss Gardiner. She felt that the pantomimes of royalty had no place in a Democratic Government.

When the President arrived in New York on June 25,

numerous and varied were the current rumors. The next day the mystery was over. Miss Gardiner and President Tyler were married in the Church of the Ascension, in Fifth Avenue, New York, in the presence of a limited number of friends.

From this time until the expiration of President Tyler's Administration, Mrs. Tyler presided at the White House. Visitors to the Executive Mansion to-day will see, hanging in the Green Room, a beautiful portrait of Mrs. Tyler. During Gen. Grant's Administration she returned to Washington, and has since spent more or less time at the Capital; and while the years that have passed over her head have borne away her youth, still the same dignified bearing makes her the observed of all observers wherever she appears.

President Tyler retired from public life at the close of his Administration, and returned to his home in Virginia. For 17 years he lived in retirement, until the war of the rebellion, when he enlisted in the cause of the Confederacy against the Government. But death saved him from active service; he died in 1862.

CHAPTER X.

WHITE HOUSE DURING THE ADMINISTRATION OF JAMES K. POLK.

FOURTEEN YEARS IN CONGRESS—ANXIOUS DAYS AND WEARISOME NIGHTS—MEXICAN WAR—OREGON SHIBBOLETH—MRS. POLK A WOMAN OF RARE EXCELLENCE—ANECDOTE OF HENRY CLAY. POLK SURROUNDED BY GREAT MEN—IMPRESSIVE SCENE ON THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE—DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. LAST LEVEE OF PRESIDENT POLK—RETIRES INTO OBSCURITY. THE NEW ENGLAND WING—"OLD ROUGH AND READY"—ADMISSION OF CALIFORNIA—MR. CLAY'S "COMPROMISE BILL." THE PRESIDENT'S FATAL ILLNESS—"BETTY BLISS"—BEAUTIFUL WOMEN AND BRILLIANT MEN—DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT—MRS. TAYLOR RETURNS TO KENTUCKY.

James K. Polk was elected the 11th President of the United States. He had represented his people 14 years in Congress; in 1836 he was Speaker of the House of Representatives. His studious habits and his manly bearing had peculiarly fitted him for the positions he had filled, but the office of President brought him little happiness.

Undoubtedly Mr. Polk had the great interest of the country at heart, but many of the foremost statesmen of the land differed with the President in his views, and the policy he wished carried out and the vital questions of the day were not settled in accordance with his wishes. Anxious days and wearisome nights were his inheritance.

The slavery question entered into this election as a leading issue. The Republic of Texas asked admission into the Union. Many of the people objected, as it was certain to be a slave State; while others favored it. Strict party lines were drawn—the Democrats favoring, the Whigs opposing.

Texas was annexed by sending a small force down to the Rio Grande, and this policy involved the Nation in a war which was never designed. It was expected that the Mexicans would hurriedly sue for peace. But, instead, a

war ensued that made military reputations for the Whig Generals.

The President's Oregon shibboleth of "Fifty-four Forty, or Fight," had to be retracted; while his desire for centralization of power for internal improvements must needs give place to State rights, or slavery would be disturbed; and to this end he gave his influence. But his days were full of care and he wore an anxious look.

Happily for him, his wife was a woman of rare excellence; a wise and affectionate counsellor, cheerful and agreeable, possessed of the happy art of infusing cheerfulness into those around her.

Among the many public men who held Mrs. Polk in high esteem was Henry Clay. On one occasion, when in her presence, Mr. Clay turned to her and said, in those winning tones so peculiar to him: "Madam, I must say that in my travels, wherever I have been, and in all companies and among all parties, I have heard but one opinon of you. All agree in commending in highest terms your excellent administration of the affairs of the White House. But," continued he, lookind toward her husband, "as for that young man there, I cannot say as much. There is some little difference of opinion in regard to the policy of his course."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Polk; "I am glad to hear that my administration is so popular, and in return for your compliment I will say that if the country should elect you next Fall, I know of no one whose election would please me more than that of Henry Clay. I will assure you of one thing, if you do have occasion to occupy the White House on the 4th of March next, it will be surrendered to you in perfect order from garret to cellar."

"Thank you, thank you," exclaimed Mr. Clay.

MASTER SPIRITS.

Mr. Polk was surrounded by men who originated great and salutary public measures, that not only commanded the respect and gratitude of the Nation, but cast around him a high-toned, healthy, moral influence. Among

these were Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Daniel S. Dickinson, Lewis Cass, John C. Calhoun, John Quincy Adams and William H. Seward.

One writer says: "I saw Calhoun in Washington in the Spring at 1846, calm amidst the strife and hurry of political warfare. I saw Henry Clay in May following, in Kentucky, serene in the mild majesty of private life; Clay and Calhoun, the master spirits of America! Clay's very name is a spell. No sooner is it heard than all mankind rise up to praise it."

During this Administration the tall and stately form of Daniel S. Dickinson was first seen upon the floor of the Senate. From this time he occupied a front rank among the greatest of those who have labored for the unsullied preservation of the Constitution in the halls of Congress; and even of his brilliant compeers in the forum, nearly all of whom have passed to a sacred inheritance, few ever attained such unqualified power over popular assemblies and individuals.

His unwearied devotion to the highest interests of the Nation, and the earnest inspiration of his brain had very much to do with breaking and quelling certain insurrections at the North, and placing before the people the true condition of the country during the rebellion.

He was one to whom our country might safely turn for the protection of her flag, her Constitution and her honor in any hour of peril which might await her

TWO NOTABLE LETTERS.

It will be remembered by many that Mr. Webster, though opposed to Mr. Dickinson upon most of the great issues of the country from 1830 to 1850 (these gentlemen being leaders of opposite parties) tendered to his Democratic colleague, upon his retiring from the Senate, the following complimentary letter:

"WASHINGTON, Sept. 27, 1850.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"Our companionship in the Senate is dissolved. After this long and important session you are about to return to

your home and I shall try to find leisure to visit mine. I hope we may meet each other again two months hence, for the discharge of our duties in our respective stations in the Government. But life is uncertain and I have not felt willing to take leave of you without placing in your hands a note containing a few words which I wish to say to you.

"In the earlier part of our acquaintance, my dear sir, occurrences took place which I remember with constantly increasing regret and pain; because the more I have known you, the greater has been my esteem for your character, and my respect for your talents. But it is your noble, able, manly and patriotic conduct in support of the great measures of this session which has entirely won my heart and receives my highest regard. I hope you may live long to serve your country, but I do not think you are ever likely to see a crisis in which you may be able to do so much either for your distinction or for the people's good.

"You have stood where others have fallen; you have advanced with firm and manly step where others have wavered, faltered and fallen back; and for one, I desire to thank you and to commend your conduct out of the fullness of my honest heart.

"This letter needs no reply. It is, I am aware, of very little value, but I have thought you might be willing to receive it, and, perhaps, to leave it where it would be seen by those who come after you.

"I pray you, when you reach your own threshold, to remember me most kindly to your wife and daughter, and I remain, my dear sir,

"Your friend and obedient servant,

"DANIEL WEBSTER."

To this kind, friendly, commendatory letter, Mr. Dickinson made the following equally kind and friendly response:

"BINGHAMTON, Oct. 5, 1850.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"I perused and re-perused the beautiful note you placed in my hand as I was about leaving Washington with

deeper emotion than I have ever experienced, except under some domestic vicissitudes.

"Since I learned the noble and generous qualities of your nature, the unfortunate occurrence in our earlier acquaintance, to which you refer, has caused me many moments of painful regret, and your confiding communication has furnished a powerful illustration of the truth that 'to err is human, to forgive divine.'

"Numerous and valuable are the testimonials of confidence and regard which a somewhat extended acquaintance and lengthened public service have gathered around me; but among them all there is none to which my heart clings so fondly as this. I have presented it to my family and friends as the proudest passage in the history of an eventful life, and shall transmit it to my posterity as a sacred and cherished memento of friendship.

"I thank Heaven that it has fallen to my lot to be associated with yourself and others, to resist the mad current which threatened to overwhelm us, and the recollection that my course upon a question so momentous has received the approbation of the most distinguished of American statesmen, has more than satisfied my ambition.

"Believe me, my dear sir, that of all the patriots who came forward, in an evil day, for their country, there was no voice so potential as your own. Others could buffet the dark and angry waves, but it was your strong arm that could will them back from the holy citadel.

"May the beneficent Being who holds the destiny of men and nations long spare you to the public service, and may your vision never rest upon the disjointed fragments of a convulsed and ruined Confederacy. I pray you to extend to Mrs. Webster the kind remembrances of myself and family, and believe me

"Sincerely yours. D. S. DICKINSON."

DEATH OF JOHN Q. ADAMS.

The venerable John Q. Adams had been stricken down at his home in Quincy by paralysis, on account of which he was unbale to take his seat when Congress convened.

On the 13th day of February, 1846, Mr. Hunt, of New York, was making a speech in support of the Wilmot Proviso bill, when the venerable form of ex-President Adams appeared in the door of the House, and at once attracted all eyes.

Mr. Hunt suspended his speech. Mr. Mosely, of New York, and Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, advanced to meet Mr. Adams, and, each taking him by the arm, led him to the seat he had for many years occupied. Members gathered around the venerable man with congratulations on his return.

After a short pause, much affected by the cordiality of his reception by the House, he rose and in his feeble voice briefly tendered his heartfelt thanks.

Washington in the Winter of 1846 was gay with parties and balls, until the death and funeral of this great and good ex-President, which occurred in February. Public business was suspended, flags were at half-mast, and a general gloom pervaded the city. He was stricken down in his seat in the House and was removed to the Speaker's room. He lingered two days. His wife, who for 50 years had shared with him his hopes, his fears, his joys, hung over him during these last painful hours.

His last words are said to have been: "If this is the last of earth, I am content."

During the closing weeks of President Polk's Administration he gave a dinner party to the President-elect, Gen. Zachary Taylor, followed by a brilliant levee in the evening. At this friends, acquaintances and dignitaries assembled to pay their last respects to the President and his wife.

Mr. Polk's Administration was characterized by no signal brilliancy, politically or socially; and he returned to Tennessee to relapse, like all ex-officials, even ex-Chief Magistrates, into the humdrum routine of private life.

Mrs. Polk had been the recipient of much distinguished consideration. Her portrait hangs in the Green Room at the White House, and represents her as the modest, handsome woman she was.

During the late rebellion she received the protection of both armies; and from the bounty of $5,000 per annum, given to the widows of ex-Presidents, she lived comfortably and well.

TAYLOR'S BRIEF OCCUPANCY.

It is the unexpected that we often find happening in politics. In a Government like ours, where the popular will selects its candidates for the highest office within its gift, as often from those who suddenly come into popularity as from those who have by honest integrity worked their way to fame, step by step, Presidential honors do not always fall to those born to the wearing of them.

For brilliant military achievements in the Indian and Mexican wars, Gen. Taylor had become so popular that his election to the Presidency in 1848 was a foregone conclusion, notwithstanding the divisions in the Whig party and the prejudice existing against him as a slaveholder.

The New England wing of his party, headed by Mr. Webster, strenuously opposed him on that ground; and because of his want of refinement and experience in National affairs called him "an ignorant frontier Colonel." His cognomen, "Old Rough and Ready," told the story of his popularity.

He had no desire for the position, and his characteristic reply, when he received the official announcement, was: "For more than a quarter of a century my house has been the tent and my home the battlefield."

The platform he announced as the only one he was willing to stand upon was: "I have no private purposes to accomplish, no party projects to build up, no enemies to punish, nothing to serve but my country."

He had done so well in the field that the majority of the people felt sure of his administrative ability, notwithstanding his pro-slavery principles. In the bitter controversy over the admission of California as an additional free State, which would give a majority of one to the anti-slaveholding States, President Taylor stood squarely by the people in their right to form State Constitutions to

suit themselves, and believed that they should be admitted into the Union, with or without slavery, as their Constitutions might prescribe.

Upon a threat of revolt, he declared that if that standard were raised he would himself take the field to suppress it at the head of an army of volunteers, and should not for that purpose deem it necessary to call upon a single soldier from the North. This patriotic position had a very quieting effect upon the turbulent spirits behind these revolutionary movements.

CLAY'S COMPROMISE MEASURES.

Mr. Clay came forward with a compromise measure for the settlement of all differences growing out of the slavery question. This served as oil on the troubled waters, as did his Missouri Compromise bill of 1821. From this memorable discussion came the Fugitive Slave Law, and bills admitting California to the Union, organizing the Territories of New Mexico and Utah without restriction as to slavery, and prohibiting the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

While the excitement was running high and the discussions on Mr. Clay's proposition were at the highest pitch, both in Congress and among the people, the President was stricken with a fever that terminated fatally after an illness of five days.

So brief was his life in the White House that, like Gen. Harrison, he made little impression on the social world and little change in the appointments of the Executive Mansion, leaving the glory won in the field as his legacy to his family and country.

It was during this Administration that the Secession party in the South first manifested itself outside South Carolina.

Few receptions were given at the Executive Mansion; but "Betty Bliss," daughter of the President, reigned as lady of the White House, where she entertained her friends with affable grace. Mrs. Taylor received her friends in private apartments, for which she was criticised by the opposition.

The beautiful, cultured women who were then dwelling in Washington, with the brilliant men in Congress, added splendor to society, and the second Winter of President Taylor's Administration augured a year of remarkable brilliancy; but the death of the President, which occurred July 9, threw a pall over the city, and the White House was again in mourning.

After Mrs. Taylor retired from the White House, accompanied by her daughter and her daughter's husband, Maj. Bliss, they found a home in Kentucky for a time. She then removed to Pascagoula, La., where, two years later, August, 1852, she died.

Maj. Bliss died suddenly soon after, and "Betty Bliss," as she will always be known by her countrymen. sought the seclusion of private life.

CHAPTER XI.

FILLMORE'S SUCCESSFUL TERM.

MILLARD FILLMORE SWORN IN AS PRESIDENT—HIS INDEFATIGABLE INDUSTRY—RAPID ASCENDENCY—MASTER OF OFFICIAL ETIQUET—A WOMAN OF RARE ATTAINMENTS—ABIGAIL FILLMORE, WHEN MARRIED—SHE WAS A TEACHER WHILE HE STUDIED LAW—STRUGGLE WITH POVERTY—NO DREAM OF THE WHITE HOUSE—THEY WORKED HAND IN HAND—MR. FILLMORE'S DEVOTION TO HIS WIFE—SIGNS THE FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL. HIS ONLY UNPOPULAR MEASURE—PIERCE'S NOMINATION A SURPRISE—MRS. PIERCE'S GREAT SORROW—SHADOWY DAYS OF BUCHANAN'S ADMINISTRATION—LOVELY HARRIET LANE.

Millard Fillmore, Vice-President of the United States, was sworn in as President the 10th day of July, 1848, after the death of Zachary Taylor, which occurred the day previous.

Notwithstanding the meager opportunities of his youth, by indefatigable industry and close application to study, he had acquired a good education. In the various positions to which he had been exalted, in his rapid rise to the highest place within the gift of the people, he had become master of official etiquet and its requirements, and hence had assumed the duties of Chief Magistrate prepared for its grave responsibilities and perplexities.

Mrs. Taylor's place in the White House was filled by a woman of rare attainments. Abigail Fillmore was one of the representative women of the day, of high intellectual culture, backed by a fund of original common sense. She was the daughter of a clergyman who died while she was in her infancy. Her maiden name was Abigail Powers. She was born at Bemis Hights, Saratoga County, N. Y., March, 1798.

When she was nine years old her mother moved into Cayuga County. Abigail was studious and industrious. She fully appreciated the needs of her mother's family, left with scanty means. She rose by her ambition,

making rapid progress in knowledge, and began teaching at an early age.

It was here, in this district school, that she met the lad, Millard Fillmore, who was an apprentice to the carding and cloth-dressing business, which brought a few months schooling, yearly, as a recompense.

The unfortunate choice of an occupation for the boy, made by the father, galled and fettered him, but Miss Powers rendered him efficient help.

I well remember, when a child, hearing a neighbor of ours relate the interesting story of their lives. He was a pupil also in this district school, and was a witness to the helping hand she held out to the aspiring lad. While they were teacher and pupil the midnight oil often found them delving into the hidden recesses of knowledge.

A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

In due time they were married, moved to Aurora, N. Y., and set up housekeeping in a small house, Mr. Fillmore being its architect and carpenter.

She at once resumed her teaching with her housekeeping, while her husband practiced his profession of law, untrammelled by household needs, for his wife supplied all domestic demands.

Two years later he was elected a member of the State Legislature. In these first years of struggle with poverty and increasing cares they never faltered, no duty was a burden. Thus, hand in hand, they worked together and rose from obscurity to eminence.

In this little cottage, in a country village, her moral and affectionate nature broadened. But no dream of the White House entered there, and when it came as a part of her life, she would have preferred the seclusion of her own home, which was far dearer to her than all the glitter and adulation that awaited them.

She entered the White House with the same self-possession for which she had been conspicuous in her humble home. In stature she was above the medium hight, her form was symmetrical, with complexion delicately

fair, laughing blue eyes, bright auburn, curling hair, and a fascinating and dignified manner.

The first great want that met Mrs. Fillmore when she entered the White House was that of books, for not one was found therein. This, to one of her tastes and habits, was a great deprivation.

Mr. Fillmore asked for an appropriation by Congress, which was granted. The library at the White House was thus inaugurated. We are told that in this room Mrs. Fillmore surrounded herself with little home comforts. Here her daughter had her piano, harp, and guitar. They received the informal visits of the friends they loved; and, for them, the real enjoyment and pleasure of the White House was within this room.

She was always present at public receptions and state dinners when her health would permit, and, probably, at no time during the Administration was she so happy as on the 3d of March, 1853, when the official term was ended. A journey had been planned through the Southern States, but a few days previous to the day set for their departure she was taken suddenly ill, and died at Willard's Hotel in March, 1853.

It is said of Mr. Fillmore's devotion to his wife that he carefully preserved every line she ever wrote to him, and that he could never destroy even the little notes she sent him on business to his office.

AN UNPOPULAR MEASURE.

Mr. Fillmore lost the support of a very large proportion of his party in the Northern States by signing the Fugitive Slave law. That can truthfully be said to be the only unpopular measure of his Administration. His purity as a public man was unquestionable. It is a pity that the ghost of a second term will lure men on to favor measures of policy rather than principle; but it so often proves to be the death-knell of their political careers that the safety of the country is not jeopardized.

During his Administration Congress made an appropriation for the extension of the Capitol, according to

a plan offered by the President. This plan was given in 1851. Two wings were to be added to the previous edifice, connected by corridors.

The cornerstone was laid July 4 by the President's own hands, with imposing ceremonies. The great assembly was addressed by Daniel Webster. The President was assisted in laying the cornerstone by the Grand Master of the Masonic Lodge of Alexandria, who wore the same regalia and used the gavel which Washington had used 58 years before in laying the cornerstone of the original edifice. There can be seen, also, in the rooms of Washington Lodge, Alexandria, the candle-sticks that were carried in the procession.

It was during President Fillmore's Administration that the great Henry Clay breathed his last, June 29, 1852. He died at the National Hotel, where he had long made his home.

By his death the country lost one of its most eminent citizens and statesmen, and probably its greatest genius.

The history of this country could not be written without weaving into it the story of Henry Clay's services as a statesman, for they are inseparably connected with it. The true historian will find ample material to fill pages of American history with the thoughts and actions of this man. The record will pass from generation to generation as a portion of our National inheritance, incapable of being destroyed, as long as genius has an admirer, or liberty a friend.

Mary Clemmer with graceful touch has left this pen-picture of the daughter of the President, Mary Abigail Fillmore:

"She was the rarest and most exquisite President's daughter that ever shed sunshine in the White House. She survived her mother but one year, dying of cholera at the age of 22; yet her memory is a benison to all young American women, especially to those surrounded by the allurements of society and high station.

"She was not only the mistress of many accomplishments, but possessed a thoroughly practical education. She was trained at home, at Mrs. Sedgwick's school, in

Lenox, Mass., and was graduated at the State Normal School, New York, as a teacher, and taught in the public schools in Buffalo. She was a French, German, and Spanish scholar; was proficient in music, and an amateur sculptor.

"She was the rarest type of woman, in whom was blended, in perfect proportion, masculine judgment and feminine tenderness. In her was combined intellectual force, vivacity of temperament, genuine sensibility, and deep tenderness of heart. Words can not tell what such a nature and such an intelligence would be if called to preside over the social life of the Nation's house. She used her opportunities as the President's daughter to minister to others. She clung to all her old friends, without any regard to their position in life. Her time and talents were devoted to their happiness. She was constantly thinking of some little surprise, some gift, some journey, some pleasure by which she could contribute to the happiness of others.

"After the death of her mother she went to the desolate home of her father and brother, and, emulating the example of that mother, relieved her father of all household care. Her domestic and social qualities equalled her intellectual powers. She gathered all her early friends about her; she consecrated herself to the happiness of her father and brother; she filled her home with sunshine. With scarcely an hour's warning the final summons came. 'Blessing she was, God made her so'; and in her passed away one of the rarest of young American women."

The night of the 3d of March, 1853, found the Capital in an uproar with bands of music, thunder of guns, and the heavens bright with fireworks. The closing hours of Congress brought the same rush, push, and confusion worse confounded that too often distinguished the Capital upon these occasions.

Sleepers and loungers upon the couches and in the ante-rooms were hauled in in time to vote when a bill was up. Through the blue tobacco atmosphere Congressmen could be discerned, here and there, who had held

their positions for hours in hopes of recognition. The hands of the clock pointed to 12, the gavel fell, and with it the hopes of many. The 40th Congress was a thing of the past. The President was busy signing bills until the small hours. On the morning of the 4th the city was alive with preparations for the inauguration of President Pierce.

GLIMPSES OF SEVERAL PRESIDENTS.

The nomination of Franklin Pierce for the Presidency was as much a surprise to him as to the leaders of his party. In the rivalry between such political aspirants as James Buchanan, Lewis Cass, William L. Marcy, and Stephen A. Douglas, the nomination of so unaggressive a politician as Franklin Pierce had not been anticipated or thought of by either of them.

At the Convention held in Baltimore June 12, 1852, on the 49th ballot Franklin Pierce was made the nominee.

Party discipline was at its hight in those days, and at the election in November he received the vote of every State but four.

His life had been a busy one. Entering into politics, he was elected to the Legislature when 25 years old, and elected Speaker two years afterwards. He was sent to Congress in 1833, and to the United States Senate in 1837, barely eligible to that position. The same lucky star attended him through the Mexican War, and now crowned him with the Presidency. In all these positions he had discharged his duty with much credit to himself and his country; but he was not a great man, notwithstanding his phenomenal success.

His Inauguration was attended with much pomp and ceremony, on account of the military glory won in the Mexican War.

With marshals and music, cheers and handkerchiefs, Ministers in court glitter, Congressmen and civilians, the new President was inaugurated. The night was brilliant with balls and merry-making.


A MOULDING OF THE STAIRCASE.
AN ANCIENT WARDROBE.
OCTAGON BARN.
AN OLD-FASHIONED STAIRWAY.
FIRE-PLACE IN CLAY'S ROOM.

Mrs. Pierce entered the White House bearing the burden of a great sorrow. Just previous to her husband's election she had witnessed her only child, a bright boy of 12, crushed to death in a railroad accident.

Under this bereavement and in delicate health she entered the White House; but during her residence there her grief did not interfere with her duties, socially or officially. She met the demands of the White House with grace and dignity. There was innate repose and gentleness in her manner. When she left she was revered and loved by all who had ever come under the influence of her gentle and exquisite nature.

So passive and timid was President Pierce politically, that he left the Presidential chair without having advocated a single measure or done aught to solve the vexed problems that were rapidly approaching solution, leaving to his unfortunate successor, James Buchanan, a legacy of inextricable troubles.

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In going back to the shadowy days that hung over this Republic during the Administration of President Buchanan, we cannot touch upon a page of its history without bringing a pang to the heart of every true patriot. But there was a rift in the clouds even then, for Harriet Lane was the presiding genius of the White House, and never since the days of Mrs. John Quincy Adams had the Executive Mansion been presided over with such elegance and grace.

It was a position which Miss Lane sustained with credit to herself and honor to her country. She became an orphan at an early age, and was adopted by her uncle, James Buchanan. From the time she grew to womanhood their fortunes were united; all the honors bestowed upon James Buchanan were reflected upon the niece, and additional luster was given to both by the grace and virtue for which Miss Lane was pre-eminently distinguished.

When Mr. Buchanan was made Minister to the Court of St. James by President Pierce, Miss Lane accompanied him and dispensed the hospitalities of the

ministerial mansion. She was greatly admired in European Court circles, and by her dignity of demeanor and surpassing loveliness won the admiration and respect of Queen Victoria and the heart of many an Englishman.

When Harriet Lane was a simple country girl in the quiet town of Lancaster, little did she dream of the future in store for her. When, as a child, she wandered at will over the hills and meadow-lands of her childhood's home, she little thought and much less anticipated a day when she would be the companion of monarchs, or the presiding genius over the household of the man chosen to be the head of this great Nation. Yet all this came to pass in the course of events, and the Republican Government was not compromised when the Lancaster maiden became the cynosure for every eye as mistres of the White House.

A story is told of her generous nature, that when quite a lass she one day shocked the staid propriety of her uncle, who discovered her trudging through the streets of Lancaster with a wheelbarrow loaded with wood and coal, which she was taking to an old woman at the edge of the village, who, she had learned, was in want; and notwithstanding her uncle's "Alas! alas! what shall I do with that child?" he was more proud than angry that it was in her heart to do it.

She was a blonde, her eyes deep violet, her hair golden, her features classic and beautiful in expression; she had a commanding form, and every movement was grace.

The White House in all its appointments and decorations was individualized to a degree never surpassed.

To descant upon the motives of men and weigh their characters, as developed in those days, is foreign to our purpose. It is not for us to compare the course pursued by one party with that of the other. Posterity will draw the line between them.

The virtues which have ennobled our country, and the errors which have disgraced it, will stand out in bold relief upon that scroll, when the pen of history traces the images of the past, in their glory and in their infamy.

PRINCE OF WALES A VISITOR.

In all the troublesome days that came into President Buchanan's Administration, when he was harassed on all sides, when his official life was beset by foes without and foes within, Miss Lane held herself aloof from all animosities, and with true womanly dignity maintained her position.

When the land was filled with passion and discord, she was faithful to the Nation; and when the hour came to lay aside the honors of the White House, she left it carrying with her her country's respect and love.

The closing months of President Buchanan's Administration were made conspicuous in sundry ways. The Prince of Wales was entertained at the White House as a private gentleman, but in a manner grateful to Queen Victoria, as the following extract from her letter to the President will show:

"WINDSOR CASTLE, Nov. 19, 1860.

"MY GOOD FRIEND: Your letter of the 6th instant has afforded me the greatest pleasure, containing, as it does, such kind expressions with regard to my son, and assuring me that the character and object of his visit to you and the United States has been fully appreciated. He can not sufficiently praise the great cordiality with which he has been everywhere greeted in your country, and the friendly manner with which you have received him. And whilst, as a mother, I am most grateful for the kindness shown him, I feel impelled, at the same time, to express how deeply I have been touched by the many demonstrations of affection personally toward myself, which his presence has called forth.

"I fully reciprocate toward your Nation the feelings thus made uppermost, and look upon them as forming an important link to connect two Nations of kindred origin and character, whose mutual esteem and friendship must always have so material an influence upon their respective development and prosperity."

A Peace Convention assembled in Washington, Feb. 4, 1861, at which ex-President John Tyler was chosen Chairman.

After a session of three weeks they laid before Congress a series of proposed amendments to the Constitution, all of which Congress rejected, and another amendment was recommended by the House.

During all this controversy the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan was perplexed and disturbed on the subject of reinforcing the forts in Charleston Harbor, which ended in a dismembered Cabinet, and in this confusion the Administration of James Buchanan ended.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PEOPLE'S REPRESENTATIVE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN A MAN TRIED AS BY FIRE—MRS. LINCOLN'S AMBITION—CROWNING GRIEF OF ALL—ANDREW JOHNSON INAUGURATED PRESIDENT—MRS. PATTERSON AND MRS. STOVER PRESIDE OVER THE WHITE HOUSE—CITY THRONGED WITH NOTABLE PEOPLE—GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT INAUGURATED—BRILLIANT PROCESSION—SPECTACLE IN THE SENATE. EXTRAORDINARY SCENES AT INAUGURAL BALL—NELLIE GRANT'S WEDDING.

Step by step Abraham Lincoln walked before the people, their true representative. If he was ever slow in movement it was because the pulse of the people beat slow. He quickened his step to theirs. He was unequivocally a public man, and in his daily routine the pulse of his heart was the indicator of the heart throbs of twenty millions, and when he talked it was the articulation of the thought of all these.

If ever a man was tried as by fire it was Abraham Lincoln. Slander, ridicule, and resistance did their best, but an extraordinary fortune attended him. Lord Bacon says "Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones fortune"; but he was carried on into the whirlwind of war, and when he had taken the helm of the old Ship of State the pilot found himself in the midst of a tornado.

During the four years of battle and strife his endurance was unbounded, his courage undaunted. By his humanity and largeness of soul, by his benevolence and justice, he meted out to others as he would have them give to him. He was the grand, heroic figure, the center of all hope, and towards him were turned the eyes and hearts of all those who loved their country.

His great, tolerant nature made him accessible to all, and many a broken-hearted mother and sister can attest his good nature; and that down-trodden race that was thrown on his compassion is a living testimony to the touching tenderness with which he treated its people.

No man is the author of a greater number of clever and witty sayings. His speeches and messages are filled with common sense and deep foresight. They are humane in every tone and lofty in expression. When he said, "Every man has a right to be equal with every other man," he translated the Declaration of Independence anew.

His speech at Gettysburg has no equal in modern language. His second Inaugural will go down into the ages as a masterpiece of thought. No statesman ever uttered words stamped with the seal of so deep a wisdom and so true a simplicity.

LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL.

We shall never forget the impressions of that scene. The rain had poured incessantly, the sun had been hidden all the morning behind a heavy sky, and just as the tall, slim form of Mr. Lincoln appeared in the east door of the Capitol, leaning on the arm of Chief Justice Chase, the sun broke through the clouds, lighting up the pale, sad face of the President. "Blessed omen!" cried a hundred voices. The multitude caught the enthusiasm, and cheer after cheer rang through the air, while the band played "Hail to the Chief."

After Mr. Chase had repeated the oath, Mr. Lincoln stepped foward, and, in a clear, stentorian voice, delivered his address; and when this passage was uttered, "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the Nation's wounds, to care for those who shall have borne the battle, and for their widows and orphans; and with all this, let us strive after a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all Nations," every voice was hushed, and from every patriotic heart the prayer went forth, "God bless our President."

It is well known that a plot was rife for the assassination of Abraham Lincoln that day, but for reasons known to those in the secret, the plan miscarried. Mr. Henry

Elliott Johnston, of Baltimore, (who afterward married Harriet Lane,) gave friendly advice to a party in which we were numbered, not to venture upon the grand stand during the Inaugural ceremonies; that he had written Miss Lane, who was in Washington, that he knew the plan was ripe for Mr. Lincoln's assassination, and unless some unforeseen force interrupted, there would be bloody work that day. A small matter changed that plan; but the demon only lay dormant, biding the time when the nefarious scheme could be carried out.

The Inaugural ceremonies over, the next grand feature of the day was the President's levee. The crowd entered the White House grounds at the west gate, on Pennsylvania Avenue. It took two hours to reach the portico of the house. It looked as though all the world was going to see the President. Once having passed the portals, we were ushered into the Blue Room, where the reception was in progress, and as we took the hand of the President, and for the last time looked into that sad face, the expression from those deep, dark-blue eyes, with their far-away look, will never be blotted from memory.

We passed on to Mrs. Lincoln and the others receiving, through the Green Room and the Red Room into the famous East Room, making way for the surging masses that followed. Hours passed and still they came; diplomats, officers of the army and navy, soldiers and civilians, each one eager to pay homage to the great man who was carrying the burdens of twenty millions of people.

At last the doors were closed, the multitude had melted away, quiet reigned in Washington; strife, grief, fears and red battlefields were for the time forgotten. Abraham Lincoln was President of this glorious Republic for the second time, and the people still had hope.

The world knows what followed. He lived to see Lee's army surrender, to conquer public opinion in England, France, and his own loved country. He lived long enough to enact the greatest beneficence that man ever made to fellow-man, the abolition of slavery.

Perhaps the country needed an imperishable grief to

touch its inmost feelings. Abraham Lincoln fell a martyr to the cause for which he fought.

As the fearful tidings traveled over mountain and sea, into every palace and hamlet of the land, a deep darkness settled upon the minds of all good men. Old as history is, and manifold as are its tragedies, never has a death caused more pain, more anxiety, or greater regret. But from the shadow of this uncalculated eclipse came acclamations of praise for the life he had lived and the good he had accomplished.

We have not touched upon the domestic life in the White House. It was filled with lights and shadows. The golden maxim of President Lincoln, "With malice toward none, with charity for all," had not grown bright with use by the people, for it if had, the air would not have been filled with criticism of the President and his family. We look back upon the ignorance of a gullible public as beyond comprehension in the 19th century, so rapidly accepted were the exaggerated stories concerning the ignorance and illiteracy of the President and his wife. Had they lived in the Fiji Islands they could not have known less of the truth.

Mrs. Lincoln's education was above the average standard, and she was a well-born, cultured woman. Her levees were brilliant, and the multitudes that assembled there were received in an elegant and dignified manner.

The impression she made upon strangers can be understood by an extract from a letter written by a distinguished foreigner:

"She performed her part of the honors in response to the ovation paid her, as well as to her husband, with that propriety which consistently blends all the graces with a reserved dignity, and is much more becoming the wife of a Republican President than any attempt to ape the haughty manner of European courts."

The death of her beautiful boy, Willie, and the crowning grief of all, the untimely and horrible taking off of her husband, was the last stroke; the shattered brain thenceforth gave but echoes of lost harmonies.

ANDREW JOHNSON TAKES OFFICE.

Abraham Lincoln was assassinated April 14, and Andrew Johnson assumed the authority which, by the Constitution, devolved upon him. Had the conspiracy been carried out, which it had taken months to so carefully plan, there would have been no head of the Government left, and yet the Republic would have lived. A Nation that could so successfully carry on such a war, would have gone peacefully to work to re-establish order with the pliant adaptability to circumstances and the respect for law which so eminently characterize the native-born American. The machinery of the state worked as well and as steadily in its accustomed grooves as ever, and the foundations of the Republic were not shaken.

The gloom which overspread Washington after President Lincoln's assassination, and the mourning of its people, was followed by a sudden reaction. But few months had passed before gayety resumed its former sway at the National Capital. The Winter of 1866 was never surpassed in brilliant entertainments. The long years of war had hung like a pall over society. When the cloud lifted, and peace again reigned over the land, all hearts were filled with new hopes and aspirations, and joy and merry-making became the order of the day.

Mrs. Johnson was an invalid, and the honors and duties of the White House were performed by her daughters, Mrs. Patterson, wife of Senator Patterson, of Tennessee, and Mrs. Stover, a widow.

The White House presented a forlorn appearance when they entered it. The four years of war had left their mark everywhere. Soldiers had had unlimited sway through all the lower rooms; guards had made the rooms into lodging apartments, until carpets and sofas were ruined. Add to this the immense throng of people who continually crowded the President's House, and it is no wonder that the furniture was literally worn out.

The first levee was held Jan. 1, 1866. There had been no appropriation from Congress to put the house in becoming order; but here and there were touches of improve-

ment that plainly told of woman's handiwork; order had been brought out of chaos. Clean linen covered the floor of the East Room; flowers were in abundance; children added an additional tint to the kaleidoscope; cleanliness and good cheer made the change as apparent as it was marvellous.

Mrs. Patterson was dressed in a black velvet dress, a shawl of white thread lace falling over her shoulders, and point-lace collar. Her hair was adorned with a single white japonica. She was simple and unaffected in her manner. The younger sister, Mrs. Stover, who was in mourning for her husband, who had died in the Union army, wore a heavy black silk with no ornaments.

During the Spring an appropriation of $30,000 was made by Congress to refurnish the Executive Mansion. Faithfully and conscientiously did Mrs. Patterson spend the Summer superintending the renovation of the house.

The pure taste of Martha Patterson was fully exemplified in the delicate and graceful blending of colors, in all the rooms, of furniture, carpets, hangings and wall decorations.

The old home of the Presidents blossomed again like the rose, and the plain people from Tennessee were its presiding geniuses.

The state dinners given by President Johnson were never surpassed in elegance or style. The honor and dignity due the Nation lost nothing in the hands of these people of Democratic simplicity. They fully understood what was required of the President of the United States, and were equal to any emergency.

SOCIETY VERY GAY.

Society at large was launched into an atmosphere of gayety. Besides the receptions Wednesdays and Fridays by the ladies of the White House, exclusive of the President's levees, the members of the Cabinet, and officials generally, held weekly receptions.

Gen. and Mrs. Grant, at their home in Georgetown, gave brilliant receptions. The French Minister, the

Marquis de Monthelon, occupied the house of Mr. Corcoran, and when the piping times of peace again brought joy into every household, even the foreign Embassador rejoiced as well.

The city was thronged with the most notable people from the West and North, and it was difficult for all to find an evening disengaged. It had been many years since Washington had had a Winter of such gayety. It was in the Winter of 1866 that Madame Le Vert, with her daughters, came to Washington. It was said of her that she often attended a half dozen receptions in the day and three or four parties at night.

Whatever criticism was made upon Andrew Johnson as President, the household, like Cesar's wife, was above suspicion. A purer atmosphere never existed in the White House than during this Administration. The noble women of his family went back to their homes with names untarnished, and in loving benediction the people said: "Ye have served us well."

A SOLDIER IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

March the 3d, 1869, found quite as many people in Washington as conjointly witnessed and participated in the Grand Review of the troops of Grant and Sherman in 1865. Eight years before the people, in almost breathless silence, waited to see what Buchanan would not and what Mr. Lincoln would do. At the Review the people had grown quiet in an enthusiasm which began with the fall of Richmond and ended with the surrender of Johnston. But no breathless silence reigned in Washington, March 3, 1869; neither was there any lack of enthusiasm at the Capital. The streets, the hotels, the halls of Congress, the corridors of the Capitol were alive with humanity.

The ceremonies of the Inauguration of Gen. Grant, in the main, were the same as of all the Presidents that had gone before; but the scene from the Capitol as the brilliant procession wound up the Avenue was one of the most beautiful ever witnessed in this country. Pennsylvania Avenue on either side was literally filled with people,

moving up and down like a restless sea, throwing up hats and waving handkerchiefs in wildest confusion. The advancing column was in striking contrast with its gay flags, silver trappings and bright uniforms. Every niche, portico and window was filled; and not an architectural projection on the east front of the Capitol but held a larger or smaller specimen of humanity. Even the monuments, trees and fences were black with anxious lookers-on. The soft landscape, the city spread out in the valley below, the winding Potomac beyond, the sea of upturned faces, the glitter of muskets and the red decorations of the artillery, formed a picture beautiful to look upon and one never to be forgotten.

The galleries in the Senate Chamber presented a most brilliant spectacle. Seats had been reserved on the right of the Diplomatic Gallery for the wives of the President-elect and of the Vice-President-elect and their friends.

Mrs. Colfax made her appearance in a toilet of cuir-colored silk, white bonnet and green gloves. Beside her sat Mrs. and Miss Mathews, Mr. Colfax's mother and sister, and Mrs. Wade, who watched the proceedings below. Mrs. Grant, modestly attired in black, entered and took the seat assigned her, accompanied by her son in cadet uniform. With intense interest they witnessed the Vice-President take the oath.

The hours of the 40th Congress drew to a close, and when the hands pointed to 12 the door opened, and the hero of the day, clad in a neatly-fitting black dress suit, entered unceremoniously and took the seat quietly pointed out to him, seemingly utterly oblivious of the prying gaze of the thousands around him. He sustained himself with dignity, sinking the individual in the statesman. He knew the requirements of the hour and fulfilled them.

INAUGURAL CEREMONY.

The eastern portico of the Capitol was occupied by the high officials. Gen. Grant read his Inaugural address and took the oath of office making him President of the United States. His Cabinet was as follows: Hamilton Fish, of New York, Secretary of State; George S. Boutwell,

of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Treasury; John A. Rawlins, of Illinois, Secretary of War; George M. Robeson, of New Jersey, Secretary of the Navy; Jacob D. Cox, of Ohio, Secretary of the Interior; J. A. J. Creswell, of Maryland, Postmaster-General; Eben R. Hoar, of Massachusetts, Attorney-General; all men of culture, energetic action and extended influence.

The Inauguration of a new President must, to be quite complete, be ushered in with the pomp and parade of a ball. The memory of the oldest inhabitant runneth not back to the day when a new Administration was begun without this time-hallowed custom, yet they say there is always something the matter with every Inaugural ball.

The newly-completed north wing of the Treasury was procured for this one. Its broad corridors and spacious rooms gave promise of space beyond need. The fluted granite pillars that had lain in their wooden coffins along Pennsylvania Avenue for years were in their places, with their heads pointing toward heaven. On this occasion the Fifteenth street entrance was the one used for the guests. From one of the leading journals of the day we quote this description of the brilliant scene presented within and without the building:

"Radiant with color, glowing with light, brilliant like tropical flowers or the plumage of humming-birds, and ever shifting and varying like a many-hued and constantly-changing kaleidoscope. Fair faces, lovely forms, penetrant perfumes, distinguished men, renowned in war, statesmanship, letters, and the other activities of life, some clothed in martial uniforms, others wearing the orders and insignia of the Diplomatic Corps. Great waves of music pulsated along the corridors, and all went merry as a marriage bell."

This is what the ball might have been, but, alas! "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gley." Had the reporter waited until anticipation had come to full fruition, his story would have been something like this, taken from the pen of an artist on the spot:

"The agonies of that ball can never be written. There are mortals dead in their graves because of it. There are

mortals who still curse and swear and sigh at the thought of it. There are diamonds and pearls and precious garments that are lost to their owners because of it. The scenes in those cloak and hat-rooms can never be forgotten by those who witnessed them. The colored messengers, called from their posts in the Treasury to do duty in these rooms, received hats and wraps with perfect felicity, and tucked them in loop-holes as it happened. But to give them back, each to the owner, was impossible."

UNHAPPY ENDING OF THE BALL.

Picture it! Six or more thousand people clamoring for their clothes. In the end they were all tumbled out "promiscuous" on the floor. Then came the siege. A few seized their own, but many snatched other people's garments—anything, something to protect them from the pitiless morning wind, which came down with the bite of death. Delicate women, too sensitive to take the property of others, crouched in corners and wept on window-ledges, and there the daylight found them. Carriages also had fled out of the scourging blast, and men and women who emerged from the marble halls with very little to wear found that they must walk to their habitations. One gentleman walked to Capitol Hill, nearly two miles, in dancing pumps and bareheaded; another performed the same exploit wrapped in a lady's sontag.

Poor Horace Greeley, after expending his wrath on the stairs, and cursing Washington anew as a place that should be immediately blotted out of the universe, strode to the hotel hatless.

What was said of the Israelites of old might be said of the unfortunate attendants of this unfortunate ball: "Hungry and weary, their souls fainted within them." And the dancing was on a par with the Barmecide Feast.

The home of 16 Presidents now became the home of Ulysses S. Grant.

Every Administration from that of John Adams down has brought its own individualism under this roof, and when you pass from one historic room to another each one

is a present reality since the day that Abigail Adams dried her clothes in the East Room, or Dolly Madison packed off the state papers and the portrait of Washington ere the Britsh torch left but blackened walls, or the days when the 'Kitchen Cabinet" made the acquaintance of the Southern Portico Stairway, or Harriet Lane brought again into its drawing-rooms the splendor of courts and entertained the son of a Queen.

And where is the child of America who will forget the lonely man, sorrowful at heart, who bore the Nation's burdens, and in his lonely midnight walks to the War Department, with the stars for his guide and the rustling leaves overhead for company, getting the latest news from the front, often returning sadder than when he went; or the Green Room, where he last gazed upon the beautiful form and features of his fair boy, Willie, the pride of his heart—here the body, covered with flowers, rested for burial; and, saddest of all, this grand, noble soul going out of these portals and not returning? All this we remember.

SOCIAL LIFE A SUCCESS.

President and Mrs. Grant were no exception to the rule. Theirs was an individualism whose atmosphere was purely domestic. In the social life of the White House we find a home.

Mrs. Grant's morning receptions were very popular. Perhaps the pleasantest feature of these receptions was the presence of the President. The informality and entire ease with which they were carried on was their charm.

Gen. Babcock, with that graceful suavity so much his own, gave your name to the President; he, in turn, passed it to Mrs. Grant, and she to the next lady receiving, and so on down the line. There was no awkward suspense in finding out whom you had the honor of addressing. If it were Mrs. Hamilton Fish, or Mrs. Sherman, or Mrs. Belknap, you knew it, and were at once at your ease. But according to the present custom, at times, you pass a line half the length of the room, as if it were a

line of sentinels passing judgment for a competitive drill. The halcyon days of peace brought into the White House the ineffable charm of genuine sociability. Even the Nation's parlor, the grand old East Room, put on a home look, as much as to say: "The latch-string is out to all my children. The fatted calf has been killed; return, thou prodigal son."

A soft Turkish carpet, a present from the Sultan of Turkey, covered the floor. Heavy lace curtains draped the windows, over which hung heavy brocatelle, surmounted by gilt cornices. The walls and ceilings were frescoed; chairs and sofas were cushioned in keeping with the draperies. The three large crystal chandeliers shed the radiance of myriads of miniature suns. Eight large mirrors decorated the room, and the portraits of Washington, Lincoln, John Adams, Martin Van Buren, Polk, and Tyler hung on the walls. Clocks and bronzes made up the ornaments. And into this room Uncle Sam's children were welcomed.

Four years pass by and the second Inaugural of the hero of Appomattox returns. It is a repetition of the first, with some extras thrown in. There is the same moving mass of people, the same glitter of helmets, flash of bayonets, waving plumes, playing of bands, gaudy firemen, burnished engines, soldiers, sailors and everybody else, full of enthusiasm, ready to celebrate the second Inaugural of their great Captain.

Despite the bitter cold that stung and paralyzed the young bloods of West Point, or tingled the veins of the Midshipmen from Annapolis, and the sweep and howl of Old Boreas, dancing with this man's hat, and running off with that woman's vail, rending the gorgeous banners into tatters, filling the air with blinding dust, the Inauguration went on, and Ulysses S. Grant became President for another four years.

NELLIE GRANT WEDDED.

The most notable occasion during the Administration was the wedding of Nellie Grant. Other weddings have been celebrated in the White House—Marie Monroe,

daughter of President and Mrs. Monroe, and Lizzie, daughter of President Tyler. But Nellie Grant was an only daughter, and nothing was left undone by her parents to make this one of the most brilliant marriage ceremonies ever celebrated in the home of the Presidents. She was married May 21, 1874, to Algernon Sartoris, the son of Edward Sartoris, of Hampshire, England. His mother was Adelaide Kemble, daughter of Charles Kemble and sister of Fanny Kemble. Mr. Sartoris was 23 years old and Nellie Grant 19.

Two hundred guests were invited to the wedding; officials and their families, the Army and Navy, and Diplomats.

Gen. Grant reluctantly gave consent to his daughter's marriage with a foreigner, and he requested that they would live in this country. The sudden death of Mr. Sartoris's brother changed all these plans. His becoming heir apparent to his father's estate made it inevitable that Nellie should live abroad. The General never became reconciled to her living out of the country.

In the last years of President Grant's Administration the Executive Mansion never presented a better appearance. The East Room had been made more beautiful than ever in all its features. The old furniture had been replaced by new. The Blue Room had also been retouched, both as to its walls and furniture, and was really one of the handsomest drawing-rooms in the country.

Among the memorable days of this Administration was New Year's Day. All New Year's Days in Washington have distinguishing features of their own. They hold the first position, inasmuch as the ladies, for a portion of the day, are out by hundreds, if the skies smile. They call upon the President, the members of the Cabinet and the Diplomatic Corps, who are "At Home," and when the weather is fine the approaches to the White House present a gay appearance.

After 2 o'clock the ladies are "At Home," and the observances of the day are continued, according to the time-honored custom of New Amsterdam.

It is the official "Opening Day"; the day of general

meeting of men and women, officials and strangers, at the White House; a day which gives exhilaration to the social atmosphere.

After Gen. Grant had successfully conducted and brought to a victorious conclusion the late war between the opposing sections of the country; after he had judiciously and wisely directed the Executive branches of this Government eight years, and re-established peace with the world, he had a strong hold upon the hearts of this Nation, and they were ready to manifest it upon every occasion. When he decided to take rest and recreation in visiting the different nations of the globe, his country bade him God-speed. His journey was one continued ovation; but Gen. Grant in no degree accepted any of those demonstrations as personal, but as given to the representative of one of the grandest countries on the face of the earth. Yet it is a well-known fact that he was looked upon as one of the greatest Generals the world has ever known, and to him, as such, due homage was given.

This is a garrulous world, and there are those who say that Gen. Grant lacked this or that qualification; that he was not a General; that he was not a statesman. But deeds ring through the hearts of all mankind, and when the great hero lay dead, a grateful Nation bowed and bared its head in sorrow.

CHAPTER XIII.

PRESIDENTS HAYES, GARFIELD, AND ARTHUR.

EXCITING POLITICAL CANVASS—MRS. HAYES'S "CROWN OF GLORY." HER BROAD CULTURE—GARFIELD'S INAUGURATION—THE ASSASSIN'S HAND—WHITE HOUSE AGAIN THE SOCIAL CENTER. PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S SISTER—CRITICAL POSITION SUSTAINED WITH MANLY COURAGE—GROVER CLEVELAND INAUGURATED. EX-CONFEDERATES IN THE CABINET—HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY. PERSONALITY OF MRS. CLEVELAND.

The exciting political canvass of 1876 is still fresh in the minds of the people. Its disputed results, the final adjustment of the Electoral Commissioners, giving the one majority to Mr. Hayes over Mr. Tilden, are also well-remembered facts.

Mr. Hayes gathered around him men of the highest integrity, and when years have softened the enmities engendered, justice will say: "Never was there a purer Administration than that of Rutherford B. Hayes."

Of all the ladies of the White House, from the days of Abigail Adams down, none excelled Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes in innate refinement, broad culture, and moral courage. The grandeur of human character had in her a worthy example.

Abigail Adams was a representative woman of the days of the Revolution. She left to her country an unblemished name. Dolly Madison inaugurated the golden reign of the White House. Mrs. Hayes fell upon times equally distinctive in many ways. She revived the stately graces of other days in the White House. She welcomed all, Americans, foreigners, friends and foes, with an ease and elegance of manner that charmed all who came into her presence.

She was the chosen counsellor of her husband in the affairs of State, a devout Methodist; in a word, a Christian woman. In times when animosities have spurred others to do ungracious things, and to boast of what they had done, her sweet, forgiving spirit made answer but in tears.

The position she took upon the use of wine in the White House will always be to her a crown of glory. She saw through the forms and shams of life, and her views differed materially from many others, but her decisions were from convictions wrought of grave and serious thought.

Ungracious as were the comments made upon her course, no American woman has created for herself, under public and trying conditions, so little criticism and so much admiration and respect as Lucy Webb Hayes.

CHARACTER OF MRS. HAYES.

There was in her character a combination of intellectual force, buoyancy of spirit, and deep tenderness of heart. In her portrait, which hangs in the White House, the gift of the Temperance women, she shows a striking, brilliant face, with intellectual, spiritual brow, a soft, tender expression of eyes and mouth; the thick brown hair is brought smoothly down her face, and is simply coiled at the back. We are glad that the White House is so honored, and that there will be handed down to posterity the lineaments of this noble woman who dared to do according to her convictions.

The 4th of March the President and Mrs. Hayes joined the procession of families which the people have chosen to represent them, as the years have waxed and waned in the Nation's homestead, and walked out of it leaving memories which linger and fill every nook and corner.

Mrs. Hayes left an atmosphere emanating from the rare sunshine of her nature, as a sweet benediction for the one who was to follow in the path she had trod for four years—a varied path of lights and shades.

James A. Garfield was elected the 20th President of the United States, and Chester A. Arthur Vice-President

The morning of March 4, 1881, was not a propitious one for an Inaugural ceremony, for the day opened dark and gloomy. Amid snow and slush the procession moved, for neither fair nor foul weather can prevent the new Administration from being ushered in.

Pennsylvania Avenue was lined with a multitude of people, disappointed and crestfallen with the provision

the "weather clerk" had made, and more anxious than ever that Inaugural Day should be changed. Despite the weather it was a grand and imposing procession. President Hayes and President-elect Garfield rode in an open barouche drawn by four horses.

The Senate Chamber and galleries had rapidly filled with a distinguished throng. The center of attraction was in the front seat in the gallery opposite the Vice-President's desk, where sat the mother of the President-elect with his wife and Mrs. Hayes.

The sweet-faced old lady who sat at the head of the seat drew the attention of the whole audience. Next to her was Mrs. Hayes, and at her right Mrs. Garfield. A running conversation was kept up among the three, in which old Mrs. Garfield, by her quaint and witty remarks, often provoked the others to laughter.

AN HISTORICAL SCENE.

The Senators were seated on the left side of the chamber. Among them were John Sherman, Roscoe Conkling, Don Cameron, John A. Logan, David Davis, all earnest lookers-on. Two veteran Senators sat near whose days in the Senate were numbered when the hands of the clock reached 12—Thurman and Hamlin. Hamlin sat with head bowed, a silent spectator to events, while the clock ticked away the remaining moments of his Senatorial career. Thurman sought solace in his snuff-box, and, with due reverence, took his parting pinch of Senatorial snuff. The historical bandanna was once more thrown to the breeze.

Gen. Winfield S. Hancock, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, came in, arm in arm with James G. Blaine. Gallant Phil Sheridan was heartily applauded when he walked in and took his seat beside Gen. Hancock.

The Diplomatic Corps, the Judges of Supreme Court, and the Cabinet appeared, soon followed by the President and the President-elect. Vice-President Arthur came last, and was presented to the Senate by Vice-President

Wheeler. His appearance was dignified. His short speech was given in the quiet, manly, elegant way he had of doing all things. He took the oath of office and exactly at 12 o'clock the 46th Congress was adjourned *sine die*, the Senate clock having been turned back five minutes to accomplish it. Mr. Bassett was often called upon to perform this act during his 40 years of service, but the turning back of the hands of time did not prevent his entering the season of the "sere and yellow leaf." From the brown-haired page he became the white-headed veteran.

The center of interest was at once transferred to the east front of the Capitol, where Mr. Garfield read his address, which was delivered with eloquence and in a forcible manner. At its close Chief Justice Waite administered the oath. After the congratulations of President Hayes and the Chief Justice, Mr. Garfield turned around and took his aged mother by the hand and kissed her, an act that made a great impression upon the audience, and many a heart rejoiced with her, who had watched her son from boyhood and poverty to manhood and the highest elevation in the gift of Americans. Mr. Garfield next kissed his wife, then shook the hand of Mrs. Hayes, and of all the others who came within his reach.

In the meantime the elements were more kind. The sun was shining brightly when the cavalcade returned, and the festivities ended with a magnificent display of fireworks and the Inaugural ball in the Museum Building.

Mrs. Eliza Garfield was the first President's mother who lived in the White House.

This is no place to follow the intricate thread of politics. Amid all the differences of opinion, President Garfield managed with success to appoint a Cabinet not antagonistic to any following.

James G. Blaine, of Maine, was Secretary of State; William Windom, of Minnesota, Secretary of the Treasury; Robert T. Lincoln, of Illinois, Secretary of War; William H. Hunt, of Louisiana, Secretary of the Navy; S. J. Kirkwood, of Iowa, Secretary of the Interior; Wayne McVeigh, of Pennsylvania, Attorney-General; Thomas L. James, of New York, Postmaster-General

We turn the leaf of history which takes us into the valley and the shadow of our Nation's life. We would forget that such things have been, but the specter will not down.

ASSASSIN'S DEADLY WORK.

All the associations connected with President Garfield's brief Administration and life in the White House and its terrible ending are still fresh in the public mind as on that fateful morning when the fearful news ran through the streets of Washington, "The President is shot." He had barely grasped the reins of Government when the assassin's hand laid him low. His enemy was a man whose name is unworthy a place in history to be handed down to posterity; one which should fade from the memory of mankind and never pass the lips of mortal.

The world knows the end, and the world misses James A. Garfield. He occupied a place for which the people thought him fitted, and his Administration gave promise of good results. A nobler service awaited him, but, in the transition, Columbia's eyes were dimmed and her heart was left desolate.

Chester A. Arthur took the oath of office immediately upon the death of President Garfield. The friends nearest to him know how his sensitive nature shrank from the great responsibility. They know, too, that during the days when the President's life hung in the balance, when the hopes of a vast and sensitive populace were swayed by every bulletin from the sick-chamber, the Vice-President was battling with an illness brought upon him by over-anxiety, from which there was no abatement save on the days when brighter reports came from the President.

No President was ever called upon to take the guidance of the Ship of State under such trying circumstances; but President Arthur was not the man to falter when the hour of duty came. With manly courage and dignified presence he gathered up the reins that had been dropped, and guided the affairs of State with skill and discretion.

His first official duty was to issue a proclamation appointing the day of Gen. Garfield's funeral a day of humiliation and mourning. President Arthur took the office under a cloud of distrust, dislike, and prejudice; but his methods of appointment and of policy were broad and expansive, and calculated for the good of all, without regard to obligations of a partisan character. Distrust was soon supplanted by confidence, and dissensions by united action; order was brought out of confusion, and the country was blessed by a pure and conservative Administration.

During the time that he presided as Chief Magistrate of the Nation the White House was the social center of the Capital. President Arthur never forgot his personal dignity and that he represented a Republic which was an object of interested scrutiny to the whole civilized world. His taste was for the graceful things of life, and he did much, with the aid of his sister, Mrs. John E. McElroy, to raise the tone of official society at Washington.

Mr. Arthur was married in 1859 to Ellen Lewis Herndon, a daughter of Capt. Herndon, who perished on the ill-fated Central America. Mrs. Arthur, whose rare accomplishments endeared her to many, died suddenly in 1880, leaving two children, Nellie and Allen. Her portrait, encased in a chaste Venetian frame, was always kept on a table in his private chamber, and each morning a vase of fresh flowers was placed beside it, a loving benediction from a wounded heart that never healed.

President Arthur's last official act gave to his Administration a noble end. He sent to the Senate a message bearing date March 4, 1885, nominating Ulysses S. Grant General on the Retired List of the Army, with full pay. The nomination was confirmed in open session amid the applause of the crowded galleries.

He left the White House with his health shattered, and died at his home on Lexington avenue, New York, in November, 1886.

Four Republican Presidents, who had filled the office with honor, had gone to their rest. Two of these died a violent death and were mourned by the whole world. A

third, who was so honored in his death as to be followed to his last resting place by an army of citizens and soldiers, so lived as to receive honors throughout the civilized world such as no other man has received.

President Arthur, whose honored name is added to this roll, stands alone as being the one especial Vice-President in the history of the Republic who, having succeeded to the Presidency, did not disappoint those by whom he was elected; but, like every other, he failed to secure an election to the office he had filled. Accident gave him rank, but honored reputation he won, and his countrymen will say of him that he served them with rare fidelity.

ADVENT OF A MAN LITTLE KNOWN.

The 22d quadrennial change of the political forces of the United States brought to the Presidential chair a man comparatively unknown in National affairs. The County of Erie, in the State of New York, made him its Sheriff; the municipality of Buffalo made him its Mayor; the Commonwealth of New York made him its Governor, and the United States made him their President.

His Private Secretary, Daniel Scott Lamont, was a man whose integrity and loyalty have never been questioned. He held a position during the four years of Mr. Cleveland's first Administration very near to the person of the President. He was a man of quick perceptions, was prompt in action, and a safe adviser. It is said that since Tobias Lear was Secretary to George Washington, no other man was so completely a part of the official and unofficial life of the President as Daniel Lamont.

Grover Cleveland was first inaugurated President March 4, 1885. It was during this Administration, in 1886, that an enactment of Congress was passed regulating the Presidential succession, by precedence, of the members of the Cabinet. This rule repealed the old law by which the President *pro tem.* of the Senate or the Speaker of the House of Representatives came in the line

of the Presidency in case of the death, resignation, removal or inability of both the President and Vice-President of the United States. The new law substituted for the line of succession the Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, the Attorney-General, the Postmaster-General, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of the Interior. They therefore rank accordingly in the Administration in its ceremonial and social affairs.

President Cleveland chose for his premier Thomas Francis Bayard, of Delaware. Mr. Bayard was 16 years Senator of the United States. His home in Washington during these years was the center of a refined and cultivated society. For more than 40 years some member of the Bayard family had served in the United States Senate.

The most noticeable figure in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet was, perhaps, Daniel Manning; and probably his retirement, from impaired health, was one of the saddest experiences that came to the President during his Administration, for his absence withdrew from the President the counsel and advice of a devoted friend. Mr. Manning was succeeded by Assistant Secretary Charles Stebbins Fairchild, which was a recognition of his services performed in the office for more than a year. Mrs. Fairchild was the first lady of the Cabinet after the sad death of Mrs. Bayard. She carried the honors with dignity and grace. She was a niece of Horatio Seymour, of New York.

Mrs. Manning was a descendant of Chancellor Livingston, who administered the oath of office to President Washington. During her two years' residence in Washington she made many warm friends. She was a woman of captivating grace, and carried with her much of the charm of the women of the halcyon days of the Washington regime. When she took her departure she carried with her the regrets of Washington society, official and otherwise.

Mr. William Crowninshield Endicott was Mr. Cleveland's Secretary of War. His wife was Miss Ellen Peabody, daughter of George Peabody, of Salem, Mass. Mr. Endicott's mother was the niece of Jacob Crowninshield,

President Jefferson's Secretary of the Navy. Their daughter, Mary C. Endicott, married Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, of England, during the time that their father held the portfolio of War.

The appointment to the Attorney-Generalship by President Cleveland of the Hon. Augustus H. Garland was the cause of some adverse criticism by Mr. Cleveland's friends. He was a Tennesseean by birth but an Arkansan by adoption. He helped to pass the ordinance of secession of his State in 1861, and to make laws for the Confederacy. He was refused a seat in the Senate in 1867, but was elected Governor of Arkansas in 1874 and sent to the Senate in 1876 and 1883. He was thought to be one of the most progressive of the Southern Democratic Senators. He advocated accepting the results of the war between the North and the South, and undoubtedly President Cleveland's idea was to meet such a sentiment half way.

William Freeman Vilas, of Wisconsin, was Postmaster-General. He served under Grant during the war, and was a great admirer of the old hero. Mrs. Vilas was the daughter of Dr. Fox, an eminent physician of Milwaukee. Until her health became precarious, their home was made very attractive to the social world.

The Secretary of the Navy, William C. Whitney, was the wealthy man of the Cabinet, and entertained with a royal hand. He is a man of princely generosity where charities are deserving. He made hosts of friends in and out of his Department. He was the active manager of the Democratic campaign in New York in 1884.

Mrs. Flora Payne Whitney, daughter of the millionaire Senator from Ohio, and one of the leaders in the Standard Oil monopoly, was a charming hostess. She presided over the household entertainments in a manner becoming her position. In the dispensing of kindly charities her hand was not withheld, and her womanly virtues found ready recognition. The departure of the Whitney family from Washington was deeply regretted by the friends they had made, not alone among those of high degree, but among the poor and lowly, which is praise indeed. Mrs. Whitney's untimely and sudden death from an affection

of the heart not long after her retirement to private life was the occasion of universal regret among those who had known her in the zenith of her social glory at the National Capital.

Lucius Quintus Curtius Lamar, Secretary of the Interior, was an old time Southern statesman. At the time he was made a member of this Cabinet he was a widower. He was a conspicuous member of Congress in Buchanan's time, and helped to take the Southern States out of the Union. He was a seceder and soldier of the rebellion, and a member of Congress in the solidified Union in 1873; a Senator in 1877, until Mr. Cleveland called him into his Cabinet, and before the end of his promotion drew to a close, he was asked by the President to go up higher, and was appointed one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. As his name might indicate, his career has covered varied lines in and out of the country.

President Cleveland entered upon his official and social duties a bachelor. His sister, Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, for a time dispensed the hospitalities of the White House with becoming dignity. Somehow politics and state craft became entangled with the thread of Hymen, and a wedding in the White House was the result. His marriage to Miss Frances Folsom occurred on the 2d of June, 1886, in the Red Room of the Executive Mansion.

The wife of the President, or the one who presides at his household, holds the same relation to the social structure as the President does to the body politic. He is supreme in rank as the President, and she ranks above all others in the social world. Therefore she is not expected to return calls. She may hold receptions, open to all, and can make appointments for informal visits from strangers in the city. She receives the first visit from every one, and is not expected to return either, though she is at liberty to do so if she desires.

Mrs. Cleveland won admiration for the discretion shown in all social, informal, or ceremonial relations which the duties of First Lady of the Land made incumbent upon her.

CHAPTER XIV.

BENJAMIN HARRISON, PRESIDENT.

REMARKABLE WOMEN HAVE FILLED THE WHITE HOUSE—WHAT WONDERS HAVE THE YEARS WROUGHT—MRS. ADAMS LOST IN THE WOODS—MRS. HARRISON FOUND A CITY FAIR TO LOOK UPON—MRS. McKEE AND HER CHILDREN—THE WHITE HOUSE A HIGH SOCIAL CENTER—JAMES G. BLAINE, SECRETARY OF STATE—THE FIRST INCUMBENT, THOMAS JEFFERSON—WILLIAM WINDOM, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY—ALEXANDER HAMILTON FIRST HELD THIS OFFICE—REDFILD PROCTOR, SECRETARY OF WAR—BENJAMIN TRACY, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY—JOHN WANAMAKER, POSTMASTER GENERAL—JOHN W. NOBLE, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR—WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON MILLER, ATTORNEY-GENERAL—JEREMIAH M. RUSK, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE—THE CABINET CENTENNIAL YEAR—PRESIDENT HARRISON AS HE IS TO HIS PEOPLE.

In looking back upon the wives of the Presidents the verdict must be that, with few exceptions, they have been women of remarkable intelligence and rare qualities. But what wondrous changes have been witnessed since the line began! Mrs. Adams, on her troublous way to the Capital, was lost in the woods between Baltimore and Washington; Mrs. Benjamin Harrison was brought triumphantly over rivers and mountains and whirled into the Capital City surrounded by the luxuries of a palace car.

Mrs. Adams in 1800 found "here and there a small cot without a glass window," interspersed in the forests; in the city a few buildings amid bogs and morasses. "The White House," she wrote, "is upon a grand and superb scale, but not a single apartment finished." Mrs. Harrison found a city fair to look upon; the "grand and superb" house dim with age, and the people clamoring for a home worthy the Chief Executive.

Mrs. Adams found the lighting of the apartments a "tax indeed," when wax tapers and tallow dips were the illuminating power; and thus it came that one servant was provided for this position by the powers that in those days footed all the household bills, from dish-towels to gold spoons.

Mrs. Adams said in 1800, "bells were wholly wanting; so great an inconvenience, I do not know what to do." In 1889 Mrs. Harrison had but to touch a button to put her into communication with the remotest corner of the house. Did not little Benjamin, when alone one day in his grandfather's office, climb to his table, and by a touch here and there with his baby hand set the whole force of secretaries clerks and messengers on a chase to do his majesty's bidding?

And, too, Mrs. Adams was distressed for wood. She "could not even see wood for the trees," it all having been burnt up by Briesler to dry the walls of the house before their coming; and so she had to "shiver, shiver; no wood-cutters and no carters."

As we come along down the line of fair and stately women who have lived under this roof, we find many names whose influence over the rulers of the Nation has given to posterity a spotless and heroic memory; and we have still another to add to the line of the ladies of the White House. Caroline Scott Harrison honored her station by her rare qualities of mind and heart more than it could honor her. Born and reared in an atmosphere of justice, truth and intelligence, she not only ornamented the White House, but honored American womanhood. With her family around her, with her daughter, Mrs. McKee, and the grandchildren, who touched the Nation's heart, a sweet domestic picture was presented.

Dr. Scott, the father of Mrs. Harrison, and Mrs. Scott Lord, the sister, made a marked feature in the social and the home life of the White House. The venerable father was not only the object of devotion to his daughters, but he enjoyed the respect of hosts of friends.

From the days of Abigail Adams to the present, the cares and responsibilities resting upon the presiding lady of the White House had increased in geometrical progression, until the position was far from being a flowery bed of ease.

By the people the President's wife is thought of as the social leader and queen of the drawing-room. The practical side of life hardly enters the popular mind, but especi-

ally is the practical side dominant in a character like Mrs. Harrison's. Mrs. Harrison was a devoted wife, mother, and model housekeeper. To this affectionate domestic life was added a fine culture and high intellectual quality, as well as a marked artistic ability, for Mrs. Harrison's talent in painting was well-known.

President Harrison knew the wishes of the people when he asked James G. Blaine to accept the portfolio of State. He knew that friends would hold up his hands and the opposition would fear his decision. From the first incumbent, Thomas Jefferson, to the present, no man of greater ability has filled this office.

Mr. Harrison's chosen Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. William Windom, was another appointment that did him credit. Alexander Hamilton, the first man to hold the office, who entered it when there was not money enough in the Treasury to meet current expenses, to say nothing of paying a debt of tens of millions, yet saved the National credit against mighty odds; his first official act being to recommend that the domestic and foreign war debt should be paid dollar for dollar. In his supreme sagacity he put forth those great state papers on finance, whose embodiment into laws fixed the duties on all foreign productions and taxed with judgment the necessities and luxuries of life.

He established a system that has met all exigencies, saved the National credit, paid the National war debt of the Revolution and of 1812; and in the war of the rebellion, when the expenses of a day were more than a year's income in Hamilton's time, this policy met all demands. The National credit was maintained, the country was prosperous, and the United States Treasury vaults full to overflowing.

It is said that it takes more wisdom to keep money and judiciously handle it, than it does to make it. Therefore President Harrison chose wisely when he placed William Windom at the head of the financial Department.

In the centennial year of Cabinet organization it spoke well for the leaders of the Republic that there was no sign of going backward. Since 1789, when one of New

England's bravest Generals, Henry Knox, came into possession of the first portfolio of the Secretary of War, all along the century's line of war ministers we find brave men. Monroe, of Virginia; Crawford, of Georgia; Calhoun, of South Carolina; Marcy, of New York; Cameron and Stanton, of Pennsylvania; Grant, of Illinois—all, have been eminent chieftains whose valor has been proved in times of need.

In times of peace there is no cessation of this work. The Regular Army is the skeleton upon which, in times of war, the forces of the Republic form. The President chose his councillor from the clear atmosphere of the New England hills, where, just a hundred years ago, George Washington went for Henry Knox to occupy the post taken by Secretary Proctor.

The Department of the Navy was first an auxiliary of the Army, but in 1789 became a full-fledged Department, and its head honored by a seat at the Cabinet table, filled by Benjamin Stoddard, of Maryland. Superior men have been called from civil life to represent this Department; among them may be named Crowinshield and George Bancroft, of Massachusetts; John Branch and Wm. A. Graham, of North Carolina; Levi Woodbury and Wm. E. Chandler, of New Hampshire; Gideon Welles, of Connecticut; Wm. C. Whitney, and, lastly, President Harrison's choice. The President gave a careful look ahead when he made Benjamin F. Tracy Secretary of the Navy.

The British Parliament in 1710, in the reign of Queen Anne, established a general postoffice for her Majesty's Dominions. By this act one chief letter-office was established in New York, and others at convenient places in her Majesty's Provinces in America. These postal facilities were preserved as far as possible when the yoke of allegiance to the Crown was thrown off. Benjamin Franklin was appointed General Deputy Postmaster of the Colonies in 1753. Two years from this time he gave notice that the mail to New England, which formerly started once a fortnight in Winter, should start once a week all the year, whereby answers to letters might be obtained between

Philadelphia and Boston once in three weeks, which used to require six weeks.

Samuel Osgood was the first Postmaster-General under the Federal Government, at a salary of $1,500 per annum. His appointment dates to 1789. Not until President Jackson's Administration, 1829, was the Postmaster-General recognized as an ex-officio Cabinet Minister. Among America's distinguished sons who have been honored by appointments as heads of this office were Amos Kendall, Jos. Holt, Horatio King, Montgomery Blair, and John A. J. Creswell; powerful men when the country needed giant help.

President Harrison returned to the locality that gave Ben Franklin to the country's service, and from the city of Brotherly Love brought John Wannamaker to the front to handle the Nation's mail. It did not require a political campaign to make this man prominent before the people.

In 1849 Congress passed an act establishing the Interior Department, and Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, was the first Secretary. Able men have been called to the head of this Department, like Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana; James Harlan, of Iowa; Zach Chandler, of Michigan; Henry M. Teller, of Colorado. John W. Noble, the newly-appointed Secretary, had been tried and not found wanting.

Again must we go back a hundred years to learn who was the first Attorney-General, and to find that it was Edmund Randolph, of Virginia. What an array we find along the way! There were William Pinckney, Richard Rush, William Wirt, Reverdy Johnson, Caleb Cushing, Jeremiah Black, Edwin M. Stanton and William M. Evarts among them.

William Henry Harrison Miller was too closely allied to President Harrison for him to have made any mistake in his appointment. He was a wise counsellor and friend of the President, such as is a necessity to every man in his position.

The Cabinet centennial year could not have been better observed than by adding a new Department and a new Secretary to the President's official household. A new

chair was placed at this family table, and the President happily invited Jeremiah M. Rusk, from the Badger State, to fill it.

He bore the credentials of a public man. Three terms had he served in Congress, and three times been chosen Governor of his State; but, perhaps, what he prized most was his service to his country, that made him Brigadier-General. The picture that went over the country representing him driving the "boys" to "Nacirema" showed his popularity. President Harrison's judgment was not faulty when he chose "Jerry" Rusk for his Secetary of Agriculture.

Mr. Harrison needed no pen picture to make him a familiar figure before the country. His ancestors, his birthplace, his daily life through the years were familiar to every newspaper reader. He need not depend for honor upon the prestige of his ancestors. The record of his personal life was his glory among his fellow-countrymen. His character, both public and private, was above suspicion. His love for his family, the tender solicitude he manifested in their presence or absence, the simplicity with which his attention to their wants was carried out, his familiar figure, seen almost daily walking along the thoroughfares of Washington, were subjects of daily comment which won the hearts of the people. He loved and still loves his country and his fellow-men.

Internationally and financially this country never stood on a firmer basis than during President Harrison's Administration. Some of the State papers emanating from the conditions of that time are models in diplomacy, and the United States of America was honored of men and of nations.

President Harrison's masterly message on the Chilean difficulty quickly won the approval of the civilized world, as well as other state papers connected with this matter which were entirely from his hand, owing to the shattered condition of health of his Secretary of State. This message will rank side by side with Monroe's great American policy.

The position taken by the President was so just and so

clearly set forth our claims that in less than three days he was enabled to announce to Congress that Chile had substantially complied with our demands.

Neither was there any uncertain ring to his attitude on the Hawaiian policy. On Feb. 1 Minister Stevens raised the United States flag over Honolulu, landed the marines and established a protectorate.

A treaty of annexation was about to be signed, but President Harrison thought it a mark of courtesy to defer proceedings for action to the incoming President, a policy Mr. Cleveland failed to carry out.

It was during this Administration that the great Worlds Fair Exposition at Chicago was conceived and brought to maturity. No surer index of the prosperity of the country is needed than that this Nation was in a condition to take upon it and carry on to such magnificent results the greatest exposition of the world. President Harrison left the White House in March, after having seen the dedication the October preceding, and President Cleveland touched the button the 1st of May that put in motion all the activities of this wonderful creation.

PATRIOTISM AND STATESMANSHIP.

This Administration will be looked upon as one governed by pure, exalted patriotism and broad statesmanship.

Caroline Scott Harrison, during her husband's Administration, was elected to the Presidency of The Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. It was largely through her zealous efforts in behalf of this society that it is to-day such a leading patriotic society in America.

It was Mrs. Harrison who first enthused the society with the desire to build in the City of Washington a home to be known as a Memorial Building for this society. Toward the consummation of this object the society is working, and the day is not far distant when it will be a realization.

At the first meeting of the Board of Management after the Congress of 1892, from recommendations which were

highly approved at that Congress, Mrs. Harrison proposed that a plan be immediately formulated for a Memorial Hall, in honor of the statesmen, soldiers, sailors, and patriots of the American Revolution, to be known as the Continental Hall, which was to be the property in fee-simple of American women calling themselves by inherited right Daughters of the American Revolution.

Acting on Mrs. Harrison's suggestion, a committee was formed to prepare and submit a plan and to further the fulfillment of the erection of such a building.

When that building is a fact and not an idea no name will be more honored in it than the first President of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

During the last two years of President Harrison's Administration sorrow sat enshrined upon the portals of the White House. First came the death of Mrs. Harrison's sister, Mrs. Scott Lord, then that of her venerable father, Dr. John Scott, and lastly, on Oct. 25, 1892, Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison passed into the silent land.

An inscrutable Providence rested his hand upon this family. Not only was the Nation in sackcloth, but individuals were in mourning over this broken household.

The President, Benjamin Harrison, true to his trust, continued to exercise his public functions ably, honestly, faithfully, until the close of his Administration

CHAPTER XV.

CLEVELAND'S SECOND ADMINISTRATION.

ONE OF HIS FIRST ACTS WAS TO WITHDRAW THE HAWAIIAN TREATY—SEVERELY CRITICIZED—A FINANCIAL CRISIS—THE WILSON BILL—REVOLUTION IN CUBA—VENEZUELAN QUESTION—MRS. CLEVELAND.

Grover Cleveland as 24th President was inaugurated, for the second time, March 4, 1893. To his Cabinet he called Walter Q. Gresham as Secretary of State; Hon. John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, as Secretary of the Treasury; Daniel S. Lamont (his Private Secretary during his first Administration) as Secretary of War; Wilson S. Bissell, of New York, as Postmaster-General, succeeded by William L. Wilson; Richard S. Olney, of Massachusetts, was appointed Attorney-General. Mr. Gresham died March, 1895, and Mr. Olney was made Secretary of State and Judson Harmon Attorney-General. Hoke Smith, Secretary of Interior, was succeeded by D. M. Francis. J. Sterling Morton was Secretary of Agriculture.

The first official act of President Cleveland after March 4, 1893, was to request the Senate to recall the Treaty of Annexation with Hawaii. That was one of the last acts of President Harrison's Administration.

On April 14 the American Protectorate was withdrawn by Commissioner Blount, who had been sent there as the President's direct representative. The Administration made an unsuccessful attempt to reinstate the dethroned Queen.

The Republic of Hawaii was proclaimed by the Revolutionists July 14, 1893, and on Aug. 9 it was officially recognized by the United States Government.

Party feeling ran high. The people were not in accord with the action of the Administration. Their sympathies were in the interest of Hawaii.

In the Summer of 1893 a money panic as severe as this country was ever called upon to meet swept over the land.

Banks refused the usual discounting accommodations, it mattered not how financially stable the parties. Public confidence was lost.

The panic was attributed to the "Silver Purchasing Act." The President convened a special Congress to take measures toward relieving the pressure. After a long and bitter debate, the Silver Repeal Act was passed Oct. 30, 1893. Party lines were obliterated.

On Dec. 19 a tariff bill, known as the Wilson Bill, was sent to the House. It was contested for 23 days, and passed Feb. 1, 1894. It was debated in the Senate until July, and after numerous amendments was passed by a strict party vote, 182 for and 106 against the measure.

The House rejected the 634 Senate amendments in gross. The Senate demanded the passage of their bill, or no tariff legislation. The House conferrees demanded free raw materials and no protection for sugar. The President's letter insisted on free raw materials; but all was in vain. The House fearing no tariff bill would be passed, finally, on Aug. 13, passed the Senate bill.

FAILED TO SIGN IT

The bill was not satisfactory to the President, and he allowed it to become a law without his signature on Aug. 27, 1894. An income tax provision had been inserted in the bill at the suggestion of the President. After much rancorous debate it had limped through the House, and in much the same way was passed by a reluctant Senate. The United States Supreme Court afterward decided it unconstitutional. This was a disappointment to the President, for it reduced the Government revenue $30,000,000.

The President, therefore, had to ask of Congress the authority to issue gold bonds; or, by the change in the tariff laws the Government was forced to borrow money enough to cover the deficiencies. This recommendation of the President was defeated.

Following this was an announcement from the President that he had already negotiated a conditional sale of

over $62,000,000 of four per cent. bonds to a syndicate, mostly foreign capitalists, having no alternative because of the "omission thus far on the part of Congress to beneficially enlarge the powers of the Secretary of the Treasury in the premises," and recommending a proposition to issue three per cent. bonds by act of Congress.

Mr. Wilson reported a bill authorizing the issue of $65,116,275 of gold three per cent. bonds, as recommended by the President. The bill was called up Feb. 14 and defeated. Other loans were subsequently negotiated.

In the previous Administration the National debt was reduced $236,527,666. In President Cleveland's Administration in three years the interest bearing bonded debt increased $262,602,245.

The revolution in Cuba began on Feb. 20, 1895. Congress passed resolutions favoring the recognition of belligerency, but the President looked upon these resolutions as a somewhat perfunctory expression of opinions not well digested. He was not in accord with the act of Congress.

VENEZUELA'S TROUBLES.

The Venezuela case came to the front during Mr. Cleveland's Administration. The Schomburgk boundary lines was the vital question. The discovery of gold in Venezuela induced Great Britain to claim the boundary line of British Guiana extended to the Orinoco, which included these gold fields.

When the British subjects entered the disputed territory the authorities of Venezuela had them arrested. For this Great Britain demanded an indemnity. Our Government recommended arbitration, to which Great Britain did not accede, but threatened to seize a part of Venezuela. President Cleveland championed the cause of Venezuela and defended the Monroe Doctrine by asserting that this Government could not allow any foreign power to get possession of any part of this continent by any process.

Lord Salisbury at first refused, decidedly, to arbitrate

the question, but a few months later England accepted the proposition of the United States.

Negotiations were pending with a New York syndicate and foreign bankers for a new gold loan of $100,000,000. England's hand was seen when securities began to be unloaded. Stocks tumbled, and Wall street was wild for 48 hours. The syndicates asked for a larger rate of interest, to enable them to float the loan.

The press came to the rescue, and suggested a popular loan. The Administration at last tried it. There were 4,640 bids—for over $684,000,000—at prices far better than offered by the syndicate. The country and the Administration were surprised at the solid and united phalanx of the people.

The lesson taught must inevitably be that this patriotic people will ever stand by their country, and that an insufficient revenue brings an unceasing deficit. Instead of a surplus in the Treasury we are borrowers in the market.

The effect of the policy of the time, its weal or woe for the country, has been cast. It will be written in burning letters when it shall have become history.

The official ceremonies of the White House were conducted upon the same dignified plane as has long been the custom. The semi-official occasions as compared with the first Cleveland Administration were conspicuous by their absence. Mrs. Cleveland, who filled so large a space in the social life at Washington in the first reign, became somewhat retired in the last, devoting her life almost entirely to her children, showing herself quite as much a queen in the home as she had previously been in society.

Her three children—Ruth, Esther and Marion—have fully developed in her the higher attributes of womanhood. When she left the Executive Mansion for her new home in Princeton, Mrs. Cleveland carried with her the love of her countrywomen. Through the years she will be remembered as one of the most gracious of the Queens of Society in the first century of the White House, and the blessings of the people will follow her.

CHAPTER XVI.

OHIO'S SON HEADS THE NATION.

TRIBUTES BY GREAT SPEAKERS TO A GREAT COMRADE—FORGING TO THE FRONT—SPRUNG FROM STURDY STOCK—PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S DOMESTIC RELATIONS—HIS WIFE.

We come to the one in the line of Presidents whose Administration will complete the first century of the White House. We find for the fifth time the country has called upon a son of Ohio to become its Chief Magistrate. Honors are even between Virginia, the Mother of Presidents, and Ohio.

We also recall the fact that in the morning of the present century the broad acres and thrifty farms on which the Capital City now stands were owned and had been settled a century back by a company of sturdy Scotch-Irish.

No people have made a stronger impress upon American history than this nationality, and it is a striking coincidence that should bring a man to wield the destinies of the Nation out of the evening of the old into the morning of another century whose Scotch-Irish blood tingled in the veins of his ancestry.

When President McKinley looks out of the windows of the White House over the sweeping lawns and on toward the Potomac he is looking at the same general landscape that filled the eye and heart of honest Davy Burns, and he can see the spot where Tom Moore wrote to Thomas Hume the lines:

"So here I pause; and now, my Hume! we part;
But oh, full oft in magic dreams of heart
Thus let us meet and mingle converse dear
By Thames at home or by Potomac here!
O'er lakes and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,
'Midst bears and Yankees, Democrats and frogs,
Thy foot shall follow me; thy heart and eyes
With me shall wonder, and with me despise."

The Convention at St. Louis chose William McKinley

as their standard-bearer. Hon. Mr. Foraker, in his nominating speech, said, among other things:

"His testimonials are of private life without reproach; four years of heroic service as a boy soldier on the battlefields of the Republic under such gallant Generals as Philip H. Sheridan; 12 years of conspicuous service in the halls of Congress associated with great leaders of Republicanism; four years of executive service as Governor of Ohio; but, greatest of all, measured by present requirements, leader of the House of Representatives and author of the McKinley law—a law under which labor had richer reward and the country greatly increased prosperity."

Senator Thurston, during the speech by which he seconded the nomination, said: "When this country called to arms he took into his boyish hands a musket and followed the flag, bravely baring his breast to the hell of battle that it might float serenely in the Union sky. For a quarter of a century he has stood in the fierce light of public place, and his robes of office are spotless as the driven snow. He has cherished no higher ambition than the honor of his country and the welfare of the plain people. Steadfastly, courageously, victoriously, and with tongue of fire he has pleaded their cause. * * * His God-given powers are consecrated to the advancement and renown of his own country, and to the uplifting and ennobling of his own countrymen. * * * Omnipotence never sleeps. Every great crisis brings a leader. For every supreme hour Providence finds a man. * * *

"That comfort and contentment may again abide, the fireside glow, the women sing, the children laugh; yes, and on behalf of that American flag, and all it stands for and represents, for the honor of every stripe, for the glory of every star, that its power may fill the earth and its splendor span the sky, I ask the nomination of that loyal American, that Christian gentleman, soldier, statesman, patriot—William McKinley."

The result we know. He received the nomination, and the people said: "Go higher."

That Convention addressed itself to the awakened intelligence of the people by certain declarations of facts

and principles, and then selected the man whom they could trust to carry them out. There was no uncertain ring to the platform. Every vital point had its hearing—the tariff, reciprocity, sound money, pensions, Monroe Doctrine, civil service, National arbitration, rights of women, foreign relations.

MR. McKINLEY'S ROMANCE.

A Providence took Maj. McKinley to Canton when he came to the mile-stone in life that was to guide him to success or failure in the affairs of men. There he first met Miss Ida Saxton and subsequently made her his wife. She was the daughter of James A. Saxton, one of the leading men of Canton. There they first set up the home. The first shadow that came upon this household was the death of their first-born, a little daughter three years old. This was followed by the death of her mother, and soon the second child, a baby.

The shock of this triple loss made an invalid of Mrs. McKinley for several years. When her husband came to Congress she took up her duties and was his constant companion. She was a close companion of Mrs. Hayes, and was often called upon to assist in the social functions of the White House. Her experience, her culture and education have fully equipped her for the duties she is now called upon to meet.

She is singularly attractive in person. She has an oval face, with large, deep-blue eyes that express her soul as she looks into your face. Her head is well formed and covered with soft, brown, wavy hair tinged with silver. She keeps it short, which gives her a youthful appearance.

Her bearing is benignant and serene, and draws old and young alike unto her. She takes a deep interest in all public questions and holds herself ready to respond to the requirements and duties devolving upon the first lady of the land, although she does not hesitate to say, "It is not of my choice that we are here. Mr. McKinley has given so many years to his country and his country's service that it did seem to me the remainder of life he

belonged to me. Had it been left to me I would have so settled it."

We have seen Mr. McKinley in the various attitudes of public life, but to know the truest manhood that lies within him is to know him in his domestic relations from the lips of those who have lived nearest to him. We know there was never a more devoted, tender, thoughtful husband—never sweeter family relations—never a truer friend.

When the imaginary walls of office are scaled that shields a public man from the masses, behind it President McKinley still wears the garb of comrade and friend, and his hand is ever extended for good fellowship.

We know the stock from whence he sprang. His parents possessed the sterling qualities of good citizenship. His mother was a woman of strong and passionate patriotism. She was one who was willing to make sacrifices to save her country's flag. She was now reaping her reward. When we saw her in the home of the President, sitting there in the beauty and serenity of years that brought a halo over her, we asked if it was not a proud day for her to see her son President, she sweetly answered: "I am proud to be the mother of my boy"

DAWN OF A NEW CENTURY.

We are nearing the time when the hour will be rung, the curtain will go down, the lights turned out, and the dawn of a new century will appear. And what have we of this century to bequeath to it? Let us see. The little narrow strip of territory lying along the small portion of the Atlantic coast, about as large as the State of Texas, has been added to from time to time. Before any of the acquisitions of the last war our possessions had grown until they were 50 times greater than the 13 original States. It seems a little late in the century to raise the cry against expansion. But now a hundred years of our Republic has been completed, President McKinley has made up the National ledger, a balance sheet is presented for inspection After a century of expansion the Consti-

tution is stronger than ever to-day. The Government has a standing at home and abroad that it never had before.

When John Adams entered the White House, Nov. 17, 1800, 24 years after the Declaration of Independence, the houses in Washington would scarcely accommodate the small retinue of officials, 54 in number, including the President, Secretaries and clerks.

Pennsylvania Avenue was a deep morass covered with alder bushes. The streets were roads and the sidewalks cow-paths. One wing only of the Capitol was finished. To-day it is a city of palaces; silent in its magnificence—a dream-world of column and capital, shaded parks and broad avenues.

Since this century began this Nation has become a giant among nations. What has it wrought? What has invention and discovery brought to it? The population was 5,308,483. To-day, in round numbers, it has 75,000,000 of people.

When John Adams entered the White House, 100 years ago, Robert Fulton's steamer Claremont had not sailed up the Hudson. Since that time the echoes from the puffs of that little craft have been heard around the world, and the commerce of the earth has taken on new proportions.

President Adams and Congress traveled by horse and chaise to the new Capital, and were lost in the forest before reaching Washington. To-day there is not a Capital of a State in the Union, from ocean to ocean, from lake to gulf, that a palace car does not enter over the steel highways of the continent. The first track laid, the first puff of a locomotive, and the first trial trip made was from Washington to Baltimore.

There was no electric telegraph, but the potent influences of the century bade it spring into life, and "deep calleth to deep," "and the deep uttereth his voice," and the Nations of the earth speak with one tongue, and with the morning and the evening sun they are in touch with each other.

The same spirit of discovery dominated other minds in the century. The telephone has enabled the Washing-

tonian to literally speak face to face with his neighbor in New York. Thomas Edson has divided the electric current and its light indefinitely, so that man holds a torch in his hand and the dark places of the earth are thereby made light.

Through the discoveries of the century lightning has become a winged messenger. It has been harnessed to chariots and man has commanded it to stand still and become the beacon light to the nations of the earth.

The Ohio River was the limit of civilization; now it is bounded only by the waters of the deep, and the great deserts are dotted with the cities of the plain.

Chicago had neither habitation nor name; to-day it numbers one and a half million souls. The first world's exposition was in London, not 50 years ago. The greatest exposition of the world was celebrated in Chicago in 1893. In its suburbs arose the "White City," an apocalypse in architecture, a poem in fairy palaces. The nations walked in the light of it and the kings of the earth brought their glory unto it.

Our cities, our homes, charities, churches, universities, public schools and libraries speak with a tongue not misunderstood. By energy, thrift, true manhood and a pure patriotism we have commanded the respect of the world, but we have reached a strategic point in Nation making, and it will require statesmanship of a high order to hold the things attained, and true leadership to represent the responsibilities of the hour, in our foreign policies and civic aspirations. And such it is believed we have in President McKinley and the Cabinet he has chosen. With such men as the following he has wise advisers: Senator John Sherman for Secretary of State and Judge Day his Assistant; Lyman J. Gage, of Chicago, as Secretary of the Treasury; Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, as Secretary of War; John D. Long, of Massachusetts, at the head of the Navy; Cornelius N. Bliss, Secretary of the Interior; Joseph McKenna, of California, Attorney-General; James A. Gary, of Maryland, Postmaster-General, and James Wilson, of Iowa, as Secretary of Agriculture.

They will find that the seed planting is done; that the blade has appeared, also the ear, and the full corn in the ear, and the question for statesmen to solve is how the harvesting shall be done. How shall it be made free to all? How shall every man have his share in the work, and no one be left without the power of bringing happiness to himself by doing something, making or creating something that will help to fill the National garners of the inconing century?

This Administration took the reins when a blight had swept over the country; when industries were stagnant, manufactories silent, farmers disheartened, citizens unemployed, and our finances gone wool-gathering.

Through the guidance of the Ship of State by President McKinley the broken cords of a dismembered people—a disorganized industrial condition—was taken up and attached once more to the wheels of Commerce and Progress. The smoke from the valleys tells us that the furnaces are in blast; the whirr of the spindles are again heard; the farmer is sowing and reaping, and renumerated for his labor; the capitalist is seeking the laborer and the artisan, and the wage-earner is recompensed for his service.

The policy planned by Hamilton, advocated by Washington, secured by McKinley, will again bring the handmaidens of Peace and Prosperity to reign in the land. The first century in the White House is ended. How short the cylce appears compared with the histories of the old world, and yet, when measured by the things done in God's universe, how long the span.

When the glad morning of a new century is ushered in, this Republic, founded on the rock of freedom, blessed with every gift of nature, laden with the richest possibilities, will stand in the sunshine of its glory ready to lead the Republics of the world in their march toward liberty. Through all this hundred years the sun has sent its morning kiss on the crest of the waves of the old Atlantic to the shores of this Christian Republic, and for half a century when it has sunk behind the sunset sea its rays have tipped its good-night through our Golden Gate

of the great Pacific. At the end of this 100 years, with the Antilles in the East, and the Golden Gate, the Hawaiis, and our Philippines in the west, we have reached the hour when the sun never sets in our domain, and it is always morning in our Republic. A grateful Republic will not forget in the closing days of the 19th century what it owes to Wm. McKinley, President of these United States.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOMES ON LAFAYETTE SQUARE.

THE WHITE HOUSE THE FIRST BUILT ON THE SQUARE—ST. JOHN'S CHURCH—DECATUR'S SERVICE TO HIS COUNTRY—JEROME BONAPARTE—AN HISTORICAL PARTY—THE FATAL DUEL—AN HISTORIC ESTIMATE—HENRY CLAY IN THE DECATUR MANSION. EDWARD LIVINGSTON—OTHER MEN OF NOTE—THE SICKLES HOME—SUCCESSIVELY THE HOME OF THREE SECRETARIES OF THE NAVY—RESIDENCE OF DOLLY MADISON—FAMOUS MEN PASSED ITS PORTALS—GEN. McCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS—HOME OF OGLE TAYLOE—SEWARD MANSION AND ITS TRAGIC REMINISCENCES.

The White House was the first house built on Lafayette Square. It was completed in 1800. No other house was erected on the Square until after the War of 1812.

As late as 1812 the whole space from 15th to 17th streets was a neglected common, entirely destitute of trees, and was the parade-ground for the militia muster.

There was but one house between this common and the "Seven Buildings." The only houses north of the common were one that occupied the site of the present Riggs residence, and an old rickety house on the northeast angle of the Square on Vermont avenue, which was successively owned by Mr. Corcoran and Mr. Riggs.

In the primitive days, when this Square was but a waste place, at its west angle there was an oval racecourse; and the Avenue at 17th and 20th streets was the home-stretch, with the judge's stand near the residence of Mr. William T. Carroll, on F street.

The original plan of the city, it is said, embraced the whole area from 15th to 17th street in the Presidential grounds, but under the direction of Mr. Jefferson they were reduced to their present dimensions, forming the streets 15th and 17th, and cutting off Lafayette Square.

At the conclusion of the War of 1812, St. John's Church was built. The first private house was built by Commodore Decatur in 1819. He purchased the lot on the corner of H and 16th streets, and Latrobe was the architect of the house. It was expected that the other Commodores,

Rodgers and Ridgely, would build houses similar on opposite angles of the Square.

Commodore Decatur's first home was one of the "Seven Buildings." He was a man of high renown and did his country noble service. He was an eminently patriotic man, as is manifested in his celebrated toast: "My country, may she always be right; but, right or wrong, my country."

Mrs. Decatur was a woman of rare accomplishments. She was the daughter of Mr. Wheeler, an eminent merchant of Norfolk. He gave her every advantage that money could bring. She left school with high honors, and for years was the reigning belle of Norfolk.

It is said that her hand was sought by Jerome Bonaparte; but by the advice of her friend, Robert G. Harper, she rejected him. Mr. Harper predicted, what afterward turned out to be the case with his marriage with Miss Patterson, that Napoleon would repudiate the marriage.

The history of Decatur's life was written in the decorations on the walls of this house. There were paintings of celebrated battles and trophies of war, gold medals and gold swords, the gifts of Congress, articles of virtu, services of plate, gifts from the Cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia, bits of oriental furniture purchased or captured in conflicts in Barbary, or on the high seas. In these spacious rooms the grand assemblies gathered down to the Saturday night before the fatal duel was fought.

This party was given in honor of Mrs. Gouverneur, the daughter of President Monroe, then a bride. Commodore Decatur, cognizant of the affair of honor which awaited him, was the same affable host, his wife, even, being unconscious of the cloud that hung over them.

The next week Commodore Porter was to give a similar party. During the evening Decatur said to his confidant, Commodore Porter, "I may spoil your party."

The following Wednesday, at the dawn of day, Decatur arose, walked silently out of the house, crossed Lafayette Square, and proceeded to Beale's Tavern, near the Capitol, where he and his seconds breakfasted. The duel was fought at Bladensburg, at 9 o'clock. Decatur

was mortally wounded, and was brought to his home, where he died in the basement room of the house on the evening of the day of the duel.

Excitement ran high, and Commodore Barron, although maimed for life, was the recipient of anathemas from hearts tortured with agony for the noble Decatur dead. But since then many a naval officer has changed his mind in regard to this unfortunate affair.

There is a period which elapses after the death of any hero when he passes out of patriotic into historic estimate; and there are many to-day who believe that Decatur's renewed and unrelenting pursuit of Barron was the cause of the duel.

It is related by those living near, that Mrs. Decatur lived on in this house three years, secluded and alone, and then removed to Kalorama, where her husband was buried. Here she entertained with great display. Her last days were spent in Georgetown, and she died in the Convent in 1855.

After Mrs. Decatur left her home she rented it to the Russian Minister, Baron Tuyl. His name and fame seem to have been founded upon his being an epicure, his liberal hospitality and the excellence of his dinners.

When he left Washington, John Quincy Adams was President, and his Secretary of State, Henry Clay, occupied the Decatur house. Here he sustained his social position and added dignity to the hallowed memories of this home.

Martin Van Buren succeeded Mr. Clay as Secretary of State, during President Jackson's Administration, and occupied this house. With his love of show, he was not outdone by Henry Clay in the style of his entertainments.

When the Jackson Cabinet was broken up, the accomplished statesman, Edward Livingston, succeeded Mr. Van Buren in the Cabinet and in his home. This appointment undoubtedly grew out of the warm attachment that sprung up between Gen. Jackson and Mr. Livingston at New Orleans.

Edward Livingston was the brother of the Chancellor of New York. He left his native State to make a home in

the new domain of Louisiana. His marriage with the charming Madame Moreau, the midnight wedding in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent of New Orleans, the vicissitudes she and her family experienced, her exile from San Domingo, and her love for her adopted country, are well known incidents in history.

When Mr. Livingston first came to Washington as a member of Congress, Monroe was President. He was afterward sent as Senator, and then was tendered the portfolio of Secretary of State, which he relinquished when made Minister to the Court of France.

His beautiful wife and his daughter, Cora Livingston, made the Decatur house the social center of Washington society during the Jackson Administration. Mrs. Livingston was a woman of rare endowments, and her mantle gracefully fell upon their worthy child. Cora married Thomas Barton, who was afterward Secretary of Legation with her father. Both of these women spent their widowhood at the grand old mansion on the Hudson, Montgomery Place. Mrs. Livingston laid down her life in October, 1860, full of years and full of honor.

Years have waxed and waned since the beautiful Cora Livingston was the reigning belle of Jackson's Administration. Her last visit to the city of her childhood's home, in 1871, brought back "Our Lady of the Manor," in clinging black robes, a quaint hood of black silk with its soft white rouche touching brow and cheek that were no longer young. And yet she was the center of attraction and reverence wherever she appeared. She too rests at the manor on the Hudson, and other lives have individualized the home on Lafayette Square.

Sir Charles Vaughan, the British Minister, lived here. He was a bachelor, but he made his house a center for refined and elegant society, and with his gracious manner and open hospitality entertained in true British fashion.

On his leaving the Decatur house, "mine host" of the National Hotel, Mr. John Gadsby, occupied it until his death.

The Baron Hyde de Neuville represented the French aristocrasy of the old regime, and the Decatur house was

his home. They entertained royally; on receiving her guests the Baroness used to say:

"I am charming to see you."

For a time this house was rented by the Government and used for offices, and was afterward purchased by Gen. Edward Fitzgerald Beale. On this transfer the Decatur mansion fell into worthy hands. Gen. Beale was the grandson of Commodore Thomas Truxtun. Commodore Decatur was a Midshipman under Truxtun, and thus it came that the grandson of his old commander kept the charming halls and grand salons brilliant with the revived splendor of past days.

The next house built on the Square was the one known as the Stockton-Sickles house. It stands a few rods to the south of the Decatur house, and was built by Dr. Ewell, of the Navy. It successively passed into the hands of three Secretaries of the Navy, Smith Thompson, Southard, and Woodbury, Mr. Woodbury living there while Secretary of the Treasury and the Navy.

William C. Rives, Senator from Virginia, was the next occupant, and then Dr. Harris, of the Navy. It was afterward purchased by Mr. Stockton, Purser in the Navy. His wife was a niece of Mr. Decatur, and lived with him at the time of his death. Upon the death of Mr. Stockton, Daniel E. Sickles, then member of Congress from New York, rented the house, and into it took his young and inexperienced wife.

When Mr. and Mrs. Sickles lived there, Lafayette Square was in its infancy. The tall trees that are now towering to the tops of the houses, giving grateful shelter and shade, were then merely shrubs. The waving of a handkerchief could be seen distinctly at the club-house opposite. This was the signal used by the once innocent, then tempted and ruined, wife and Key. The betrayal and death by Sickles's hand came in quick succession. A shattered home only was left.

We gladly turn the pages of history and come upon sunnier days, when Schuyler Colfax, with his mother and sister, the incomparable host and hostess, reigned over the household gathered within these walls.

On the corner of Lafayette Place and H street stands the house in which Mrs. Madison, for several years after her husband's death, held court. It was built by Richard Cutts, Mrs. Madison's brother-in-law. This was the sister Cutts upon whom this rhyme was written, after the ride with Mrs. Madison, when the White House was burned, in 1814:

"My sister Cutts, and Cutts and I,
And Cutts's children three,
Will fill the coach, so you must ride
On horseback after we."

This house came later into the possession of Mrs. Madison, who was compelled, for economy's sake, to rent it in turn to Attorney-General Crittenden, Hon. William C. Preston, and Mr. Roosevelt, of New York. Here the accomplished Mrs. Roosevelt did honor to the home of Mrs. Madison by entertaining in true Knickerbocker style.

The last years of Mrs. Madison's life was spent in this house. Her New Year's and Fourth of July receptions were honored by the same throng of visitors, dignitaries and strangers who had previously made their official visit to the President. After her death her house was purchased by Commodore Wilkes, who captured Mason and Slidell.

During the war it was the Headquarters of Gen. McClellan. A sight of frequent occurrence in those days was the General with his Chief of Staff, Gen. Marcy, his Aids, Count de Chartres and Comte de Paris, with Prince de Joinville at their side, in full military costume, mounted, ready to gallop off over the Potomac hills.

For many years it was rented to the French Claims Commission, and, at last, was purchased by the Cosmos Club. Under their supervision it underwent extensive repairs, and is now the cheerful headquarters of the literati of Washington.

A few rods to the south of this is the house once owned and occupied by Benjamin Ogle Tayloe. It was completed in 1828, but owning to a want of affiliation with the

incoming Administration of Gen. Jackson, the house was leased by Thomas Swan, an eminent lawyer of Washington, and father of Gov. Swan, of Maryland.

Mr. Swan owned the house that has long been known as the home of W. W. Corcoran, and was leased to the Russian Minister, Baron Krudener.

When Mr. Tayloe came into possession of his house, for 40 years he dispensed a liberal and elegant hospitality. He entertained under this roof the most eminent of his countrymen and the most distinguished foreigners that have visited this land.

The last visit made by Gen. William Henry Harrison to any private house was to that of Mr. Tayloe, to whom he announced his intention of making his brother, Edward Tayloe, United States Treasurer.

His long residence abroad as Secretary to Minister Rush, at the Court of St. James, did not alienate him from his love for his native land. His friends and his correspondence prove this. From a characteristic letter to his friend, R. R. Wormeley, of Newport, R. I., in 1850, we quote the following (President Zachary Taylor had just died):

"I deeply regret the demise of the late President and highly rejoice in that of his Cabinet.

"'There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
  To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.
A union of lakes, a union of lands,
  A union of States none can sever;
A union of hearts, a union of hands,
  The American Union forever,'

will be my toast whenever called upon for the issues of my heart."

In the latter part of February, 1859, when the tragical event took place of the shooting of Philip Barton Key by Gen. Sickles, the former was carried into the home of Mr. Tayloe, who was a relative of Key, where he died a few moments after.

Mr. Tayloe was married in Troy, N. Y., in 1824, to Miss Julia Maria Dickinson. She was by birth and educa-

tion fitted to adorn such a home. In the Summer of 1855 she passed away. In years after, Mr. Tayloe married Miss Phœbe Warren, of Troy. He died in Rome, and upon the death of his wife, which occurred only four years ago, the Corcoran Art Gallery came into possession of all the works of art that adorned this beautiful home, the gift of Mrs. Tayloe. A fine library, pictures, bric-a-brac and specimens of clyptic art comprise this collection.

Near the middle of the block stands the most historic building in the Square. The ground upon which this house was built was once owned by Henry Clay.

It is told that he came into possession of it by the exercise of the profession which Mrs. Clay said did not disturb her, because he always won. He exchanged this lot with Commodore Rodgers for a jackass which he had brought from a foreign port. The beast was transferred to his celebrated stock farm in Kentucky, and there is a tradition that the mules for which old Kentucky is so famous owe their origin to this braying grandfather of Lafayette Square.

The house was built by Commodore Rodgers, who was known as the Nestor of the Navy. After his death it was the home of Roger B. Taney while Secretary of the Treasury; then of Mr. Paulding, Secretary of the Navy. It subsequently became a club-house, and was afterward sold, repaired, and rented to ex-Gov. William H. Seward, then Secretary of State.

During the eight years that Mr. Seward occupied this house an elegant hospitality was extended that drew around him the foremost men of the land. He held an important place among politicians. His "Higher Law" and his "Irrepressible Conflict" stamped him among the great minds in politics.

When shadows penetrated this home in the attempted assassination of Mr. Seward, sorrow sat upon every threshold of the Nation. For months father and son languished on beds of suffering from the merciless blows of Payne. But the light of this home was not all darkened until the lovely daughter, companion, confidante and comforter of the father passed out of its portals to

return no more forever. Always delicate, her fragile physique could not resist the shock of this crowning tragedy. With her going out only a memory and a waiting was left the illustrious broken-hearted father.

In the years that have come and gone, new graves have opened; father and daughter are joined in the better country, where nations cannot tremble and where affections cannot be severed.

A little later and the grand saloon of the Seward house, with its tragedies and its shadows, presented new scenes and festive seasons. The halls re-echoed mirthfulness and the walls sent back sweet sounds. General and Mrs. Belknap repeated the festivities of the old regime. She was a social queen of rare endowment, but the summons came—there was a new-made grave over which the Winter winds moaned, and other hearts were made desolate. The shadows of grief again fell over the old mansion. In the year that followed the old associations revived for a day, but with a flickering light; and when the curtain fell again upon the festive scenes of the old home, it was to cover the weaknesses of human nature.

It has since been used as Governmental Headquarters for the Commissary Department. And lastly, the ample halls and grand saloon were decorated and adorned with fresh frescoes and historic devices for the leading genius of the Republican party, James G. Blaine.

In 1862 Mr. Blaine took his seat in Congress. More than a quarter of a century has passed, and who is there among our public men to-day that could better tell our country's story?

In 1862 Abraham Lincoln, William H. Seward, Stephen A. Douglas, Charles Sumner, James A. Garfield, Chester A. Arthur, John A. Logan, Roscoe Conkling, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, John B. Floyd were among the living. All have since passed before the judge of all, and have answered for their mortal deeds.

Mr. Blaine saw the country pass from slavery to liberty; from a country bound in chains to a Nation robed in glory. In the changing kaleidoscope he saw the National Capital

transformed from a miserable mockery of a city into a magnificent metropolis.

Not only was Mr. Blaine a witness to all these changes, but his finger was on the heart of the Nation, and he noted its every pulsation. He saw the political, social and intellectual revolution and watched its results, and noted that joy came to the multitude and sorrow by means of it to none. He saw candidates of party preferment come and go, like Clay, Webster, Seward, Calhoun and Douglas, and if he himself sometimes felt the sharp sting of disappointment, he was in illustrious company. His personal magnetism, his dignified yet courteous bearing, his profound statesmanship brought to him the admiration of his friends and the respect of his political enemies.

This great man, whose fame needs no expansion from my pen, will ever remain at the top of the list of American statesmen. His services to his country are recorded in the annals of our time, and will prove an incentive to glorious endeavor to thousands of youth now living, as well as to thousands yet unborn.

The wondrous personal magnetism of this distinguished man is a theme upon which many pens have been exerted, only to prove their insufficiency. My own would figure in this list were I to attempt to describe the indescribable.

I have felt the charm of his manner in personal interview, and can only say that nothing more dignified, and yet more winning, have I met. His commanding person, his intellectual features, his agreeable voice, his amazing facility for saying the right thing at the right time, were points which leave all comparison with any statesman now living far behind.

His footstep was on the threshold of the Seward home; a fit occupant within those walls, sacred with National memories. No location in Washington was more attractive; opposite the waving green of Lafayette Square, the home of the Presidents on the left. In the atmosphere of homes of near a century's growth, he tock up the pen of history with hopes and honor, and added another page to his country's glory.

Not a century ago a corner of Lafayette Square was

marked by the headstones of dead Powtomacs. Ancient apple trees spread their scraggy branches over truant boys, who munched the toothsome fruit to their hearts' content; now forest trees and velvet lawns beckon you to rest.

In the grateful shade, through the vista of green which casts lights and shadows on flowers and happy childhood, you see the manly form of the "Hero of New Orleans" mounted on his mettled charger. While sitting there, with the blue sky and the arcade of tender green over you, in the peacefulness of the moment, forget the burden of tragedy and tears that these homes surrounding this Square represent, the light threads and the dark that have been woven into the warp and woof of the country's history.

But the days of shadows and tragedies in this home were not over. Mr. Blaine and his son Walker, and his daughter, Mrs. Coppinger, all died in this house, and when Mrs. Blaine closed its doors to go to her home in Maine, they were not reopened, but the property, with all its sad history, went into the hands of a company who razed the house to the ground and built thereon a theater.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HOME OF CHARLES SUMNER.

SUMNER'S CLASSIC HOME—THE SUCCESSOR OF DANIEL WEBSTER. A MAN OF DIGNIFIED APPEARANCE—BEN: PERLEY POORE, HIS CLERK—ESTRANGEMENT FROM GRANT—BOTH NUMBERED WITH THE GREAT MAJORITY—HIS STUDY—LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL—CONNOISSEUR IN ART—INSTINCTIVE LOVE OF FREEDOM—EULOGY—THE CORCORAN HOUSE—A MEMORABLE DISPATCH—MARQUIS DE MONTHOLON'S BALL—HOME OF JOHN SLIDELL AND OF GIDEON WELLES—REVERDY JOHNSON'S HOUSE. DANIEL WEBSTER'S RESIDENCE.

On the corner diagonally across the street from the Madison house stands a red-brick house with a mansard roof. This was once the classic home of Charles Sumner.

When in Washington, for the last nine years that he was in the United States Senate, he lived in this house.

For a period of 23 years Mr. Sumner filled his chair in the Senate as the successor of Daniel Webster. By nature and by education he was pre-eminently fitted for the work before him, extolling what he thought was noble, and denouncing what he believed to be wrong.

No visitor in Congress during that time but can recall his upright carriage and dignified presence—a man fit to succeed the immortal Webster. His life was devoted to an unending effort to secure for a wronged and degraded race the rights of men.

When Brooks struck him down in the Senate Chamber, he was destined to suffer bodily as few men have suffered. What he had to say on resuming his seat after a three years' absence, in which he endured agonies from the blow of Brooks, was like the man.

"I have no personal griefs to utter; only a vulgar egotism could intrude such into this chamber. I have no personal wrongs to avenge; only a brutal nature could attempt to wield that vengeance which belongs to the Lord. The years that have intervened and the tombs that have opened since I spoke, have their voices, too, which I cannot fail to hear. Besides, what am I, or what

is any man among the living or among the dead, compared with the question before us?"

He was ever ready to attack evil in its strongest hold; and, like the knight of Ivanhoe in the tournament, he struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of its bravest champion.

When the Republicans came into power in 1861, Mr. Sumner was made Chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs, a position for which he was well fitted by his knowledge of the history, literature, and language of other countries. He spoke French like a native, and foreigners from the Diplomatic Corps visited his home frequently for social as well as business purposes.

His selection for clerk of his committee was the late eminent author and journalist, Maj. Ben: Perley Poore. This appointment was made in full confidence of the Major's fitness for the position, and his friendship for the man. For years he held this position with Mr. Sumner, and was afterwards promoted to a more lucrative office.

When Mr. Sumner became estranged from Gen. Grant and his Cabinet, it will be remembered that "Perley," in his dispatches and letters, antagonized his old friend and strongly favored the President. Many of Mr. Sumner's friends did not follow him. Some of them brought these letters to his notice. He would not read them, but would say:

"I like him too well to read his letters; I like the person, not the writer. We are each doing what we believe to be our duty. Why should we quarrel?"

The years Mr. Sumner gave to the study of art and to the languages made him a man of elegant accomplishments, which always brought him the society of the educated and the cultured in the land. His study, which was a large room on the second floor, overlooking Vermont avenue, was richly filled with engravings, books and manuscripts. He loved all that was beautiful. In the study of engravings he had acquired a knowledge even of lace manufacture, and to him it was one of the fine arts. He studied it as he would color, or perspective, and it is said of him that he knew more of laces than most ladies.

He was also a connoisseur in ceramics; his home was filled with gems of rare old china, and specimens of oriental, ancient and modern pottery adorned his cabinets. He brought himself face to face with Phœnician thought, and from the wonders of the Kurium Temple he read the records of the past, and did not doubt the inventive genius, the æsthetic taste, the beautiful ideas that made them masters of their art.

After all, it was high moral qualities that gave him eminence in his own country and throughout the world. Charles Sumner was born with an instinctive love of freedom, and believed that it was the indefeasible right of every being created in God's image.

The world will voice the sentiments of a brother Senator in his eulogy of this good man:

"When the men, not yet grown old, are gone who shared the studies, the hopes, the joys of this youth of richest promise; when no man lives who remembers the form of manly beauty and manly strength, and the tones of the mellow and far-sounding voice which arraigned the giant crimes of all ages; when no survivor is left of the 15 years of strife, labor, and anxiety, and danger, and victory which began with the Fugitive Slave law, and ended with Appomattox and the adoption of the 13th Amendment; when the feet are dust that are wont to cross the threshold of that hospitable home with its treasures of art and literature; when the eloquent voices of eulogy from orator, poet and pulpit are traditions and not a memory, the character of Charles Sumner will still be an efficient force in history and will still have a higher place than now in the gratitude of mankind."

REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

A few rods from the famous house of Charles Sumner, there stands, on the corner of Connecticut avenue and H street, what was the home of W. W. Corcoran. In the long ago, many of the dignitaries of Washington lived there.

Before and during the Mexican War it was occupied by the British Minister, Mr. Pakenham. Here he kept open house, and it was the scene of festivities which admit of no rivals even in this day of lavish expenditure.

Previous to Mr. Corcoran's purchase it was owned by Daniel Webster, having been presented to the Massachusetts statesman by his admiring friends. Here he resided while Secretary of State, and many of the brilliant entertainments of that day were given within its halls.

When Mr. Webster left the Cabinet, he found he could not afford the expense of such an establishment. Mr. Webster is a fair example of the fact that the gift of 10 talents is rarely made to one person, and his deficiency seemed to be an utter want of financial ability; he was ever an impecunious man. Mr. Corcoran made many improvements to the property after Mr. Webster lived there.

At the outbreak of the war Mr. Corcoran's sympathies were with the South. He did not wish to identify himself actively with the cause, and therefore decided to go abroad, where he remained until the long struggle was ended.

There have been many stories regarding the attempt to confiscate the property by the Government, but we believe the true one to be this, coming from the lips of Mr. Corcoran's confidential agent, the venerable and courtly gentleman, Mr. Hyde:

After Mr. Corcoran had left the city, and was still in New York, Mr. Hyde on Sunday morning received orders to have the house cleared by Tuesday, as it was to be occupied by the Government. He immediately telegraphed Mr. Corcoran, whose reply was that he had sometime before rented the house to the French Minister, M. de Montholon.

This dispatch never reached the hands of Mr. Hyde. Monday he called upon the proper officials and told them they could take the house; he should not undertake to move, in one day, all those wonderful works of art, household gods, etc.; he might just as well leave them there. They politely told him they had changed their minds, and De Montholon took possession.

In February, 1866, when Gen. Grant was stationed in Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, M. de Montholon, who retained the house for the French Legation, issued cards of invitation for the most magnificent ball that was ever given at the Capital.

The ball was given by the order of Louis Napoleon, in consequence of which the French ship then lying at Annapolis was ordered here, that her officers might attend the entertainment. The city was filled with officers of the United States army in full uniform, which added greatly to the brilliant appearance of the affair.

The Marquise de Montholon wore a magnificent dress covered with jeweled fleur-de-lis, ordered from Paris for the occasion; across her breast was the Order of Napoleon and that of the house of De Montholon.

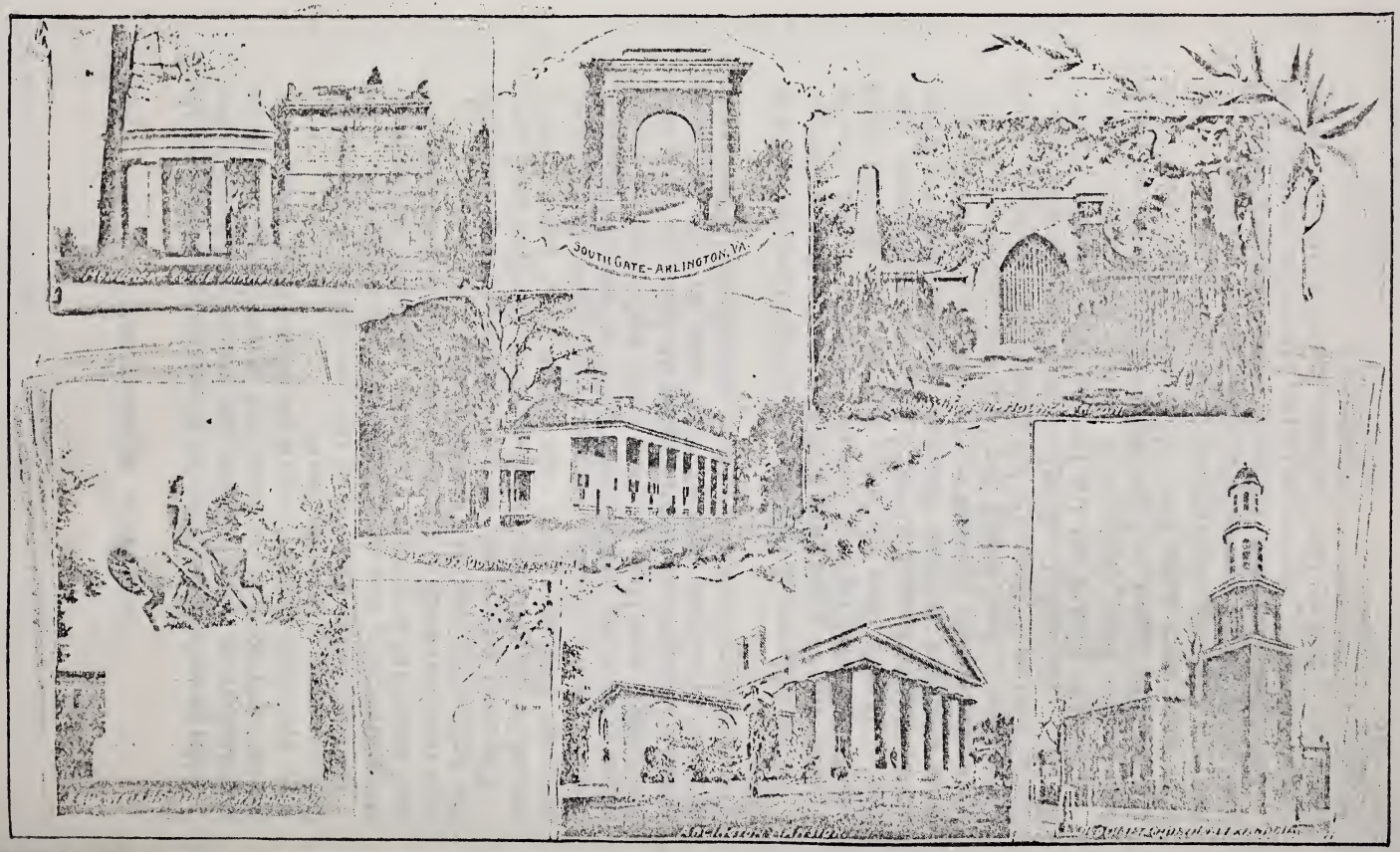
There were two women present as brides whose names were conspicuous not only at home but abroad. One was Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, whose remarkable beauty was world renowned. She appeared in a dress of white moire, striped with green, wearing in her dark auburn hair an antique tiara of emeralds and diamonds.

The other bride was the wife of Gen. Williams, and was formerly Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas. She wore her bridal costume of white silk with tulle overdress, and strands of pearls in her hair and about her throat.

The dancing should have commenced at 2 o'clock, but owing to the crowd, 5 o'clock in the morning saw Sir Frederic Bruce, then Minister from the Court of St. James, lead the cotillion.

Gen. Grant's partner was Miss Harris, who was in the box at the theater with President Lincoln the night of his assassination. She afterward married Col. Rathbone, and met her tragic death at his hands some years ago in Berlin.

The dancing lasted until daylight; the gentlemen did not even "go home with the girls in the morning." A royal breakfast was served for many of the company, after which the gentlemen departed for their several places of business, while several of the ladies made their round of calls at morning receptions in ball dress.


SOUTH GATE - ARLINGTON, VA.

After peace was declared Mr. Corcoran returned from his wanderings in foreign lands, since which time, up to his death, he resided in his beautiful home, living in a quiet way, spending the evening of his life in dispensing benefactions with a princely hand.

He erected the Church of the Ascension, a fine white stone structure, one of the handsomest in the city. He was bountiful in private charities, as many young business men can testify; but the gems of his endowments are the Art Gallery and the Louise Home.

The next house east of Mr. Corcoran's was formerly owned by Mr. Ritchie, the distinguished editor and Government Printer. After his death Mr. John Slidell, Senator from Louisiana, became its occupant, and stepped out of it when he stepped into the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Slidell was born in New York and educated at Columbia College; but he subsequently took his birthright and his education and planted them in New Orleans. The fruit they bore him proved exceedingly bitter to the taste.

In the Autumn of 1861 he was sent as Commissioner to France, at the same time that Mr. Mason had a like appointment to England. Capt. Wilkes, of the United States frigate San Jacinto, boarded the British mail steamer Trent, and arrested the Commissioners, who were confined in Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. They were afterwards released on the demand of the British Government, and sailed for England; after which Mr. Slidell had as little use for his country as his country had for him. He settled in England, and died there in 1871.

After Mr. Slidell left the house, Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, occupied it during his term of office. His striking figure will be well remembered by all those who have ever seen him. His long white beard and heavy white wig distinguished him, and gave him the look of the heavy grandfather in a genteel comedy.

The Hon. Reverdy Johnson, when Attorney-General under President Taylor, built the house that was known for many years as the Johnson Annex to the Arlington Hotel.

It was more prominently known as the home of Mr. Johnson during the time he was Senator from Maryland, when the country was going through its darkest days from 1863 to 1868. It is no longer standing.

It will be remembered that Reverdy Johnson was an uncompromising Union man. He was the only border State Senator who voted for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

The characters of our public men might be better known and the mysteries of Government better understood if the walls of many of these historic homes were phonographs, and could be set talking at will, revealing the secrets of the conferences held in the last 30 years.

What politician, in fact, what man is there in this Republic, who would not like to turn the crank and listen to the arguments used in the conference convened in the Johnson house, that decided, on Feb. 22, 1868, the votes of Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Grimes, with whom lay the balance of power which acquitted President Johnson, who had been impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors? Again would be heard pledges that were exacted and given.

They must, at least, have been satisfactory to Mr. Fessenden, for when Chief Justice Chase, in his impressive manner, asked, "Mr. Senator Fessenden, how say you, is the respondent, Andrew Johnson, guilty as charged?" he firmly replied, "Not guilty."

Mr. Grimes voted the same. They fulfilled their pledge. It is well known that Mr. Fessenden, while not wholly in sympathy with all the accusations of the prosecuting party, had grave misgivings of the fidelity of Mr. Johnson to his party.

Whether President Johnson was faithful to the pledge he made and solemnized at the conference held in this house, contemporary history must decide.

Lovely women and eminent men from all over the world have peopled these rooms. The last party of note that occupied this house was the Presidential party of Benjamin Harrison, which was here one week before the inauguration and occupancy of the White House.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HOMES OF DANIEL WEBSTER, GEORGE BANCROFT, JOHN HAY, THOMAS RITCHIE, MONTGOMERY BLAIR, AND ADMIRAL PORTER.

LAST HOME OF WEBSTER—A KING AMONG MEN—A SENTIMENTAL SIDE TO HIS LIFE—GRACE FLETCHER—"PRECIOUS DOCUMENTS." A BORN GENIUS—THE CONSTITUTION—A BIT OF HISTORY—A MEMORABLE PICTURE IN CONGRESS—WEBSTER AND CLAY RIVALS—PERSONAL RELATIONS OF WEBSTER AND CALHOUN. SEVENTH OF MARCH SPEECH—CALHOUN'S DEATH—MR. WEBSTER'S RELATIONS WITH MR. BENTON—A TOUCHING INTERVIEW—BURYING THE HATCHET—NOMINATION OF GENERAL SCOTT—DISAPPOINTMENT OF MR. WEBSTER—HIS LAST SPEECH. A GRACEFUL EFFORT—HIS CAREER AS A POLITICIAN ENDED. MR. WEBSTER'S DEATH—A GIANT IN REPOSE—GEORGE BANCROFT—CHANGE IN SOCIETY—RANK NO PASSPORT TO POLITE SOCIETY—A MAN OF LETTERS—PEN PICTURE—LIVES AMONG HIS BOOKS—HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES—IN THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE HISTORY-MAKING REPUBLIC—WITH THE IRON PEN OF HISTORY—MAKING RECORD—THE CHANGES HE HAS WITNESSED—HIS FLOWERS AND HIS FRIENDS—THE PEOPLE HE HAS SEEN—AN HONORED CITIZEN—JOHN HAY'S HOME. WHERE SITUATED—AMONG THE HOMES OF THE LITERATI. HISTORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN—"PIKE COUNTY BALLADS." "CASTILIAN DAYS"—MR. NICOLAY—THOMAS RITCHIE—THE NEWSPAPER FRATERNITY—ALL HAVE PASSED AWAY—EDITOR OF THE RICHMOND WHIG—SUPERSEDED BLAIR & RIVES—A GENTEEL OLD FOGY—AN ESTRANGEMANT—"HOW GREAT A MATTER A LITTLE FIRE KINDLETH"—HIS HOME ON G STREET—THE SLIDELL HOUSE—A DESTINY THAT SHAPES OUR ENDS.

The last home of Daniel Webster in Washington is on Louisiana avenue, between Fifth and Sixth streets, and known as the Webster Law Building. It was those of his friends who possessed the open sesame to his fireside who know the better part of Daniel Webster.

It is not upon his public life that we shall mostly dwell; that is already well known. Mr. Webster has written his own biography. We know what share he had in the molding and shaping of public opinion. We appreciate

his influence upon the history of this country. That is already stereotyped upon the hearts of his countrymen.

No one who has ever seen Mr. Webster will need any aid to memory to recall his personal appearance. His commanding figure, large head, broad chest, penetrating eyes, deep-set and enkindled by glowing thoughts, can never be forgotten. He was a king among men.

This old home was the place where his friends learned the depth of his friendship, his kindness of heart, his sweetness of temper. Men like Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, William Wirt, John Marshall, Mr. Seaton, and scores more, learned here of the pathetic and the humorous side in his home life.

No one need question that the great statesman, orator, and diplomat had also a sentimental side to his life.

When he was a young lawyer he met in Portsmouth Grace Fletcher, who afterward became his wife. He was a frequent visitor at her home. One evening he had been assisting her in untying skeins of silk, when he suddenly stopped, and looking up into her face, said:

"Grace, we have been engaged in untying knots; let us see if we cannot tie a knot which will not untie for a lifetime." He then took a piece of tape and partly tied a knot of peculiar style, and passed it to her to finish. This was the proposal and ratification of their engagement.

After his death a little box was found among his belongings, upon which was written with his own hand, "Precious documents." When opened there were disclosed the early letters of his courtship and the piece of tape; the knot had never been untied.

When we recall many incidents of his boyhood's life, the grand consummation of his manhood, and the close of his illustrious career, we say Daniel Webster was born a genius. His mind, like the rough, rugged New Hampshire mountains that surrounded his birthplace, was fashioned in a giant mold.

The fires of the Revolution were smothered under the furrows turned by the plowshares of peace. The breath of liberty had driven back to old England's shores the wrecks of power, wealth and glory. Out of all the dis-

cord, bold and heroic thought was weaving that mighty prodigy of wisdom, the grand charter of American liberty, the Constitution! About this time the boy Webster chanced to be sent to a neighboring store. He there found a curiosity, or what was such to him.

It was a pocket handkerchief, covered over with something printed in good, fair type. All the money he had in the world was 25 cents, and that was exactly the price of the rare specimen of literature. Of course, the bookish boy bought it and took it home. That evening, until very late, he sat by the large fireplace, in the presence of his father and mother, perusing and reperusing, studying and committing to memory the remarkable treasure thus obtained.

Who can reveal the impressions and results of that memorable night? What Munkacsy or Millet will picture the event? It was Daniel Webster reading for the first time the Constitution of the United States.

It was during the month of November, 1812, after war was declared with England by President Monroe, that Daniel Webster first allowed his name to be brought forward as a candidate for office. There seemed to be a crisis in the country, and he yielded to his country's demands.

This election brought him the first time to Congress. His trip here he often related and pictured as no other man could. He would tell how he lumbered along at the rate of four miles an hour in an old mail-coach from Portsmouth to Boston; how from Boston over to Hartford worked his passage around by land, a long and weary way; then to New Haven, and on to New York City; and how he progressed, day after day, through the State of New Jersey; and of his speculations with Gov. Stockton as to the practicability of some day making the trip by water. He entered Philadelphia in a big wagon, and thence to Baltimore; and from Baltimore to Washington through many perils, and, after nearly two weeks of laborious travel, he found himself, on the 24th of May, at the seat of Government, in no plight to stand before the assembled wisdom of the Nation.

Daniel Webster and Henry Clay were political and oratorical rivals. For 25 years these men contended for the leadership of the Whig party and for its preference for the Presidency. They served side by side in the House and in the Senate, each in turn occupying the office of Secretary of State. They died within a few months of each other.

The personal relations between Mr. Webster and Mr. Calhoun were of the pleasantest and friendliest character.

A touching incident occurred between these men at the time Mr. Webster made his famous 7th of March speech, in which he abandoned the Wilmot Proviso and justified the Fugitive Slave Law, for which he received much adverse criticism.

The venerable South Carolina Senator was very ill in his room at the Old Capitol building. Mr. Webster had called upon him a few days previous. The coming speech was alluded to. Mr. Calhoun expressed a wish to hear it. Mr. Webster replied that he hoped Mr. Calhoun would be able to get to the Senate. Mr. Calhoun shook his head sadly, and remarked that he feared that he should never again leave the sick-room. Mr. Webster parted from him, fully impressed that his days were numbered.

Mr. Webster had not been speaking long when a tall, gaunt figure, wrapped in a long black cloak, with deep, cavernous black eyes and a thick mass of snow-white hair brushed back from the large brow and falling to the shoulders, advanced with slow and feeble steps through the lobby behind the Vice-President's chair; and then, aided by one of the Senators, approached and sank into a chair on the opposite side to the chamber.

Mr. Webster's face was turned from him, so that he did not see the almost apparition enter. In the course of the speech he alluded to something Mr. Calhoun had once said in debate as "the utterance of the distinguished and venerable Senator from South Carolina, who, I deeply regret, is prevented by serious illness from being in his seat to-day."

Mr. Calhoun moved restlessly in his chair, his head and

body bent eagerly forward, and he made a great effort to rise and interrupt the orator. He sank back, evidently exhausted, and Mr. Webster, all unconscious of his presence, kept on with the majestic flow of Websterian eloquence.

Presently he had occasion to refer to Mr. Calhoun again as "the eminent Senator from South Carolina, whom we all regret so much to miss from such a cause from his seat to-day."

Mr. Calhoun again grew restless, his hands nervously grasped the chair, his black eyes grew fiercer in their eagerness, he half rose from his seat and in his old voice exclaimed:

"The Senator from South Carolina is in his seat."

Mr. Webster turned towards him with a startled look, and when he saw that his friend had actually arisen from a bed of death to creep to the Capitol, in his weakness, to hear his speech, he for a time was too much overcome to proceed with his argument. He acknowledged the touching compliment by a bow, and with a sad smile on his face proceeded with his speech.

But a few days more, and Calhoun lay dead in state within those walls! Political and party prejudices often bring sad estrangements among men, but let the finger of Providence be laid upon a man, and how soon these prejudices fade into thin air and the better part of true manhood comes to the surface.

Mr. Webster and Mr. Benton were hardly on speaking terms for many years. They would pass in and out of the same door without recognizing each other with a bow. There existed no social relations between them; but at the time of the gun explosion on board the Princeton, during Mr. Taylor's Administration, Mr. Benton was on board, and Mr. Webster has left on record this interview:

"Mr. Benton related to me with tears this incident: He said he was standing near the gun in the very best position to see the experiment. The deck of the steamer was crowded, and, in the scramble for places to witness the discharge of the gun, his position was perhaps the most favorable one on the deck. Suddenly he felt a hand laid

upon his shoulder and turned. Some one wished to speak to him and he was elbowed out of his place and another person took it, very much to his annoyance. The person who exchanged places with him was ex-Gov. Gilmer, of Virginia, then Secretary of the Navy.

"Just at that instant the gun was fired and the explosion took place. Gov. Gilmer was instantly killed; several others also were killed. Col. Benton, in relating this circumstance, said: 'It seems to me, Mr. Webster, as if that touch on my shoulder was the hand of the Almighty stretched down there, drawing me away from what otherwise would have been instantaneous death. I was only prostrated on the deck and recovered in a short time. That one circumstance has changed the whole current of my thoughts and life. I feel that I am a different man, and I want in the first place to be at peace with all those with whom I have been so sharply at variance. And so I have come to you. Let us bury the hatchet, Mr. Webster.'

"'Nothing,' replied I, 'could be more in accordance with my own feelings.' We shook hands and agreed to let the past be past. From that time our intercourse was pleasant and cordial. After this, there was no person in the Senate of the United States of whom I could ask a favor, any reasonable and proper thing, with more assurance of its being gratified."

There can be no doubt that the nomination of Gen. Scott at the Whig Convention in Baltimore was a bitter disappointment to Mr. Webster, but his midnight speech after the Convention, when his friends called upon him, gave no sound of his disquietude.

Mr. Boutwell, in "The Lawyer, the Statesman and the Soldier," says: "He was then impaired seriously in health, and in spirits he was broken completely. His speech is worthy of notice as a singularly graceful effort and as the last brilliant spark of his expiring genius:

"'I thank you, fellow-citizens, for your friendly and respectful call. I am very glad to see you. Some of you have been engaged in an arduous public duty at Baltimore, the object of your meeting being the selection of a

fit person to be supported for the office of President of the United States. Others of you take an interest in the result of the deliberations of that assembly of Whigs. It so happened that my name among others was presented on that occasion. Another candidate, however, was preferred.

"'I have only to say, gentlemen, that the Convention did, I doubt not, what it thought best and exercised its discretion in the important matter committed to it. The result has caused me no personal feeling whatever, nor any change of conduct or purpose.

"'What I have been I am, in principle and character, and what I am, I hope to continue to be.

"'Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.

"'Gentlemen, this is a serene and beautiful night. Ten thousand thousand of the lights of heaven illuminate the firmament. They rule the night. A few hours hence their glory will be extinguished.

"'"Ye stars that glitter in the skies,
And gaily dance before my eyes,
What are ye when the sun shall rise?"

"'Gentlemen, there is not one among you who will sleep better to-night than I shall. If I wake I shall learn the hour from the constellations, and I shall rise in the morning, God willing, with the lark; and though the lark is a better songster than I am, yet he will not leave the dew and the daisies, and spring upward to greet the purpling east with a more jocund spirit than I possess. Gentlemen, I again repeat my thanks for this mark of your respect, and commend you to the enjoyment of a quiet and satisfactory repose. May God bless you all.'"

Mr. Boutwell adds: "His career as a politician was ended. He returned to Massachusetts, broken in spirit, if not altogether crushed.

"In the case of Mr. Webster, death did not destroy nor even qualify the physical marks of his intellectual greatness. When he lay in his coffin under the elms at Mans-

field his form appeared as majestic as when he stood upon the rostrum in Faneuil Hall.

"His brow was massive, his eyes were large, deep-sunken and surrounded by a dark circle. His face was emaciated, but the engraved lines of toil and care remained. He seemed a giant in repose."

* * * * * * *

Persons who visit Washington and have seen only the Capitol, strolled through the public buildings, sailed down the Potomac, taken the drive to the Soldiers' Home and Arlington, been crushed at a Presidential reception and gazed at dignitaries to their hearts' content, and feel that Washington has nothing more to offer, know very little of the personnel of the unofficial social life.

In the not-far-away past the official life was paramount. The prestige of high orders carried the palm in the social world, and many who were socially unknown at home have been surprised upon their advent here into public life, to find themselves suddenly courted and flattered by an itinerant population who had favors to ask, in the way of private entertainments, social dissipations, or influence for some position in office. The axes to grind are many, the turners comparatively few.

The Capital is the Winter residence of families of culture, wealth, position and leisure from all the States. The importance of this unofficial element is steadily increasing, and it exercises a marked influence. The prestige of rank is no passport to polite society, unless backed by true worth.

George Bancroft, the historian, stood out pre-eminent among those in unofficial society. Although he filled many offices under the Government, having been a member of Mr. Polk's Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy, and subsequently changed to Minister to England, and in 1867 Minister to Prussia, yet it was as a man of letters that his name was on the lips of every true American.

His "History of the United States" has been the "most successful attempt yet made to reduce the chaotic but rich materials of American history to order, beauty, and moral significance."

Almost any pleasant afternoon he could be seen taking his usual exercise, either in a carriage, on horseback, or walking. Picture a man slender in figure, of medium hight, with a venerable covering of silvered hair and whiskers surrounding the thin, classic face, soft blue eyes that had done service through the years, and yet undimmed, and you see the patriarchal historian as he was in the later years of his life.

His home was a spacious mansion not far from that of the President's, and here in his pleasant workshop, in the second story of this house, he lived among his books, his pictures and the memories of a century nearly gone.

He lived in the very atmosphere of this history-making Republic. Within sight of his windows are the homes of Commodores Decatur and Rodgers, the latter where the attempt was made to assassinate Secretary Seward. On the opposite side of the Square is the house in which Dan Sickles lived, and on the north side the house out of which Slidell stepped into the Southern Confederacy.

And when Mason and Slidell had been, at the demand of the English Government, released from Fort Warren and sailed for Europe, and recognition of the Confederate States by England and France was imminent, it was from the old Seward house that the Secretary telegraphed to his Fidus Achates, Thurlow Weed, to come to Washington; and in this house the personnel of the commission that was to represent the side of the Union was discussed.

Archbishop Hughes, a Roman Catholic, of New York; Bishop McIlvaine, an Episcopalian, of Ohio, and Thurlow Weed went abroad and quietly and effectively presented their side of the question. By their influence, earnestness and powerful argument they made such an impression that Mason and Slidell soon discovered their mission was doomed—that the Confederate States would not be recognized.

A short distance to the east is the house in which Charles Sumner lived, and on the corner, diagonally across, is the house in which Dolly Madison, in regal turbans, kept pace with the new regime in receiving her friends.

Mr. Bancroft lived to see one of the political giants

succeeded by another—old men pass away and new men take their places. He saw slavery's dark pall hang over Washington, and in the dissolving view, when slavery disappeared, he saw the beautiful city of to-day emerge from the mist-cloud.

He saw Stephen A. Douglas, Charles Sumner, Benjamin F. Wade, William H. Seward, John C. Breckinridge, Robert Toombs, John Slidell, and Andrew Johnson, each the leader of men and of contending theories, floating on the sea of public opinion that stranded slavery. And this venerable spectator, alone, survived them all, and with the iron pen of history is recorded the parts they played in imperishable pages.

He saw free labor organized and rewarded, and with it the popular cry for improvement. He saw the years pass by that brought Grant forward to succeed Johnson, and he saw men come to the front who were willing to take responsibility, that Washington City might be placed on the high plane of her municipal sisters.

With Alexander Shepherd at the head, this chronicler of events noted that within a few months a magical transition was wrought, that the miserable mockery of a metropolis was "bossed" into one of the magnificent cities of the world. The Argus eye of this historian had from his windows watched this progress, and he gave honor to whom honor is due.

The little plots of green in front of his time-honored mansion, filled with tulips and hyacinths, brought many visitors to feast their eyes on the harmony of color, the product of Mr. Bancroft's love of flowers.

This garden plot was as much in keeping with his nature as the books which were his companions, and the friends which surrounded him with a congenial, social atmosphere.

When you took the hand of this man of years and experience, you were transported without effort over the way he had traveled. He took you through the quaint old streets of Weimar, and when you touched the hand that touched Goethe's, Faust and Marguerita are realities before you. He was intimate with Humboldt and Se-

vigny; the great jurist was his friend. Manzoni was his acquaintance at Milan and Chevalier Bunsen at Rome; and in Italy, Byron sang him the songs he wove. In Paris, Guizot, Lamartine and De Tocqueville were his companions. He survived them all, and no greater honor could be paid to George Bancroft than to say that he was the honored citizen of this glorious Republic that he had helped to immortalize.

* * * * * * *

But a few doors to the east of Mr. Bancroft's, on the corner of H and 16th streets, is the home of John Hay. By virtue of its age it has no place among the historic homes of Washington, yet its Romanesque architecture gives it the appearance of a home that will become historic in the generations to come.

Among the homes of the literati it has a place, and the genius within its walls has but to look out of the windows across Lafayette Park to the home of the Presidents, to touch the spring of memory and recall pages of history with which he was closely connected, and which must ever be an inspiration to his work on the "History of Abraham Lincoln," wherein he sifts out of the waste wreck of time the records of human experience.

The poetic genius of "Pike County Ballads," or "Castilian Days," was laid aside when, with the co-operation of Mr. Nicolay, late Marshal of the Supreme Court, he began the task of writing the Memoirs of Abraham Lincoln for the "Century Magazine."

It is well for America, where no faithful scribes like Boswell, Pepys, or Crabbe Robinson have kept a daily record of events, that these men, out of the inner recesses of memory and daily life, can chronicle what bids fair to be the most exhaustive memoirs ever written of any man and period since the *Mayflower* landed at Plymouth Rock.

Mr. Hay's intimate relations with Mr. Lincoln and his Administration fitted him admirably for the high places he has been called upon to fill by President McKinley—namely Minister to the Court of St. James,

and to be recalled to take the portfolio of Secretary of State.

* * * * * * *

Among the many historic homes in Washington, there is none within whose hospitable walls more distinguished people have resided than the mansion No. 1651 Pennsylvania Avenue. It is situated opposite the White House grounds, and has a familiar look to every observant citizen.

It was built about the year 1810 by Joseph Lovell, then Surgeon-General of the Army. Dr. Lovell was born in Boston, Dec. 20, 1788, a century ago. He was appointed Surgeon in the War of 1812.

From these windows were witnessed the depredations of the British, the hurried flight of Dolly Madison, and the lighting of the torch that sent the lurid flames curling and mounting through beam and rafter until a blackened ruin was all that was left of the Nation's home.

Dr. Lovell died Oct. 17, 1836, and soon after his death the property was purchased by Francis Preston Blair, sr. This house was his home during the period that he was editor of the Globe, at one time a Democratic paper of great influence.

With Jackson's and Van Buren's Administrations his influence was unbounded, and by many he was regarded as the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself.

When Van Buren was candidate for the Free Soil party for the Presidency Mr. Blair supported him. In 1855 he became a member of the Republican party, with which he continued to affiliate until after the close of the war, when he drifted back to the party of which he had been so distinguished a member, and with which he had become so prominently identified in the early part of his life.

He died at his country seat, Silver Spring, Montgomery County, Md., Oct. 18, 1876, at the advanced age of 85 years.

More than half a century ago this ancient knight and lady were often seen, mounted, riding along Pennsylvania

Avenue toward their old home, in which their son, Montgomery Blair, was living.

We have shown what a power Mr. Blair was in the land for two generations. He was always the firm friend and strong admirer of "Old Hickory," and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to stroll into Lafayette Square and gaze upon the equestrian statue of Jackson, which he pronounced the best likeness of the old hero extant, no matter what adverse criticism might be given. He was the father of Frank P. Blair, jr., whose early youth was spent in this house.

The Blair mansion was rented to the Hon. George Bancroft during the short period that he was Secretary of the Navy, from 1845 to 1846. Mr. Bancroft was for several years the only surviving member of Mr. Polk's Cabinet. The next prominent person to occupy this house was Hon. John Y. Mason, Secretary of the Navy, from 1846 to 1849. Mr. Mason, prior to that time, had been a member of the Constitutional Convention of Virginia, from 1831 to 1837, when he was appointed Judge of the United States Court for Virginia. He was Secretary of the Navy under Presidents Tyler and Polk. He was appointed Minister to France by President Pierce, where he remained until his death, in 1859.

During the latter portion of Taylor's Administration Hon. Thomas Ewing occupied this house, he having been appointed by President Taylor to a seat in his Cabinet as Secretary of the Interior. Gen. Thomas Ewing, who distinguished himself during the civil war upon the side of the Union, was his son.

It was in this house, June 1, 1850, that Gen. W. T. Sherman, at that time a Lieutenant, was married to Miss Ellen Bayles Ewing, daughter of Tom Ewing, by Rev. James Rider, President of Georgetown College.

After the death of Charles R. Sherman, in 1829, W. T. Sherman was adopted by Thomas Ewing and by him appointed to a cadetship to West Point.

When the Mexican War broke out, he was sent to California, to meet Kearny's expedition crossing the plains. He was at that time First Lieutenant in the 3d Art. On

his return he was married to Miss Ewing. There were present at the ceremony President Fillmore and his Cabinet, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and a host of other celebrities then residents of Washington.

During President Fillmore's Administration, in 1850, he invited the gifted, silver-tongued Tom Corwin into his Cabinet, and while he held the position of Secretary of the Treasury he too occupied this house, adding one more name to the illustrious list that have called it their home.

Since 1853 this historic mansion has been occupied by the family of Montgomery Blair. Mr. Blair was a member of President Lincoln's Cabinet. The Winter of 1869 will be long remembered for its brilliant receptions, for the elegance of fashion and social magnificence everywhere exhibited. During the gay season Admiral and Mrs. Lee issued a thousand cards of invitation for a bridal party, the bride a daughter of Montgomery Blair. This party is said to have been in point of numbers and distinction of the guests, and the grand scale of all its appointments, one of the most magnificent given in the Capital.

Montgomery Blair, though a member of President Lincoln's Cabinet, was one of the most prominent and able supporters of Mr. Tilden in his efforts to have his claim to the Presidency recognized. When Mr. Blair died he left a name unsullied.

Among the many prominent citizens of Pennsylvania who have filled Cabinet positions during the history of the Government—and the list contains many notable names—none has surpassed that of the Hon. Richard Rush in power and dignity and purity of private life.

He was Secretary of the Treasury from 1825 to 1829, and during this time he built the house No. 1710 H street, afterward occupied by Admiral Porter. When first built it was a two-story structure with an attic, but it was afterwards carried up another story and many other improvements added, including a large ball-room built by the Hon. Hamilton Fish, who subsequently purchased the property.

Mr. Rush came of good Revolutionary stock, his father

being the Hon. Benjamin Rush of the Continental Congress. In the Provincial Conference of Pennsylvania he was Chairman of the Committee which reported that it had become expedient for Congress to declare independence. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Richard Rush graduated at Princeton at the age of 17. In 1816 he was sent as Minister to England, where he remained eight years, and while there negotiated several treaties.

When he went to England the late Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, of Washington, accompanied him as Secretary of Legation.

While abroad Mr. Rush, through his high social and diplomatic position, was brought frequently into the presence of his fair countrywomen, the three Misses Caton, who, for their wit, beauty and accomplishments, were called the "Three Graces." They were from Annapolis, Md. One of them became the Duchess of Leeds, another the Marchioness of Wellesly, and the third Lady Stafford. They were the granddaughters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was known as the last surviving signer.

Mr. Rush's wife also came from Annapolis, Md. She was Miss Eliza Murray, a cousin of James D. Murray, Paymaster of the United States Army. It was very natural that there should be a cordial friendship existing between them and the Caton sisters. The following anecdote is told apropos of the administration of Richard Rush at the Court of London: "At a small dinner many years afterwards, at the King's—then William IV.—a gentleman of the household was disposed to be a little pleasant with one of these accomplished sisters on account of her nationality, and at length said: 'Now, do pray tell us, lady, do you come from that part of America where they reckon or calculate?' 'She comes from neither,' said the King slowly; 'she comes from that part of America where they fascinate.'"

In 1828 Mr. Rush was the candidate for Vice-President, on the ticket with John Q. Adams, and received the same

number of electoral votes. He negotiated a loan in Holland for the Corporations of Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria. Jackson appointed him commissioner to obtain the Smithsonian legacy, then in the English Court of Chancery. In due time he returned, bringing the whole amount.

President Polk appointed him Minister to France, and in 1848 he was the first of the foreign Ministers at the French Court to recognize the new Republic in advance of instructions from his Government. At the close of President Polk's term he asked to be recalled, and spent the remainder of his life in comparative retirement. He had a large family of sons and daughters, and during their residence in Washington he entertained elegantly.

Miss Eliza Rush married John Calvert, esq., of Prince George's County, Maryland, a lineal descendant of Lord Baltimore, and the uncle of the wife of R. F. Kearney, of Washington, D. C.

The next prominent personage to reside in this mansion was the Hon. Hamilton Fish, then Senator from New York. During the war he was one of the United States Commissioners to visit soldiers confined in Confederate prisons. In 1869 he was appointed Secretary of State in the Cabinet of Gen. Grant, which position he creditably filled eight years.

Other occupants of this mansion have been Sir Frederic Bruce, Lord Napier and Lord Lyons, representing Great Britain at Washington. Lord Lyons, previous to coming here, had been an attache of the English Legation at Athens and Dresden, respectively, Secretary of the English Legation at Florence, and Envoy at Tuscany.

During his long residence here he gave many brilliant entertainments, especially those in honor of the birthday of his sovereign. He afterwards became the British Embassador to France.

A later occupant and owner was the gallant Admiral of the Navy, David D. Porter, who was born June 8, 1814, in Pennsylvania. His father, the gallant Porter of Essex fame, having left our service and accepted the position of Commander-in-Chief in Mexico, obtained an appoint-

ment for his son in the Mexican Navy, sent him to sea in the Guerre, a 22-gun brig, having a complement of 189 officers and men, and commanded by his nephew, an enterprising officer but 21 years of age, who, like his uncle, had been in the American service.

The Guerre sailed from Vera Cruz, April 17, 1827, and a few weeks thereafter fell in with a Spanish frigate, fully manned and carrying 64 guns. Finding it impossible to get away from the frigate, Capt. Porter resolutely gave battle and maintained the unequal fight for nearly four hours, not striking his colors until the brig was filled with the dead and dying and her spars and sails were so torn to pieces as to make her utterly unmanageable.

As soon as the Spaniards saw the Mexican flag come down, they put their helm up and ran down to the Guerre, delivering two heavy broasides when within 100 yards. During this cowardly firing, Capt. Porter, one of the bravest men that ever trod a ship's deck, was cut in two by a cannon-shot, and his remains, instead of being interred with military honors, according to the usage of war, were barbarously thrown overboard by the victors in plain view of the land.

Two years after this rough experience David D. Porter entered the American Navy as a Midshipman, and as a Lieutenant, 18 years later, we find him actively engaged in all our naval operations on the coast of Mexico, and adding new luster to a name already regarded in the United States as a synonym of valor.

When the war broke out Porter, then a Commander, was dispatched in the Powhatan to the relief of Fort Pickens, Florida, for whose beleaguered garrison the President felt great solicitude. This duty accomplished, he went vigorously to work fitting out a mortar fleet for the reduction of the forts guarding the approaches to New Orleans by the lower Mississippi, to gain possession of which the Government considered of vital importance.

After the fall of New Orleans, the mortar flotilla was actively engaged at Vicksburg, and in the Fall of 1862 Porter was placed in command of all the naval forces on

the Western rivers at New Orleans, with the rank of Acting Rear-Admiral.

His ability as a Commander-in-Chief was now conspicuously exhibited, not only in the battles which he fought, but also in the creation of a formidable fleet out of river steamboats, which he covered with such plating as they could bear.

By his example to his officers and his men, he displayed a heroism which has never been surpassed, and wherever there was water enough to float a gunboat, there the old flag was considered and respected.

In 1864 Porter was transferred to the Atlantic coast to command the naval forces destined to operate against the defenses of Wilmington, N. C.; and on Jan. 15, 1865, the fall of Fort Fisher was hailed by the country as a glorious termination of his arduous war services In 1866 he was made Vice-Admiral and appointed Superintendent of the Naval Academy, which institution is still reaping the benefit of his able administration of four years. At the death of Farragut, in 1870, he succeeded that illustrious man as Admiral of the Navy.

Admiral Porter married a daughter of Commodore D. T. Patterson, who distinguished himself with Jackson at New Orleans in 1815. In our early Navy Commander Patterson ranked deservedly high among the gallant officers of his day.

Thomas H. Patterson, Rear-Admiral of the United States Navy, is a model officer and gentleman. He and Carlisle Patterson, the late Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, have proved themselves worthy sons of their illustrious sire.

The former married the beautiful Miss Maria Wainwright, and the latter Miss Pearsons, the heiress of Brentwood Manor, a beautiful country seat on the Brentwood road and Florida avenue of the city, beautiful amid its tall ancestral trees.

Admiral Porter had a large family. Two sons are officers in the service. Theoderic Porter is a Lieutenant in the Navy, stationed at the Naval Academy, and Capt. Porter is in the Marine Corps. Lieut. Porter married

Carrie Capron, daughter of the late Capt. Capron, who was killed in Mexico, whose widow married Charles Vincent, long connected with the Treasury Department. Mr. Vincent's daughter Julia, by a previous marriage, became the wife of Lieutenant (now Rear-Admiral) George B. Balch, U. S. N., retired. During Admiral Porter's long residence therein, the H street house was the scene of many brilliant entertainments and the center of distinguished hospitalities.

In his ripe old age the Admiral wrote the history of the Navy, in which he and his have borne so conspicuous a part. He had previously written several valuable books.

A volume might be written of the men have who come before the public and passed away, among the newspaper fraternity; beginning with Joseph Gales and William Winston Seaton, followed by Duffy Green, Amos Kendall, Francis P. Blair, John C. Rives and Thomas Ritchie. None of these men survive, and even the papers with which they were connected have passed out of existence.

Mr. Ritchie, who for many years was the powerful editor of the Richmond *Enquirer*, and who swayed for years the Democratic party of Virginia, was called to Washington by James K. Polk in 1844. He superseded the old Jackson firm of Blair & Rives. His home for a time was on G street between Fourteenth and Fifteenth, a small, narrow, two-story brick house, standing back in the yard. A wooden piazza extending along the side, opening from the second story, was his walking space. Upon this balcony the old veteran used to walk at night, formulating those powerful editorials for which this knight of the free lance was renowned.

He changed the name of the paper from the *Globe* to the *Union;* how much the name was a misnomer others must say.

Mr. Ritchie was amiable, honorable and unsophisticated to a marked degree. His education and life had not prepared him with ability to cope with men of national breadth.

He has been called the most genteel old fogy who ever

wore nankeen pantaloons, white vest, blue coat, high shirt collars and straw hat. These were his vestments, Summer and Winter. His instincts were pure and his relations to men honest. He was a conscientious believer in the extreme doctrine of State-rights. The estrangement brought about by this change of editors was broad, and rankled deep. To the student of political issues it gives a great field; it will show to them "How great a matter a little fire kindleth." A change in the editorship of a political organ was the origin of a movement that brought about the greatest event in the political or economic history of the country.

Almost upon the ashes of the house on G street, where Mr. Ritchie used to quicken his facile pen, the building of the American Security and Trust Company and an auction house are now located.

At one time Mr. Ritchie lived in the Slidell house on Lafayette Square, which was afterwards also occupied by a defender of the Union, Gideon Welles, when Secretary of the Navy. The student of political economy must come to the conclusion that there is a destiny that shapes our ends.

CHAPTER XX.

ANCESTRAL MT. VERNON.

A PILGRIMAGE DOWN THE POTOMAC—THE CRYPT AT THE CAPITOL. FORESTRY OF MOUNT VERNON—EPISODES OF WASHINGTON'S LIFE—A NATIONAL HERITAGE—THE ESTATE OF ABINGDON. PURCHASED BY GEORGE WASHINGTON—HOME OF JOHN PARKE CUSTIS—ARLINGTON AND ITS TRADITIONS—WASHINGTON RELICS—THE NATIONAL CEMETERY.

There are few visitors to the Capital who care to leave without making a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, and it is eminently fitting that the homes "beyond the Potomac" which have become identified with the history of the country should find a place among the historic homes of Washington.

There is no shrine in the land toward which so many pilgrims turn as to that of George Washington. There is hardly a pleasant morning of the year but many people step on board a steamer for a sail down the beautiful Potomac. Word painting can convey but little idea of the beautiful scenery and give but glimpses of the banding hills, the broad amphitheater of space, the delicate tints and depth of color, the gold and orange and purple, where earth and sky meet over the Virginia hills.

As we look back upon Arlington Hights and the beautiful curve of the dome of the Capitol against the snowy mass of cloud and through the banks of mist, and the rising, tapering shaft that commemorates the name at whose shrine we do homage, the steamer is hurrying us on over the 17 miles of waterway. The beautiful city gradually fades from sight and Arlington lies hidden from view.

Later the tolling bell tells us that we are passing the tomb of Washington. This mark of reverence was instituted 85 years ago by Commodore Gordon, the commander of the English fleet, who, when passing Mount

Vernon, Aug. 24, 1814, ordered the bell of his flagship, Sea-Horse, to be tolled.

"Slowly sailing, slowly sailing, hushed the music, mute the mirth,
Men and maidens standing reverent on some broad altar's hearth.

* * * * * * * * *

"Silently, before Mount Vernon, silently our boat moves on,
Hushed the iron heart's deep panting past the tomb of Washington;
Truest, worthiest act of worship that degenerate earth now knows,
Inmost soul here recognizing all the mighty debt she owes.
Oh, my country! art thou paling—losing all the young day's glow?
Cans't thou lose thy first love's glory, and thy hero's worth still know?
Patriot hearts, no doubt, still haunt you, threatening thoughts come crowding on,
Sail with me down broad Potomac, past the tomb of Washington;
Feel the impress of his greatness stamped upon the Nation's heart,
See each manly brow uncovered, lovely lips in awe apart;
Fear not while this reverence lingers with its clear, warm, hallowing light;
This must fade from brow and bosom, ere can come our country's night.

—MRS. R. CARY LONG.

At this point of landing the river is two miles wide. Glimpses of the mansion can be seen through the green vistas on the bank a couple of hundred feet above the water. Passing up the easy ascending road that winds over the brow of the hill, you reach the tomb, which through numerous reproductions has become familiar to every child in the land.

Therein lie the mortal remains of George and Martha Washington. To this vault the body of Washington was removed April 19, 1831, for the reason that vandals had broken into the old tomb and removed what they supposed to be the skull of Washington, but which proved to be that of one of the Blackburn family.

In the Winter of 1832, Congress for the second time made an effort to have the body of Washington removed to the crypt of the Capitol originally designed for its sepulchre. Adams, Clay, Webster and many others were anxious for its removal on the centennial anniversary of his birth, Feb. 22, 1832.

It will be remembered that on the death of Gen. Washington, those in National authority begged his remains for public interment at the seat of the National Capital. They were granted by Mrs. Washington on condition that her own remains should be interred by the side of her husband in the National tomb. This memorable compact remains in force, and in one sense binding on the Nation, as no living authority has power to annul it.

On the strength of this contract, President Monroe ordered two crypts to be built in the basement of the center of the Capitol for the reception of the remains of General and Mrs. Washington. There was at this time appointed a watchman, who was called the "keeper of the crypt," whose duty it was to sit by the small opening in the marble floor under the old dome and keep watch lest some evil might befall the sacred remains. Faithfully he did his sitting, and faithfully he drew his $2,500 salary through the years, until Abraham Lincoln's Administration abolished the sinecure office.

The desire to have the remains of this illustrious citizen removed failed, and now that Mount Vernon, through the work of patriotic women, has become the property of the Nation, every American should rejoice that they rest beneath the forest trees and on the grassy slopes of their own loved Mount Vernon.

Previous to the Revolutionary War the establishment at Mount Vernon was upon a very limited scale. There were but four rooms on a floor; the outbuildings were

meager. After Washington resigned his commission at Annapolis on the 23d of December, 1783, he hastened to Mount Vernon, ready to turn his swords into plow-shares and his spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more.

He was his own architect and builder, and in the arrangement and embellishment of the grounds he attended to the minutest details. One of the ideas which possessed the mind of Gen. Washington has lately come to light through the careful study of the present Superintendent, Harrison H. Dodge. He intended that an instructive lesson should be read in the variety of trees grown upon the grounds. Toward this result North, East, West and South contributed their quota. The Massachusetts elm spread its sheltering branches over the Southern magnolia; the cypress, cedar, black walnut, mountain ash, beech, buckeye, coffee bean, with so many others, were traced, that the design is unmistakable.

During the late war the negroes cut down these invaluable relics for firewood. In some few cases there is a vestige left to identify the variety of tree, and mark the general plan, as may be seen by the plat of the west lawn, laid out in the form of a shield; and, carried a little beyond the lines, the outline of the "Old Liberty Bell" reproduced.

The forestry of Mount Vernon is one of the most interesting features of study associated with this historic spot. Ascending the hill to the right, and very near the approach to the tomb, stands a remarkable tree. It is a lofty cypress, an evergreen from the North, which seems to have found congenial soil, for its hight indicates perfection; its trunk seems to be made up of cords or muscles like the arm of the Roman gladiator. It is a wonderful exponent of Gustave Dore's idea of trees, which he endowed with souls; the mute language of this specimen is just as appealing as an expression on the human face.

A few feet removed from this may be seen a black walnut, ill almost unto death. Its slender, feeble-looking body can be accounted for when glancing at one of the upper limbs. Upon this branch is an excrescence of immense size in proportion to the tree on which it grows;

there can be no mistake that this is a most seriously afflicted tree, and it goes far to prove the brotherhood of universal matter. These both stand near the tomb, emblems of strength and weakness.

When they were planted no man knoweth. Could the great man, having discovered their peculiarities, have placed them side by side? Such trees must have a history, but where is it written? Who holds the key of the hieroglyphs?

As we pass from room to room in the ancestral home, the genial and kindly hospitality of the olden time like a peaceful benediction falls upon us. The entire house is an architectural commentary on the rise and progress of the Nation. It was a princely mansion in its day, no doubt, but the state dining-hall is the only room that can lay claim to any pretension toward elegance, and to-day it seems meager in its proportions.

In this room there is an elaborately carved mantelpiece from Carrara, with Sienna marble columns. The exquisite workmanship is attributed to Canova. This alone is all that remains of the appointments of this banquet-hall, where so many illustrious men and famous women broke bread.

Through the curved colonnade that leads to the old gate kitchen, with its immense fireplace and hanging crane, we can again see some glorified "Fraunces" gliding back and forth to the immaculate chef, "Uncle Harkness," busy with culinary art for some great feast. Under his iron discipline, without spot or blemish, each cover was handed over in its perfection to the exacting steward, who, in snow-white apron, silk shorts and stockings, knee-buckles and powdered hair, placed the dishes in turn upon the table.

In retrospection we again materialize Hamilton, Madison, Jefferson, Marshall, Lafayette, Rochambeau, L'Enfant, Monroe, Morris, and hosts of Generals and civilians who have made this place historic by their presence.

We step out upon the open veranda, and a vision of loveliness greets the eye; terraced lawns, forest trees,

gentle slopes and the Potomac's broad expanse, flecked with dancing, drifting sails that bring back the fairest, tenderest picture, just such as greeted the young, fair bride of Mount Vernon in that long ago.

Could the old clock in the hall, which once struck the hours in Washington's home, speak, how many tales it would tell of ancient grandeur; of courtly dames and gallant cavaliers; of Old Dominion hospitalities; of stirring Virginia reels and stately minuets!

Washington's "birthnight" was first celebrated by a ball given at Alexandria at the close of the Revolution. Such functions soon became general in all the towns and cities.

At a ball given in Fredericksburg in honor of the French and American officers, after the surrender of Yorktown in 1781, Washington danced the minuet for the last time, in the graceful and elegant manner for which he was noted.

The following letter from Washington was written about a month before his death in reply to an invitation from a committee of gentlemen in Alexandria to attend the dancing assemblies there, and may be seen in the Alexandria Museum:

"MOUNT VERNON, 12th of November, 1799.

"GENTLEMEN: Mrs. Washington and myself have been honored with your polite invitation to the assemblies of Alexandria this Winter, and thank you for this mark of attention. But alas! our dancing days are no more. We wish, however, all those who have a relish for so agreeable and innocent an amusement, all the pleasure the season will afford them; and so I am, gentlemen,

"Your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

"GEO. WASHINGTON."

Could the old halls of Mount Vernon tell the story of the century since Washington crossed the threshold in 1753, to enter upon a life work, in which no man has been so honored, what a history it would tell.

His achievements in penetrating the wilderness amid difficulties and dangers, brought him into the favorable notice of the Colonial authorities, who intrusted him in 1754 with the defense of the frontier of his native Colony.

When he again enjoyed the peaceful shades of Mount Vernon, his stay was of short duration. The fame of the young provincial soldier had reached Gen. Braddock's ears, and he requested him to accompany him on his (unfortunate) expedition to Fort Duquesne.

Here Washington reaped his first laurels. At the close of this war, which lasted seven years, the young provincial again returned to Mount Vernon to await events.

It is well known where and how he met his wife. In 1759 he brought her, a fair bride, to Mount Vernon. The years glided by and peace pervaded the fair domain. Amid the felicities of home life, the better counsel of family and friends, the peaceful pursuit of agriculture, the small cloud of Colonial troubles appeared upon the horizon, and Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton stepped upon the scene.

Washington had been chosen to represent Virginia in the First Continental Congress, which assembled in Philadelphia on the 5th of September, 1774, and these gentlemen were to accompany him. He was called again to leave fertile fields and fairy meads to enter the arena of public life.

While serving in the First Congress, in the year 1775, his name was brought forward as Commander-in-Chief of the Army by John Adams, and he was duly appointed. He obeyed the call of his country, and for six more long years of privation and anxiety his days were spent on the tented field.

In 1781 the old halls of Mount Vernon re-echoed for a day the master's foofalls. He was accompanied by Count de Rochambeau and a brilliant suite en route for Yorktown.

A happier scene was spread upon the canvas in 1783. The war was over; the Nation was free, the people independent. Washington had resigned his commission, and the glorified and almost deified General had become lieutenant over the peaceful forces of agriculture at Mount Vernon.

For four years there congregated in this hospitable

home the great, the good, the worthy of the land. Among these chosen spirits was the gallant Lafayette, who hastened to Mount Vernon on his return to this country in 1784, to pay his respects to the man whom he honored and loved above all men.

In 1787 the old Confederation is ended and a new Government is formed. Washington leaves Mount Vernon again, and his signature is the first on the immortal constitutional charter, conceived in the purity of republican freedom, planted on the basis of equal rights and equal laws. All honor to the men who formed this masterpiece of virtue!

Two years later, a special Envoy in the person of Secretary Thomson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, arrived at Mount Vernon, to officially announce to Washington that he had been chosen by the electors President of the United States.

For eight long years silence reigned in the old home. In 1797, with blithesome step and joyous heart, the master of Mount Vernon stepped over its portals. Time had blanched his locks and furrowed his brow. He had given his youth and his manhood to his country. He returned to his home stricken in years, but crowned with honor above all men.

When again called to leave Mount Vernon it was to pass into an unchanging inheritance, for which no man was better fitted.

* * * * * * * * *

The entire area from Mount Vernon to Arlington might well be considered classic ground. Various reminiscences of Washington are connected with this locality. Old Alexandria and George Washington came into active life together, but the spot to which every Alexandrian will point with most pride is old Christ Church. This church is not famous for its size and grandeur, but because it contains the pew where George Washington sat, Sunday after Sunday, a participant in the services.

Could we picture to ourselves this venerable church as it appeared in 1776, we should find it almost hidden by primeval forest trees. The spacious galleries would be

wanting; the pews would be stiff, square and high enough to prevent unprofitable gazing at each other.

We should see Susanna Edwards, the sexton, ushering up the tile-paved aisles the congregation to the seats allotted to each "according to dignity." There would be Mrs. William Payne in her special seat upon the upper platform, by special consent, on account of deafness, and Col. Washington, and the Alexanders, and the Custises, and many others in the antique dress of their day.

We might have seen George Washington on Christ Church green, when he made the famous declaration of resistance to the odious Stamp Act, when it may be said a Nation was conceived.

Alexandria is a city that has fallen asleep wrapped in a century of legend and tradition.

The legend most often on the lips of an Alexandrian is that of "The Beautiful Female Stranger." It is a fascinating and mysterious story. It is said that between the long sermon and the short sermon, for over 70 years, the women folks of old Christ Church have talked about the "female stranger."

Under the cedars and the oaks, in the old St. Paul cemetery, is her grave. The tombstone is a marble slab, laid horizontally upon six elaborately-carved white marble pillars. Upon the tablet is the inscription:

"To the memory of a female stranger whose mortal sufferings terminated on the 4th day of October, 1816, aged 23 years and eight months.

"This stone is erected by her disconsolate husband, in whose arms she breathed out her last sigh, and who, under God, did his utmost to soothe the cold, dull ear of death.

"How loved, how honored once, avails thee not,
To whom related or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,—
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be."

One thing is certain; the woman who was buried there was unknown in Alexandria, as was the man who claimed to be her husband. They came to Alexandria upon a

foreign vessel, and took apartments at the leading hotel. She was a beautiful young girl, and he a handsome, distinguished-looking man. They brought with them one servant, and to all appearance were people of high rank and great wealth.

The legends of Alexandria are filled with stories of her beauty, her jewels, her magnificent wardrobe. They denied themselves none of the luxuries of life, but absolutely refused to let their identity be known, or to make any friends or acquaintances in the city. Even the valet was under instructions to reveal nothing. The ship they came in sailed away, and those on board knew no more about the enigmatical passengers than the native Alexandrians.

The lady was above medium hight, with a well-developed figure. Masses of blonde hair covered her head, her eyes were large and expressive, her mouth small and sweet, and her manner pleasant, yet dignified. It is said that, as she drove about Alexandria, no one appealed to her in vain for charity. To all organizations she gave liberally, but attended no meetings and received no visitors. All the intercourse between the strangers and the citizens was such as came by chance.

Five months after they arrived in the city, the young wife became ill with a low fever, and died. This is the generally accepted opinion. She was never left alone with the physician, the husband or valet being always present; and when she died, she lay in the arms of her husband with his lips pressed to hers.

He alone, with his valet, was present at the burial. He selected the spot where she now lies, and stayed long enough to order and see completed and placed the tablet as it now stands, and left a sum of money to keep it in order for a term of years. He was to return, or send more money at the end of the time. He took ship and sailed away as mysteriously as he had come, and has never been heard of since. It has been rumored that he did, years afterwards, visit the grave of his wife.

Another story that has been given credence is that one evening in the long ago, a vessel, evidently a foreign man-

of-war, anchored just below Alexandria. During the night the commander and two boats, with their crews, came off and went to the grave of the Female Stranger, exhumed the remains, took them to the ship, and at daybreak dropped down the river and disappeared. A great many believe that if the grave were opened an empty vault would be found. The casket, according to the legend, was put into a solidly constructed vault. Many novels have been woven out of this legend, and some of them add to the interest clinging to this story and its fascination.

We can not longer dwell in old Alexandria, with its legends and treasured memories. The trend of our thought leads us on to the old home of the Alexanders, the Custises and the Hunters—Abingdon.

Between Washington and Alexandria, on the banks of the Potomac, there is one of the oldest and finest estates in Virginia. It was the family seat of the Alexanders and Hunters, and has been in the family for nearly three centuries.

This family is descended from the powerful clan of McDonald of Scotland; from Alexander, son of John, Lord of the Isles, by Lady Margaret, his wife, who was the daughter of Robert II., King of Scotland. John IV., son of the Earl of Sterling, emigrated to Virginia in 1659, and settled in Stafford County, and purchased the Howson patent, which extended from Georgetown to Hunting Creek.

When he died, in 1677, his will bequeathed to his son John all the land from Four Mile Run, in Alexandria County, to the Potomac River, and to his second son, Philip, Four Mile Run to Hunting Creek; so that Abingdon, the historic home referred to, became the home of John Alexander.

The mansion is still standing, and was most solidly constructed. The beams and rafters were of solid oak, two feet in diameter, and strong enough, as proven, to bear the weight of two centuries.

Descendant after descendant inherited the estate until

it, together with Arlington, fell into the hands of Girard Alexander.

Girard sold Abingdon to Gen. George Washington, who bought it for his stepson, John Parke Custis, who married Eleanor Calvert, of Mount Airy, Maryland. She was married at 16 years of age, while Master Custis was a youth of 19. Here they lived several years, until four children were born to them. All were born in this home, except George Washington Parke Custis, who was born in Mount Airy. But the brightness that had illumined this home went out when the ravages of war marked its master for its victim.

After the death of young Custis, his widow married Dr. Stewart, of Virginia, and in Abingdon the nine Stewart sisters were born. They were noted for their beauty and vivacious manners, and many a young Virginia planter has drunk a toast to these fair muses.

But the homestead passed away from them. It had been paid for in Continental money by Gen. Washington, and the heirs of Girard Alexander brought suit to recover the property. After many years of tedious litigation the courts set the sale aside, and Abingdon passed once more into the hands of the Alexanders, and Walter Alexander became the proprietor.

He afterwards sold it to one of the Wises, who kept it but a short time, and resold it to Gen. Alexander Hunter, a member of the original family. Gen. Hunter was Marshal of the District of Columbia for 20 years. He was a man of wealth, and spent his means freely in beautifying the old place.

He was a personal friend of President Andrew Jackson, and many a Saturday the head of the Nation would slip away over the river to spend a quiet Sunday at Abingdon. An inflexible rule was made by Gen. Hunter that office-seeking and politics in general should be rigidly tabooed during the President's stay. Everybody found a welcome to the place. Sturdy farmers would sit by the hour and chat familiarly with the old hero, there being no rules of etiquet laid down in this liberty hall.

One chamber, on the northeast side of the house, was

always called Gen. Washington's room. It was the chamber-room he always occupied when he visited his stepson, Mr. Custis. Gen. Hunter used to say his reason for not building a more pretentious house, with his immense fortune, was "that a house that was good enough to shelter Washington was good enough for him."

Gen. Hunter's town mansion was on the corner of C and Third streets. This property has long been owned by the family of the Rev. Julius Grammer, of Baltimore, and leased for a boarding house.

Gen. Hunter willed Abingdon to his nephew, Maj. Alexander Hunter, a man well known in literary work. He was to come into possession of the estate when he reached his majority. But before that time came the civil war broke out and Abingdon, like Arlington, was sold for taxes, the prospective owner being in the Confederate army. Abingdon was bought by L. E. Crittenden, then Register of the Treasury.

After the war, Alexander Hunter, then 21, sued for its recovery, and employed James A. Garfield as his lawyer.

The case was won in the Supreme Court, and Gen. Garfield took as his fee 40 acres of Abingdon; and when he became a resident of the White House he was making plans to build upon his land and establish a handsome country home. His untimely death brought all these plans to a close, and Abingdon to-day sits in sackcloth and ashes.

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Arlington remained in the hands of the Custis family. George W. Parke Custis, when a lad, was present at the inauguration of his foster father as President of the United States, and saw the oath administered by Chancellor Livingston, upon the balcony of Federal Hall, in New York, 1789.

He afterwards heard this pledge of fidelity to the Constitution from the lips of every President, every four years, down to President Pierce. After his father died, his home was with his sister, Nellie Custis, at Mount Vernon.

This continued through childhood and youth, and until the death of his grandmother and the breaking up of

the home in 1802, when he commenced the erection of the mansion at Arlington.

He lived here, keeping bachelor's hall until, at the age of 23, he married Mary Lee Fitzhugh, whose mother was a Randolph.

The mansion occupies a commanding view upon the brow of an elevation more than 300 feet above tide-water, and about a half mile from the shore of the Potomac.

The building is of brick, and presents a front of 140 feet. The portico, with its massive Doric columns, is 60 feet front and 25 deep, and was fashioned after the famous temple of Thesus at Athens.

From the portico a beautiful panorama is exhibited; first, the Potomac, spotted with sailboats and ships slowly sweeping down the stream; also, the city, beautiful with its Capitol, its monuments, its public buildings, and the unfolding forests and undulating hills that surround it.

The old mansion is surrounded by a park dotted with groves of chestnuts, oaks and evergreens, and above them all rise patriarchal trees, bearing many centennial honors.

George W. Parke Custis is well remembered by many now living. His portrait, in the Corcoran Art Gallery, shows a florid face, high, curling lip, somewhat receding forehead, penetrating blue eyes, a face that hints the man of the world, genial, gentle, hospitable. He was a brilliant orator, and in Arlington House are frescoes of his own painting. He thought he was an artist, and made an honorable effort to paint battle scenes representing the achievements of Washington; but all men do not possess the 10 talents.

At the north end of the mansion is a beautiful weeping willow that carries in its graceful branches quite a history.

In 1775 an English officer came to this country with the intention of making it his home, never doubting but that this unruly daughter, America, would be easily taught a lesson of obedience to the King. With him he brought a small twig of willow, carefully preserved in an oil-silk covering. A few months only did it take to change the officer's mind, and, before returning to England, he presented this twig, which he had brought from Pope's villa

at Twickenham, England, to John P. Custis, then Washington's Aid at Cambridge, who planted it at Arlington.

Pope's willow came from the East, and was the parent of all willows of that species in England. The willow at Arlington became the parent of all other trees of the kind in America, and even furnished shoots many years after for English gardens where the tree had become extinct.

There is a noble specimen of this tree on the corner of Twenty-second and Third Avenue, New York. It was a twig taken from the parent tree at Arlington by Gen. Gates, and planted there by him when that portion of Manhattan Island was his Rose Hill farm.

In 1803 Mr. G. W. P. Custis inaugurated an annual convention for the promotion of agriculture and domestic manufactures, known throughout the country by the title of "Arlington Sheep-Shearing." Col. David Humphries, American Minister to Madrid, had introduced into this country the fine-wooled Merino sheep.

These gatherings were at Arlington Spring, a large fountain of living waters that flow from beneath the shade of a venerable oak not far from the banks of the Potomac. There for years the annual sheep-shearing took place on April 20. Many hundreds would assemble to witness the ceremonies; toasts were drunk, speeches were made and prizes given by Mr. Custis for the best specimen of sheep or wool and domestic cloth. And here first began the prize offerings in this country that are yearly witnessed at the State fairs. Under the "tent of Washington," which is now preserved in the National Museum, many of the noblest men of the land have assembled at these festivals. In one of the speeches by Mr. Custis in this tent, he made this prophetic statement:

"America shall be great and free, and minister to her own wants by the employment of her own resources. The citizen of my country will proudly appear when clothed in the product of his native soil."

It must be remembered that at this time Washington's signature to a high tariff bill was of so recent a date that not a yard of broadcloth was manufactured in this country.

Arlington Spring was for many years a great resort for

picnic parties from Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria. In the long ago a military party, accompanied by their ladies, went over from Washington to the spring, for a day's outing. Mr. Custis sent his favorite servant, Charles, to wait upon the company at table. The salver used was one of a tea-service made in New York in 1779, of old family plate. When serving the ice cream the waiter said:

"Ladies, this salver once belonged to George Washington, and from it all the great ladies and gentlemen of the Revolution took wine."

The ladies, as if actuated by one impulse, arose, and each in turn kissed the cold rim of the salver before touching the cream. The Hon. John Custis, one of the King's Council in Virginia, married a daughter of Col. Daniel Parke. Col. Custis, with his great wealth and foreign education, was considered no despicable suitor, but he was forewarned that his intended bride had a will and a temper of her own, and could well hold her part in a war of words. But before marriage, he thought "to possess her would be heaven enough for him."

The marriage seems to have been a most unhappy one, and, fortunately, after the birth of two children, was brought to a close by her death at Arlington, on the Eastern Shore. The husband lived for many years after, and as he could not get even with her in life he commissioned his monument to do him service and give the last word to the ear of posterity.

By a provision of his will, his son and heir, Daniel Parke Custis, the first husband of Martha Dandridge, afterward Martha Washington, was instructed, under penalty of disinheritance, to have a monument erected at a cost of 500 pounds, with the following inscription:

"Under this marble tomb lies the body of the Hon. John Custis, Esq., of the City of Williamsburg and Parish of Burton, formerly of Hungars Parish on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, and County of Northampton; aged 71 years, and yet lived but seven years, which was the space of time he kept a bachelor's home at Arlington on the Eastern Shore of Virginia."

On the opposite side is: "This inscription put upon his tomb was by his own positive orders." This tomb is still in existence.

It was John Custis who gave the name of Arlington to these estates. Beautiful Nellie Custis married Washington's favorite nephew, Lawrence Lewis. She was a young lady of extensive information, brilliant wit and boundless generosity. She died in Clarke County, Va., in 1852, at the age of 74.

May Randolph Custis, the only child of George W. Parke Custis who survived the period of infancy, and Robert Lee, when children, played together under the forest shade and over the lawns of beautiful Arlington. Robert was the son of Gov. Henry Lee, the friend of Washington, and the first to utter the immortal lines: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

In 1832 Robert Lee and May Custis were married. At the death of Gen. Custis, Arlington became the property of Mrs. Lee. In 1861 the occupants walked out of it. The Washington relics, which they left behind in the thought that the war would soon blow over, were all confiscated, and are now in the National Museum.

To-day the old mansion returns but echoes of precious memories; barren are its walls, and forsaken its portals, but the spirit of Washington still hovers over the place, and from the old flag floats the pure gospel of Union and Liberty

When in the softer air of bright May mornings, soldiers' orphans lay their flowers on 10,000 soldiers' graves, it not only tells how dear to the Nation is the dust of these brave men, but shows a deeper reverence for the sacrifice made that the Nation might live and that Washington did not live in vain.

The eye of the great chieftain is resting upon our beloved country, and every headstone in Arlington tells him that in the hour of danger, Americans will venerate and maintain the laws and give their lives for the liberty and union of their country and the great domain beyond the Potomac he sees redeemed.

CHAPTER XXI.

ALEXANDRIA—BRADDOCK'S ROCK—OBSERVATORY HILL.

THE OLD BRADDOCK HOUSE—AN HISTORICAL COUNCIL—RICHARD HENRY LEE—BRADDOCK'S CONTEMPT FOR PROVINCIALS. UNDERGROUND CAUSEWAY—BRADDOCK'S ROCK—HOME OF JOHN LUCAS—HOUSE BUILT BY CHARLES W. GOLDSBOROUGH. OBSERVATORY HILL—INDIAN BURYING GROUND—JOHN POLLOCK—"CAMP HILL"—LORENZD DOW—CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE—ST. ANN'S INFANT ASYLUM—COUNT CHARLES DE MONTHOLON—RESIDENCE OF HENRY STEPHEN FOX—GEN. JOHN MASON.

Early in 1755 Gen. Braddock landed in Alexandria with 2,000 English Regulars, and, on the 14th of that month, met the Governors of the Colonies in what is known, to-day, as the old Braddock House. The room is now exhibited to visitors where this council was held, and where the decision was made that Gen. Braddock was to lead the main army against Fort Duquesne.

It was during Braddock's stay here that Richard Henry Lee (a young man of 23 years) raised a company of volunteers in Westmoreland, was chosen Captain, and marched to Alexandria to offer his services to Gen. Braddock. The General, however, declined the offer with an ill-concealed expression of contempt for "provincials." Capt. Lee, with his men, marched home again.

The battle of Fort Duquesne had not then been fought, and Lieut. Washington had not been called upon to cover the retreat of the English Regulars with the Virginian "provincials"—that was a little later on.

In the latter part of April the British General was ready for the forward march. Washington was one of his Aids-de-Camp.

At this time the Potomac River ran very near the old Braddock House; so near that an underground causeway had been cut from the cellar under the hotel to the river. The horses for this expedition had been secretly hidden away in this cellar—the stalls can be seen there to-day. From this hiding-place they were taken

through the causeway and placed upon barges. The troops also embarked.

These barges sailed up the Potomac until they came nearly opposite to what is now the foot of 25th street. Between 24th and 25th streets stands a great rock, or bowlder, at the time reaching out into water 12 or 14 feet deep. It is known as Braddock's Rock, or Big Rock, and stands out like a great square buttress. The barges touched at this rock and upon it the troops were landed.

The filling up of the Potomac flats has taken the river a long distance from this historic old rock; but there it is, a monument to the changes a hundred and fifty years have wrought.

The army crossed over the western end of the "First Ward," and followed a mere trail out to where 19th street strikes the boundary.

This was more than half a century before a steamship plowed the waters of the Potomac; and three-quarters of a century before relays of horses drew the cars over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad from Washington to Baltimore and its western branch.

Gen. Braddock's march, after he left the "stepping stone" of the Potomac, was a weary one over the mountains, fording rivers, through bogs and mire; Washington even gave up his horses in his anxiety to help on the baggage trains.

How little did Washington dream that the future would bring him back to the spot where Braddock landed, or that he would there establish the Nation's Capital, bearing his name!

A little to the east of the rock above mentioned stood the humble home of John Lucas, whose father, Ignatius Lucas, introduced the immense pivoted "ducking-gun" upon the Potomac, which was imported from England.

One pleasant Autumnal morning we strolled over this historic ground and found the pleasant-faced, intelligent wife of the present owner ready to tell us all she knew of the early history of the place.

The house was at first built on a "squatter's lot." This came exactly in the middle of a street. Another lot was

purchased from the Commissioners and the house was moved to it.

Among numerous pieces of antique furniture which had been brought from England we noted claw-feet tables, sideboards, antique mirrors, and a swiss clock. The latter, three feet wide and massive in build, had barely room to stand beneath the ceiling, and had a mechanical construction by which eight tunes were played and which brought figures with trombone and fife to the front. All these were reminders of days gone by, each a golden link in the chain of memory that united the past and the present. Though the heart of many an antiquarian of to-day would be gladdened by their possession, the most fabulous price offered for them had no value in comparison with the associations connected with them.

Upon a little side veranda stood the veritable "ducking-gun," with the old flint-lock. This gun was fully 12 feet long. The sweet-faced woman within told us that her mother said she had known Mr. Lucas often to take that gun and a skiff, and before breakfast bring in a skiff full of ducks; "but," she added mournfully, "the noise of city and river improvements is hard on ducks."

In the rear of this old place, and overlooking it, was the house originally built by the late Charles W. Goldsborough, formerly Chief Clerk of the Navy Department, and father of the late Rear-Admiral Louis M. Goldsborough, who married a daughter of the celebrated William M. Wirt. The house referred to stood upon a plateau, now Observatory Hill. In the days when it was built it was beautifully located, and was elegantly finished and furnished.

Ascending in an easterly direction from the Goldsborough house, you reach the top of Observatory Hill. From the War of 1812 this hill was known as "Camp Hill." Upon the level of the summit there was a very old cemetery, originally an Indian burying-ground. An old resident told us that when a child he was fond of culling wild flowers on the brow of this hill, and often with other children would play hide-and-seek in the grassy hollows of the sunken graves.

Rough, moss-covered bowlders marked the heads of the graves, and a few freestone slabs were scattered about. "Their names, their years spelled by the unlettered muse, the place of fame and eulogy supply."

There was one complete stone of more recent date, and, perhaps, the grave of the last person buried there. It was there in 1817, and inscribed to John Pollock, an Englishman. He built the two brick houses known as the "Round Tops," square, two stories high, with pyramidal roofs, close together, on the northwest side of Washington Circle.

These were constructed for the porter's lodge of an intended palace, that was to have been built on 24th street, between Pennsylvania avenue and L street. The grounds were to occupy the whole square. Mr. Pollock had predicated all his schemes upon obtaining an immense fortune from England, which never came. He sickened and died, and his property was sold for his debts. When the foundation for the Observatory was laid, his bones were scattered to the four winds of heaven.

As Observatory Hill has undergone many changes in title, it may be interesting to the reader to note some of the many legends that gave rise to its different names. Tradition says that on the top of this hill stood the royal wigwam of the Indian chief who called the braves together in council, and here they smoked the peace-breathing calumet. Here was the grand council-house and cemetery; hence the name of Grave-Yard Hill.

Dr. Bruff, the first practitioner of dentistry in the Federal metropolis, in the year 1810 built upon the southwest side, near the River, a lofty wooden tower, upon the top of which he placed a windmill, which he had invented and patented, calling it "horizontal windmill."

Thus the hill adjoining was known as "Windmill Hill" until the year 1814, when the District militia had a practice and drill camp there, under the command of Col. Thomas L. McKenny, which changed the name to "Camp Hill." This continued to be its name until it was christened Observatory Hill.

From about 22d street, on the south side of the

Avenue, there was an elevated causeway, extending westward and around to the M street bridge. Pennsylvania avenue, then a mere road, and impassable for pedestrians in wet weather, came down to the roadway.

The ground began to rise from about 23d street, and gradually rose to a considerable hill above, and inclined westerly to Rock Creek.

It was cut down sufficiently where 26th street now runs for a roadway along the cliff to the bridge. Midway between the Mullet estate and the turn of the road westerly there was a depression, which was covered by a cedar grove and large and aged locust trees.

This was the resort of the itinerant preachers, particularly the celebrated and eccentric Lorenzo Dow. On one occasion Lorenzo Dow found that among his auditors were some who came for any and every purpose except worship. Being continually annoyed by these people coming in and going out, preparatory to his discourse, he thus addressed them:

"My friends and hearers! On occasions like the present I have always found three classes of people assembled. The first are the truly pious, the second those who seek to become so, the third depraved vagabonds who prefer damnation to salvation. I earnestly request all of this last class who may be here now to withdraw before I commence the exercises."

It is needless to say no one left, and the parson, for once, at least, had an attentive and silent audience.

On the southwest corner of 24th and K streets stands a mansion that was once noted for the elegant refinement and hospitality that characterized the distinguished personages that occupied it. Gen. Charles Gratiot, Chief of the Corps of Engineers, United States Army, while holding that position resided there. This was prior to 1838.

Gen. Gratiot's name was, for a time, under a cloud, as he had been dismissed from the service by the President, Martin Van Buren, for alleged misdemeanors in office. He petitioned Congress for a hearing and trial by court-martial. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee;

and, unjustly, the case was never reopened. For many years he held a clerkship in the Land Office. He returned to St. Louis in 1855, and died soon after in destitute circumstances.

Mr. Gratiot married a Miss Chouteau, of St. Louis, the daughter of a distinguished French family. His daughter married Count Charles de Montholon, an attache of the French Legation in 1836, who returned here in 1856 as Minister from France. He was the son of Count de Montholon, who was a distinguished French officer attached to the personal staff of Napoleon, and acted as his Aid-de-Camp during the "Hundred Days."

He followed Napoleon into exile at St. Helena, and at the Emperor's death was appointed one of his executors. He was also a warm adherent of the Prince Napoleon, afterwards Napoleon III. He was imprisoned with him at Ham; but was afterwards pardoned, became a member of the Legislative Assembly, and died in 1853.

This house, in 1834, was rented to Hon. Henry Stephen Fox, Minister from Great Britain. During his occupancy of the house it was the scene of many brilliant entertainments. Just previous to the war it was occupied by Gen. John Mason, a brother of Senator Mason, of Mason and Slidell fame. Gen. Mason married Miss Macomb, a daughter of Gen. Alexander Macomb, the former Commander of the United States Army. The building has been enlarged and remodeled until it presents very little of its former appearance.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS AND HOMES OF FOREIGN LEGATIONS.

THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS—CUSTOMS OF NATIONS—QUESTIONS OF DIPLOMACY—FRENCH HONOR TO WASHINGTON—A GLANCE AT DIPLOMATIC SOCIAL HISTORY—THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS IN SOCIETY—MINISTER GENET AND WHY HE WAS RECALLED. THE RESIDENCES OF FOREIGN LEGATIONS—THE CZAR'S REPRESENTATIVE IN WASHINGTON—THE MAGNIFICENT GERMAN EMBASSY—THE HOSPITABLE ROMEROS—JAPANESE IN THE SOCIAL WORLD.

The residences of the Diplomatic Corps are among the finest in the city. A few words as to the personnel of the Corps. It consists of Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary, Ministers Resident, Charges d' Affairs, First Secretaries, General Secretaries, Counsellors, Chancellors, Military attaches, Naval attaches, Diplomatic attaches, translators and interpreters of Legations.

Ambassador is a term applied to the highest class of Diplomatic representatives.

For a century the Sovereign of England sent Ambassadors only to countries to represent one potentate to another, while Ministers and Envoys were sent to represent the state and not the potentate.

The Queen of England, for instance, sent Ambassadors to Sovereigns, and as the United States, and not the President, is always represented by its diplomats, only Ministers Plenipotentiary were sent here. But to-day, through some changes of diplomatic courtesy, ambassadors are exchanged with the following countries: Great Britain, Italy, Germany, France, Russia, and Mexico.

Ambassadors Extraordinary are sent on special missions, and occupy more exalted positions than Ambassadors Resident. It is the custom of nations to appoint and exchange Diplomatic agents of equal grade.

The date of the Diplomat's credentials regulates the order of individual precedence at Washington. The senior, under these regulations, is known as the Dean, or Doyen, of the Diplomatic Corps. Upon all official or ceremonial occasions the Dean is the leader of the brilliant array and presents his colleagues.

It is customary for the President to entertain the chief members and ladies of the Corps at a reception and at a State dinner once during the season. This is in recognition of the Sovereigns they represent, and not to the Ministers personally.

All questions of diplomacy must first go to the Secretary of State. Count Moustier, the French Minister, put forward the claim of personal intercourse with the President, but Washington was inexorable, and all correspondence was conducted through the usual channel, the chief of foreign affairs.

In the early days of the Republic the foreign Diplomats exerted a wonderful influence in shaping public affairs. It was of much more importance that our foreign policy be looked after than the domestic. Within three months after the Declaration of Independence was promulgated, negotiations commenced for recognition of the American Colonies.

France being an ally, there was appointed a Diplomatic agent before the close of the war. With the establishment of the Government in 1789, the Marquis de Moustier, French Minister, gave a grand ball in honor of President Washington's Inauguration. When Martha Washington arrived at the Capital, then New York, the French, Spanish, and Dutch Ministers were guests at the State dinner.

During the French Revolution, when the old regime was relegated to the past, Genet was sent here as Minister. He arrived in Charleston in April, 1793. He had a triumphant reception in Philadelphia, May 20. No sooner had he arrived than he began the formation of clubs in imitation of the Jacobin clubs of Paris. The bust of Louis XVI., in the vestibule of the President's House, gave him great concern; and because America

did not embark in the cause of France against England, in contradiction to Washington's neutral proclamation, he bitterly denounced the American Government for want of sympathy toward the French Republic.

In consequence of many imprudent things which he did, Washington demanded and obtained his recall. Genet did not return to France, but settled in the State of New York, became an American citizen, and married Cornelia Tappan Clinton, daughter of Governor Clinton, of New York.

When Mr. Monroe was President an issue arose between him and the French Minister regarding an invitation given by M. Hyde de Neuville to his Excellency to attend a grand fete in honor of the evacuation of France by the allied troops. It became a subject of Diplomatic negotiations.

The President and Mrs. Monroe declined the invitation, not wishing to do anything in contradiction of former rule of precedence. No President in the past had visited the house of a foreign Minister. The President, through Secretary Adams, informed the Minister that he would request his daughter, Mrs. Hay, to be present.

This was the beginning of a social war. The Diplomatic ladies had not first called on Mrs. Hay, she not being a member of the President's household; therefore, she sent word to the Minister that she would be present as the daughter of James Monroe, and not as the daughter of the President of the United States, which left the position of the ladies the same as before the ball.

The terms were accepted, but social relations ended between Mrs. Hay and the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps. When President Monroe's youngest daughter was married to Samuel Lawrence, Governor of New York—which was the first wedding in the White House—the foreign Ministers were uncertain what etiquet exacted of them.

The Russian Minister, Politca, called on Mrs. Adams for instructions. She approached Mrs. Hay for her views. The latter, although a daughter of the Presi-

dent, yet not a member of the Executive family, assumed the responsibility of dictating the etiquet of the Administration. As she did not visit the houses of foreign Ministers, she decided that her sister could not receive visits which she, Mrs. Hay, could not reciprocate.

Thus one woman seemed powerful enough to wage a war that was as complete in cutting off all intercourse with the Diplomatic Corps as an embargo is in closing ports in time of rebellion.

Thomas Jefferson, when President, was quite successful in bringing on an irrepressible conflict with the English Minister, Mr. Anthony Merry. At a State dinner the President was conversing with Mrs. Madison, wife of the Secretary of State, who was presiding lady, as she often was in the absence of Mrs. Randolph. He escorted her to the dining-room in place of Mrs. Merry, who was the most distinguished invited guest.

The Minister felt deeply insulted, and at once sent his grievance to his Government. Secretary Madison communicated with our Minister at the Court of St. James, placing the facts at his disposal. Minister Monroe was delighted; for only a short time before an under-Secretary of the English Government had been assigned the precedence over Mrs. Monroe.

A war between the nations was averted by a word in time; but Mrs. Merry never again passed the portals of the White House, and the Minister only when business called him. And Tom Moore, who was in Washington, took up the quarrel and cried "me too," and went off and wrote poetry about America.

The members of the different Legations contribute largely to the social enjoyment of Washington, and many of the most brilliant entertainments ever given have been by the Diplomatic Corps.

Through all the years that make up the past century there have been very few interruptions to this social good feeling, and very few occasions have been given to merit a demand for a recall of a Diplomatic representative.

The first was Minister Genet, of France, in 1793, for reasons already given. During President Jefferson's

second term a difference arose between Spain and the United States, on the boundary question. Marquis d' Yrujo, Minister Resident of Spain, was accused of bribing a Federal newspaper to support Spainsh interests.

This brought forth the bill of John Quincy Adams in the Senate, "To protect the abuse of privileges of foreign Ministers." Minister d' Yrujo's recall was asked, and complied with. Had Spain turned a deaf ear to the request, the bill would have passed. This was in the year 1807.

Jackson, of Great Britain, was recalled in 1809. He succeeded Erskine, but soon became involved in a quarrel with the Secretary of State. His communications were indecorous and insolent, and the President directed the Secretary to receive no further communications from him, and soon asked for his recall.

This was complied with, but no censure rested upon the Envoy by his Government, neither was another sent in his place until after the treaty of peace was signed.

Poussin, of France, was recalled in 1849, when Zachary Taylor was President. Mr. Crampton, of Great Britain, was handed his passports in 1856; and intercourse with Russia was suspended in 1871 when Mr. Catacazy was recalled. The last was the recall of Minister West at the instigation of President Cleveland.

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The homes of the most distinguished of the Legations are the British, the Russian, the Mexican and the Chinese.

The British Legation residence is one of the finest, and was built during the time when Sir Edward Thornton was England's Minister here, at a cost of $125,000. It stands on the corner of Connecticut avenue and N street, and was almost the first house of any pretension built in what is now known as the West End.

The ground was purchased at a small figure, not a tithe of what it is worth to-day. The house is a large, commodious brick structure, and with its substantial stable, outbuildings and garden, occupies nearly a square.

When it was commenced it was set down in a barren waste, but to-day it is in the center of the fashionable residences of Washington.

Shade trees stretch their protective branches over the building and the English ivy spreads a green mantle over the somber walls. The house stands far enough back from the street to give an air of seclusion to the place; the grounds are inclosed by an iron fence, and a porte cochere, over which is placed the British coat-of-arms, is a prominent feature.

The front door is approached by asphalt walks, and another leads to a side door on the rear of the house, where the offices of the Legation are situated. Two or three small, stuffy rooms in a corner are given to official matters; the rest of the house is the Minister's private residence. None but his personal friends can hope to enter behind the "massive handle of the big front door;" a letter may reach him, a card never.

If, by a stroke of good luck, you should obtain the open sesame to this grand home, you would find a spacious hall from which rises a heavy oaken staircase. Upon the first landing is a magnificent portrait of Queen Victoria. It is the picture of a beautiful girl of 18 in coronation robes. All of the British Legations of the world have, as a part of the furniture, a picture of the Queen, which is supplied by the British Government.

The house, one of the largest in Washington, is luxuriously furnished, and in it as many can be comfortably entertained as at the Executive Mansion.

The British Ministers to the United States, for many years, have been almost invariably bachelors or widowers. Sir Charles Vaughan, who was the Minister when Jackson was President, lived in the old Decatur mansion, which is now the residence of Gen. Beale. Sir Charles was a beau in general of the olden style; he was courtly in manner, ceremonious in detail; he gave numerous entertainments, chiefly breakfasts, to the belles of the time, always inviting married ladies for chaperons.

He was succeeded by Minister Fox, who was more distinguished, perhaps, than any other as being the home-

liest man in Washington. He lived in the house once owned by John Mason, now the Infant Asylum, on Pennsylvania avenue, near Washington Circle. He was passionately fond of games. It is said that he often played with Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John M. Clayton and James Buchanan, and the amount of money won and lost was astounding.

Mr. Fox was followed by Mr. Pakenham, who lived in the Corcoran house. He was considered a cautious diplomat, looking well after England's interests. He entertained royally, and many a splendid dinner showed the Italian hand of the cautious diplomat in the social menu.

At the time Sir Philip Crampton was British Minister, Lord Elgin arrived in Washington to ratify the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada. His secretary was Lawrence Oliphant, in whose diary we find some interesting matter that makes rather lively reading. He says:

"We arrived in Washington on the day which was pregnant with fate to the destinies of the Republic. The same night the celebrated Nebraska bill was passed in Congress, the effect of which was to open an extensive territory to slavery, the solution of which was to culminate seven years after in the civil war.

"A few nights later, at a dinner given in Lord Elgin's name, by a prominent member of Congress, who has since filled the office of Secretary of State, I met Senator Toombs. It was a grand banquet, at which all the guests were men, with the exception of the wife of our host; he, himself, was a Whig, and the situation, politically, was freely discussed.

"'Senator Toombs, a large, splendidly-developed specimen of manhood, had a tendency to orate rather than converse in society. He waited for a pause and then addressed Lord Elgin thus:

"'Yes, my Lord, we are about to relume the torch of liberty upon the altar of slavery.'

"Upon which our hostess, with a winning smile, and in the most silvery accents imaginable, said:

"'Oh, I am so glad to hear you say that again, Senator, for I told my husband that you had made use of exactly the same expression to me yesterday, and he said you would not have talked such nonsense to anybody but a woman.'

"The shout of laughter which greeted this sally abashed even the worthy Senator."

Later on he says: "I am getting perfectly stunned with harangues upon political questions. I don't understand or comprehend the nomenclature of each, Whigs, Democrats, Hardshells, Softshells, Free Soilers, and Disunionists, to say nothing of Filibusters, Pollywogs, and a host more of nicknames.

"There are some interesting men here. Col. Fremont, a spare, wiry man with a keen gray eye and a face expressing great determination, and Col. Benton, who is writing a great work, and is quite a fine man.

"After we had received the hospitality of Washington about 10 days, Lord Elgin announced to Mr. Marcy, the Secretary of State, that if the Government were prepared to adhere to their promise to conclude a treaty of reciprocity with Canada, he could assure the President that he would find a majority of the Senate in its favor, including several prominent Democrats.

"A thorny question was intimately associated with the discussion of the treaty, which was settled by it for the time, and this was the question of the fisheries off the coast of British North America claimed by the American fishermen.

"Meantime, to my inexperienced mind, no progress was being made in our mission. Lord Elgin had announced its object, on his arrival, to the President and Secretary of State, and had been informed by them that it was quite hopeless to think any such treaty could be carried through with the opposition which existed toward it on the part of the Democrats, who had a majority in the Senate, without the ratification of which no treaty could be concluded. His Lordship was farther assured, however, that if he could overcome this opposi-

tion he would find no difficulty on the part of the Government."

Pursue the diary a little further, and we see unfolded the golden way into the secret service of diplomacy.

"At last, after several days of uninterrupted festivity, I began to see what we were driving at. To make quite sure, I said one day to my chief: 'I find all my most intimate acquaintances are Democratic Senators.'

"'So do I,' he dryly replied, and indeed his popularity among them at the end of a week was unbounded."

Sir Philip Crampton, in honor of the Queen's birthday, gave a ball.

"More was accomplished last night in the way of negotiation than has been accomplished from the days of the Ashburton treaty to the advent of Elgin.

"We regard the fishery question as settled. Both parties have partaken freely of the bait so liberally provided by the noble host. Amid the soft footfalls of fairy feet, the glittering of jewels, the graceful sweep of $500 dresses, the sparkling of eyes which shot forth alternately flashes of lightning and love, there were two men who seemed to be the observed of all observers; one was Lord Elgin and the other Sir Charles Gray.

"The large and brilliant company broke up at a late hour, and departed for their respective homes, pleased with their courtly and courteous host, pleased with the monarchical form of Government in England, pleased with the republican form of Government in the United States, pleased with each other, with themselves, and with the rest of mankind.

"The treaty was made out by the midnight oil, so near 12 o'clock that it was difficult to say whether the date should be yesterday or to-day.

"There is something strangely mysterious and suggestive in the scratching of that midnight pen, for it may be scratching fortunes or ruin to toiling millions.

"Then the statesman takes up his pen to sign his signature; his hand does not shake, though he is very old and knows the abuse that is in store for him from members of Congress and an enlightened pen. That hand, they

say, is not unused to a revolver, and it does not now waver, though the word he traces may be an involver of a revolver again.

"He is now Secretary of State; before that he was a Judge of the Supreme Court; before that a General of the Army; before that a Governor of a State; before that Secretary of War; before that Minister to Mexico; before that a member of the House of Representatives; before that a politician; before that a cabinet maker. He ends as he began, with Cabinet work; so he gives us his blessing and the treaty is duly signed.

"I retire to dream of its contents, and am troubled in my sleep by the recurring refrain of the three impressive words with which the pregnant document concludes, 'unmanufactured tobacco and rags.'

"Thus was concluded, in exactly a fortnight, a treaty which had been under discussion seven years.

"Lord Elgin achieved a remarkable diplomatic triumph. He was certain of his game from the first, and played it with easy confidence. All obstacles melted before his subtle touch."

Oh, magnates of the Nation! Alas! alas! Gastronomy has become a fine art in the eyes of an Englishman, and you have been pictured to all Europe as devoted apostles.

In his diary, Mr. Oliphant also gives figures to prove the enormous commercial advantages given to Canada by the treaty. We will leave it to politicians to figure out the advantage to the United States.

"In 1853, the year prior to our mission to Washington, the exports to the States amounted to $20,000,000. In 1854 the treaty began to operate, and the volume went up $33,000,000, and so on until 1866, when the treaty was abrogated by the action of the Americans, when it had reached the high figure of $84,000,000."

He still insists that the Americans' "Fee, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman," was detrimental to Canada's commercial prosperity.

Lord Napier was Minister just before the civil war commenced. His wife was one of the most beautiful women ever seen in Washington society.

At the beginning of the war Lord Lyons, a man of rare gifts, a bachelor, was sent to represent the mother country. William H. Seward was Secretary of State. These men became very intimate friends, and it will probably never be known how much this country owes to this friendship in warding off an alliance between the South and England.

Sir Frederic Bruce walked in the footsteps of Lord Lyons. He, too, was without a family. Sir Frederic and the classic Charles Sumner were bosom friends. He died in Boston, of diphtheria, during President Grant's Administration.

After Mr. Bruce came Sir Edward Thornton, who was the first to live in the present Legation home. He was followed by Sir Lionel S. Sackville West. His household consisted of three daughters. The elder, Victoria, was the presiding lady of the Legation; when she arrived in Washington, in 1881, she was but 17 years of age. In the superintendence of the house, directing ceremonial dinners and social entertainments, in fact in attending to all the details of such an establishment, she was supreme. But perhaps the meed of praise given to this queen of society was in the close relation existing between the father and daughter; to him she was always a wise counsellor, a judicious manager, a loving, tender daughter.

Flora, the second daughter, was married to Gabriel Salanson, Secretary of the French Legation during her father's stay in Washington. Amelia, the youngest daughter, made her debut with great eclat at the Legation. It was one of the seasons of social glory.

Sir Lionel was succeeded by Sir Julian Pauncefote, who affixes the letters G. C. B., C. M. G. Ambassador E. and P., to his name—a courageous man, when one letter was sufficient to immortalize his predecessor. Sir Julian is the most popular representative of Her Majesty that has been sent to this country as Minister or Ambassador. To him more than to any of his predecessors belongs the credit of the unity of good feeling now existing between the United States and Great Britain. Great is

the pity that the law of civil service will recall him from duty when he is such a benefactor to both Nations.

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Stewart Castle, on Dupont Circle, was built by Senator Stewart, of Nevada, about the time the British Legation was built by Sir Edward Thornton. For a time they were lone sentinels, watching the course of empire take its way toward the West End.

The English Legation always wears apparently a spick-span new dress and assumes a youthful appearance, while Stewart Castle puts on the air of centuries, resembling some old knight-watch of the Rhine, with its towers, turrets and colored windows.

The Chinese Legation, after many changes of residence, settled down in this home, and many an evening in the park and grounds surrounding the house could have been seen a coterie of celestials in pigtails and petticoats, lounging and frolicking in native abandonment. The Minister gives liberally toward the entertainment of Washington society in the way of dinner parties, balls, etc., and the members of the Legation are seen often wherever society congregates.

The furnishing of Stewart Castle was much as Mrs. Stewart left it, except as oriental fancy dictated changes. All the arm-chairs had been collected in the large drawing-room, where row after row were ranged in line until the room looked like a parlor car on a large scale.

The offices of the Legation were on the ground floor, the upper stories were used for domestic purposes.

The Legation is now settled in the house occupying the southeast corner of Q and 18th streets. Wu Ting-fang, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, is the present chief representative of China.

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The representative of the Czar lives now at 1829 I street, and is Comte Cassini, Ambassador Etraordinary and Plenipotentiary. The Legation used to be at the house known as "Boss" Shepherd's, on the corner of K street and Connecticut avenue.

When this house became a lost paradise to one of Wash-

ington's greatest benefactors, it was regained by Senator Cameron. The Chinese Legation occupied it before moving to Stewart Castle. The rooms are spacious and the d awing-room and ball-room quite as commodious as those of the English Legation.

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The German Empire owned its Legation building for many years on 15th street near Wormley's Hotel. It is now on the terrace No. 1435 Massachusetts avenue.

The whole German Empire is not as large as Nebraska and Dakota by 15,000 square miles, but with a population as large, by about five millions, as that of the whole United States. Diplomatic intercourse between the two countries has moved along practically without jar or friction. The Empire is now represented by the the courtly and accomplished gentleman, Her von Holleben, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary.

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The Japanese also own their own Legation residence. It is a substantial, four-story brick building at 1310 N street, purchased from Gen. Capron several years ago. The present Minister, Mr. Jutaro Komura, E. E. and M. P., is a gentleman of education and culture.

The members of the "Sunrise Kingdom" have contributed largely to the social enjoyment of Washington. They readily conform to the customs of the country in education, manners and dress. It is not a novel thing to see the hand of the Japanese Oriental given in marriage to the fair of the Occident.

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The Mexican Legation is one of the most attractive homes among the foreign representatives. The Government was ably represented by Senor Don Matias Romero, who was for many years in the Diplomatic service of his country, and rendered important assistance not only to his own country, but to the United States, in bringing about a better understanding between the two Nations.

He gave always advanced republican ideas and his

support to that form of Government in Mexico. His candor, stability and ingenuous character, his distinguished service in the settlement of all international questions in the trying days of this Government, drew him very close to Gen. Grant, who had so many delicate diplomatic questions to settle, and a brotherly friendship sprang up between them, which grew stronger as the days of their fellowship multiplied. When the great General was called by the last summons, there was no more sincere mourner than Senor Romero.

The Minister had a happy faculty of drawing friends around him, and had a most admirable assistant in the winsome, charming Madame Romero. Their magnificent, artistic home, with its open hospitality, the brilliant receptions given there, will record them in history as among the most brilliant entertainers in Washington.

When these two people died, within a year of each other, no more sincere mourners were there in their own Capital City than in the city of Washington. Ambassador Romero's place was filled by Senor Don Manuel de Azpiroz, Envoy and Plenipotentiary.

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The fly-screen hats and quaint dress of the Koreans are familiar objects on the streets of Washington. The King of Korea is adapting his Kingdom to American ideas as fast as practicable. He established a Legation in Washington, and gave his Envoys the privilege of bringing their wives with them. The official residence is on Iowa Circle, and it has been tastefully furnished under the direction of the women of the Legation. Perhaps the most disappointing feature about it is that American taste and custom have been strictly adhered to instead of the hoped-for touch of Korean home decoration. Mr. Chin Pom Ye was the first Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary.

The Korean women endeavor to imitate American customs. In their own land they are not permitted to mingle with the outer world. In the center of the city of Seoul, the Capital, there is an architectural structure in which is suspended a huge bell called the Inkiung.

At 9 o'clock every night an officer of the King's household tolls the curfew; the lights on the mountain-tops simultaneously signal throughout the Kingdom that the hour for women to have possession of the city has come. The gates of the city are closed, the men retire forthwith to their homes, and the ladies sally forth and take possession. The women of high degree have the exclusive right of the city, and no "lord of creation," under a heavy penalty, is allowed to trespass upon this right.

Men and women have no social relations in Korea in common. Each home has its quarters for the women, which to them is the holy of holies, and into which the men never enter.

During the hours of feminine freedom, the men in their homes while away the hours sleeping, or drinking their favorite beverage, sul, while the women visit each other's homes, being carried through the streets in the "toig hio," or lady's chair, swung on poles and borne by eunuchs. They spend the hours chatting, gossiping, singing, and having a merry time generallly.

When the solemn tones of Inkiung reverberate through the darkness the hilarities cease, the women return to their homes, the gates of the city are swung open, another day has been recorded to the citizens of Korea, and the world moves on as before.

The women are quick in their movements and rapid in adaptation. It is told of them that soon after their first reception the Chinese Minister gave one also. The gentlemen of the Korean Legation thought it best that their wives should remain at home, as the Chinese women at that time had never been seen outside their Legation home.

The female portion were not in accord with the decision, but kept their own counsel until the hour arrived for the male portion of the Legation to take their seats in the carriage, when, by a preconcerted plan, the women stepped into a carriage in the rear of the house, and, by a short cut and rapid driving, were in the Chinese Legation home, quite at their ease, and ready to receive their liege lords on their arrival

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN HISTORIC RECEPTION—LAFAYETTE'S LAST VISIT TO WASHINGTON.

LAFAYETTE'S LAST VISIT TO WASHINGTON—THE NATION ALIVE WITH ENTHUSIASM—LETTER OF MRS. SEATON—THE "TENT OF WASHINGTON"—THE MAYOR'S ADDRESS—LAFAYETTE'S REPLY—MEMORABLE EVENTS AT GADSBY'S—VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON AND OTHER PLACES—MAGNIFICENT PRESENT FROM CONGRESS.

Republics have been accused of ingratitude, but when it is remembered how the United States acted toward Gen. Lafayette; when it is remembered that, in addition to tangible proofs of gratitude, he was made cognizant of the affectionate attachment of this people, in the sear and yellow leaf of his life, it may perhaps be acknowledged that, after all, there is no better legacy than the gratitude of a free people.

Lafayette had expressed himself desirous of again visiting this country, of once more beholding the scenes of his youthful glory; and Congress on Feb. 4, 1824, resolved that "whenever the President shall be informed of the time when the Marquis may be ready to embark, a National ship with suitable accommodations be employed to bring him to the United States."

The modest, retiring Lafayette declined the honor of going in a National vessel, and took passage in a private ship. On the 12th of July, 1824, he embarked on board the packet ship Cadmus, and on August 16 landed at New York.

When it was known that he had once more set sail for the country of his adoption, the whole Nation was alive with enthusiasm, and every son and daughter of America prepared to give him welcome.

After New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other cities had given Gen. Lafayette welcomes that did honor to themselves as well as to their illustrious guest, he turned his course southward.

He left Baltimore Oct. 11, 1824, accompanied by the Mayor, the Committee of Arrangements, the Governor's Aids and an escort of cavalry to Rossburg, where he lodged Monday night. The following day he was accompanied by the same escort to the line of the District of Columbia, which was near the spot where Gen. Ross, 10 years before, had brought up his troops and made the attack on the American forces, before entering and burning Washington.

Here Gen. Lafayette was met by a brilliant procession, which was headed by a corps of cavalry and supported by a cavalcade of citizens, the whole extending over two miles. Throughout the entire route the wayside was thronged with citizens who made the air resound with their shouts of welcome.

Among the noteworthy incidents attending Lafayette's reception in Washington was that described in a letter from Mrs. Seaton, wife of the renowned editor of the *National Intelligencer*, in a letter to her mother, in Richmond, October, 1824:

"I don't know how it was, but I certainly figured more than I had any wish or expectation of doing on the day of Lafayette's arrival. In the first place, I was selected by the Committee of Arrangements to superintend the dress and decorations of 25 young ladies representing the States and District of Columbia, and to procure appropriate wreaths, scarfs and Lafayette gloves and flags for the occasion; to assemble them at my house and attend them under my protection to the Capitol.

"The General was conducted to Capitol Square, the east of the Capitol, where a civic arch, elegantly decorated and enlivened with appropriate inscriptions, had been erected. Under this arch were 25 young ladies, each bearing a banner designating the State and District she represented. As soon as the General arrived, Miss S. M. Watterson, representing the District, and only 11 years old, advanced and made a very appropriate address. This was the daughter of George Watterson, Librarian of Congress. It would be hard to describe the feeling which Lafayette manifested at this scene. He

shook hands with each of the group and passed on to the rotunda and entered the 'tent of Washington.'"

When the General entered the gate of Fort McHenry, at Baltimore, the troops of the garrison presented arms, then opened to the right and left, bringing to his view the tent of Washington, the same tent under which he had many times grasped the friendly hand of our illustrious Washington and aided him by timely suggestion, and where he had often shared with him the soldier's hardy meal.

The same tent is tenderly cared for by the children of this Republic, and occupies to-day an honored niche in the great National Museum. This tent was brought from Baltimore to Washington, and under it was Lafayette met by the Mayor and other authorities, officers, clergy, etc.

To an address of welcome from the Mayor, the General made the following reply:

"The kind and flattering reception with which I am honored by the citizens of Washington, exacts the most lively feelings of gratitude. Those grateful feelings, sir, at every step of my happy visit to the United States, could not but enhance the inexpressible delight I have enjoyed at the sight of the immense and wonderful improvements, so far beyond even the fondest anticipations of a warm American heart, and which, in the space of 40 years, have so gloriously evinced the superiority of popular institutions and self-government over the too imperfect state of political civilization found in every country of the other hemisphere.

"In this august place, which bears the most venerable of all ancient and modern names, I have, sir, the pleasure to contemplate, not only a center of that constitutional union so necessary to these States, so important to the interests of mankind, but also a great political school where attentive observers from other parts of the world may be taught the practical science of true social order. Among the circumstances of my life, to which you have been pleased to allude, none can afford me such dear recollections as my having been early adopted as an

American soldier; so there is not a circumstance of my reception in which I take so much pride as in sharing those honors with my beloved companions-in-arms.

"Happy am I to feel that the marks of affection and esteem bestowed on me bear testimony to my perseverance in American principles, I received under the 'tent of Washington,' and of which I shall, to my last breath, prove myself a devoted disciple.

"I beg you, Mr. Mayor, and the gentlemen of the Corporation, to accept my respectful acknowledgments to you and to the citizens of Washington."

From a manuscript letter of William Lee, written to his sisters (then residing in Paris), who became a warm friend of Lafayette during the years he lived in France as Secretary to Joel Barlow, and, later, Consul to Bordeaux, and who at this time was second Auditor of the Treasury Department, we make the following quotation, for which we are indebted to the kindness of his nephew, Dr. William Lee.

"I was at the President's all day yesterday. He sent for me to consult about the reception of Gen. Lafayette, as he did not like the arrangements of the Corporation, who propose that the President and all the members of the Court should join in the procession. This is what we concluded on: The Corporation will meet the General at the city boundaries" [it must be remembered that all travel by land in those days was by private conveyance], "conduct him to the Capitol, address him there, and then proceed with him to the President's gates; here he only, with his suite of a few Revolutionary officers, is to enter. The President will be surrounded by the heads of Departments, officers of the Court and Navy Commisioners. Gen. Brown will receive him in the saloon; none of the city authorities or populace will be admitted. After this ceremony is ended, we shall deliver him to the Corporation at the gates, and they will conduct him to Gadsby's, where 80 people are to dine with him."

This was strictly carried out. The streets were lined with spectators and the windows filled with ladies,

waving handkerchiefs, and bestowing loving benedictions on the beloved guest.

On arriving at the White House Lafayette was received by the Marshal of the District, and, supported by Gen. Brown and Commander Tingley, of the Committee of Arrangements, conducted to the drawing-room, where President Monroe advanced to meet him and gave him a cordial and affectionate welcome.

The President had on his right hand Secretary of State John Quincy Adams and Secretary of the Treasury William H. Crawford; and on his left the Secretaries of the Army and Navy, John C. Calhoun and Samuel S. Southard; while the Attorney-General, Gen. Jessup, Col. Gibson, Col. Towson, Maj. Nourse and Dr. Lovel, of the Army; Capt. Rogers, Chauncey Porter, Commodore Jones, and Charles Morris, of the Navy; the Postmaster-General, the Comptrollers, Auditors and other high officers of the Government were arranged on each side of the room.

It will be remembered that the East Room in the early part of the Monroe Administration was the play room of Mrs. Monroe's daughters, and that it was during her reign that the stately furniture which adorned that room for nearly half a century was bought in Paris by the Government. Each article was surmounted by the royal crown of Louis XVIII. This was removed and the American eagle took its place.

These chairs and sofas have often come out from the upholsterer's hands renewed, the emblematic eagle having put on a brighter burnish; but, alas! this historic furniture, fraught with so many memories of great men and women passed away, has gone under the auctioneer's hammer, that the Nation's drawing-room might masquerade in modern furniture.

Lafayette found three of his old associates ex-Presidents—Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and his bosom friend, Monroe, President.

After the ceremonies recorded above, and an interchange of courtesies, during which bountiful refreshments were served, the General took his departure and

rejoined his escort at the gate; he then passed in review the body of troops and retired to Gadsby's Hotel, known as the Franklin.

This hotel stood upon the corner of 20th and I streets, and is to-day known as Gadsby's Row.

Annie Royal in her "Sketches" says the newspapers furnished daily accounts of Lafayette's movements, and long before he arrived we had Lafayette ribbons, Lafayette waistcoats, Lafayette feathers, hats, caps, gloves, etc.; everything was honored by his image and superscription; even the ginger-cakes were impressed with his name, and nothing was heard in the streets or in the houses but Lafayette, Lafayette.

A banquet was given at Gadsby's Hotel to the General. The form of invitation to this historic festival was characteristic of the simplicity of style then prevalent. A copy of one is given:

"The Committee of Arrangements respectfully request the Secretary of War to dine with Gen. Lafayette, this day, at the Franklin House, at 5 o'clock.

"W. W. SEATON, Secretary."

One of the toasts of this occasion was, "The United States and France, their early friendship; may it ever be maintained by mutual acts of kindness and justice."

The next day the General called on the President, and on the following day he was with the President's family to breakfast and dinner.

It is probable that memories of 30 years before crowded the minds of this trio; when Monroe was Minister Plenipotentiary to France, and the Marquis de Lafayette a prisoner in Austria, and Madame de Lafayette and her two little children in prison at La Force. All remember the visit of Mrs. Monroe to Madame Lafayette in prison.

Mr. Monroe decided to risk displeasure with himself by sending his wife to see Madame Lafayette. The name of Lafayette was too dear to every American to accept indignities heaped upon this woman.

Mr. Monroe was recalled, but time justified his action,

and the people said, "Go higher!" He was at this time occupying the highest place in the gift of the people, and the whole country was doing homage to the prisoner of Olmutz.

Gen. Lafayette was received at Georgetown by the Mayor and military escort and citizens, ready to demonstrate their gratitude to the great hero.

During his stay here he visited G. W. Parke Custis, of Arlington Hights. While in conversation with Mrs. Custis upon the improvements of Arlington, he said, "Recollect, my dear, how much easier it is to cut a tree down than it is to make it grow." Who can tell how much the country owes to-day to that proverb, timely put, for the beautiful forest that shades the graves of her noble dead?

He was also escorted by the Mayor and Committee of Arrangements in Washington and the Georgetown cavalry to the other side of the river, where he was received by a deputation from Alexandria. He entered the old Commonwealth of Virginia at Alexandria, Oct. 16. At every point he was warmly welcomed. There was a military escort of 1,500. In the procession there was a car bearing the "tent of Washington."

The procession passed through crowded streets, under splendid arches, amidst the huzzas of a grateful people. On the apex of a magnificent arch was perched a live mountain eagle of a very large size, who spread his wings when the General passed, as if to unite in the welcome.

He held a levee in the evening. The public buildings and many private dwellings were brilliantly illuminated. It must be remembered that Alexandria in those days was not a "finished city," but rivalled the largest seaport towns of America.

Sunday Gen. Lafayette visited Mount Vernon and the tomb of Washington, his revered father and friend. While there he was presented by Mr. Custis with a ring containing a lock of hair of the sainted hero, together with the Masonic sash and jewel belonging to the great Mason. accompanied by the following address:

"Last of the Generals of the Army of Independence! At this awful and impressive moment, when, forgetting the splendor of a triumph greater than Roman consul ever had, you bend with reverence over the remains of Washington, the child of Mount Vernon presents you with this token containing the hair of him whom you loved while living, and to whose honored grave you now pay the manly and affecting tribute of a patriot's and a soldier's tear.

"The ring has ever been an emblem of the union of hearts from the earliest stages of the world, and this will unite the affections of the American to the person and posterity of Lafayette, now and hereafter. And when your descendants of a later day shall behold this valued relic, it will remind them of the heroic virtues of their illustrious sire, who received it, not in the palace of Princes, nor amid the pomp and vanities of life, but at the laurelled grave of Washington.

"Do you ask is this mausoleum befitting the ashes of a Marcus Aurelius, or the good Antonius? I tell you that the Father of his Country lies buried in the hearts of his countrymen, and in those of the brave, the good, the free of all ages and nations.

"Do you seek for the tablets which are to convey his fame to immortality? They have long been written in the freedom and happiness of this country. These are the monumental trophies of Washington, the great, and will endure when the proudest works of art have dissolved and left not a wreck behind.

Venerable man! Will you never tire in the cause of freedom and human happiness? Is it not time that you should rest from your labors and repose on the bosom of a country which delights to love and honor you, and will teach her children's children to bless your name and memory? Surely where liberty dwells, there must be the country of Lafayette!

"Our fathers witnessed the dawn of your glory, partook of its meridian splendor; and, ah! let their children enjoy the benign radiance of your setting sun; and when it shall sink in the horizon of nature here, here with pious

duty we will form your sepulchre, and united in death, as in life, by the side of the great chief you will rest in peace till the last trump shall awake the slumbering world and call your virtures to their great reward.

"The joyous shouts of millions of freemen hailed your returning footprints on our sands. The arms of millions are open wide to take you to their grateful hearts, and the prayers of millions ascend to the throne of the Eternal that the choicest blessings of heaven may cheer the latest days of Lafayette."

Gen. Lafayette having received the ring, pressed it to his bosom and replied:

"The feelings which at this awful moment oppress my heart do not leave the power of utterance. I can only thank you, my dear Custis, for your precious gift. I pay a silent homage to the tomb of the greatest and best of men, my paternal friend."

The following Monday the General proceeded down the Potomac, visiting Yorktown, Richmond, and Monticello, the home of Jefferson. It is said when Jefferson and Lafayette met, they fell into the arms of each other, and remained locked in silent embrace for several minutes before their feelings could find utterance.

Thence he departed for Montpelier, the home of his esteemed friend, Madison. Here he was also received with open arms and made welcome.

His engagement at Washington brought him back Nov. 23. Upon his return both Houses of Congress, upon the report of committees, especially appointed to recommend a suitable manner of receiving the General, adopted resolutions. The Senate resolution read:

"Resolved, That the President of the United States invite Gen. de Lafayette to take a seat in the Senate Chamber, agreeable to his wishes, that the committee deliver the invitation to the General and introduce him into the Senate Chamber, and that the members receive him standing."

The House passed similar resolutions. Gen. Lafayette was the only public character that had ever been received by the Senate of the United States Of

all the proud triumphs through which this grand old hero was called to pass, after landing on the shores of America, this was undoubtedly the most glorious and gratifying.

On Dec. 20, Mr. Hayne, from the committee to whom the subject was referred of making provision for Gen. Lafayette, reported to the Senate a bill providing that the sum of $200,000 be granted Maj.-Gen. de Lafayette; also, one complete and entire township of land to be located upon any of the public lands that remained unsold. The bill passed both Houses.

Lafayette's rely was: "The gift is so magnificent, so far exceeding the services of the individual, that had I been a member of Congress I must have voted against it."

The following Spring, about the time that James Monroe let drop the reins of official life in the Executive Mansion, and John Quincy Adams took them up, Gen. Lafayette bade farewell to Washington, and started on his tour through the States.

Lafayette's name is one that has been consecrated to fame. Into the life of this country his name has been woven, and it will be only when the records and the chronicles of this Nation are blotted out, that the name and memory of his noble deeds will be forgotten. The services he rendered to America, to the world and to liberty, will record his name on the page of history, and the sons of liberty will forever revere the names of Washington and Lafayette.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CALVERT MANOR, KALORAMA, THE SEVEN BUILDINGS, AND OLD CARROLL ROW.

A PICTURESQUE LOCALITY—THE CALVERT MANOR—OLD BLADENSBURG—HENRY CLAY'S ROOM.

A half hour's drive from the Capitol, through a quiet, picturesque country, studded with neat and thrifty little farms and fruit nurseries, where the beautifying touch of the florist has made the waste places blossom like the rose, will bring you to the quaint, historic old town of Bladensburg. The very name brings back a flood-tide of memories.

Here, you remember, is where Gen. Ross brought up his flotilla, and the red-coats disembarked just below the bridge, and advanced toward the Capital. That was in the long ago; since then even the river has run its race and been lost in the eternal deep, like the lives of the men who fought to protect their country and its Capital. Here, too, to your right, just before you reach the bridge, was the ground that often witnessed meetings made necessary by the "code of honor."

In old Bladensburg, in an humble cottage, was born the Hon. William Wirt. You will look in vain to-day for a place where you would think men like Jefferson, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and Benton would revel in terrapin, oysters and canvas-backs, after a day's hard-fought battle of words at the Capitol. It takes a broad sweep of the imagination to people this place, and furnish it with the comforts, to say nothing of the luxuries, which belong to our idea of those days.

A few minutes' drive, and you have passed the time-worn, tumble-down old town, a remnant of the "have beens," and enter the pretty, peaceful village of Hyattsville. Half a mile farther on are two small brick buildings; between these a carriage-drive branches off from the pike, and winds through a large, undulating meadow leading to Riverdale station.

These buildings, like old Bladensburg, are time worn

and weather-beaten; the very granite gate-posts have grown weary and lopping with age. These houses were the porters' lodges of the old Calvert estate, which for a hundred years has been the home of the descendants of Lord Baltimore, Cecil Calvert being the founder of the Maryland Colony.

The very outposts of the place tell its history. They are now only a retreat for bats and owls. The railroad divides the estate, but before you reach the station, on a gently rising knoll at your left, is the old burial ground of the Calverts.

Upon the headstones we find the names of George Calvert, youngest son of Benedict Calvert, and grandson of Cecil Calvert, the sixth Lord Baltimore, and Rosalie Eugenia Calvert, daughter of Henry Stier, of Antwerp, Holland, and four small children, all of whom died in the early part of the century. John Custis, son of Martha Washington, married Miss Eleanor Calvert, of Mount Airy, Prince George's County, Md., a sister of George Calvert.

After passing the station and following a winding road through the meadow lands, you come to the Manor-house, quite hidden from view by the grand old oaks and elms, with their thick, dark foliage casting heavy shadows upon the picturesque and ancient-looking place. If these grand old trees, the growth of centuries, could speak, what tales they would tell! They have been silent spectators of many a gay and festive scene in this historic home.

The elves in their branches have peeped in at the windows, taking note of many a gay cavalier in knee-breeches and powdered wig, leading the ladies, arrayed in the quaint and beautiful costumes of a century ago, through the stately minuet; but whispering leaves tell no tales, and we have only to imagine the story they have kept through the years.

We do know who were some of the friends of George Calvert. We know that Henry Clay was such a boon companion of his that a room was set apart for him, which is still known as the Clay room. When he wished for rest, or seclusion, this was his retreat. It is a large,

square room looking out upon an idyllic view of meadow land, dotted here and there with broad old oaks surrounded by an expanse of woods as far as the eye can reach; now and then can be caught a glimpse of a silver stream, winding its way in and out; while beneath the windows is a miniature lake, in the center of which is a little island, with the remains of a rustic Summer house upon it, gone sadly to decay. And here sat Henry Clay when he drafted the famous Missouri Compromise Bill.

The room now looks bare and desolate, having been dismantled of everything that once gave it an air of comfort. There is a picture of Henry Clay and his home, Ashland, hanging over the mantel; and one solitary piece of furniture, an ancient wardrobe, in which they say the Sage of Ashland used to hang his claw-hammer coat, nankeen vest and broadcloth breeches after a day's hard-fought battle in the Senate with Calhoun, or Benton, or some of the other great political warriors of the day.

The house was erected by Henry Stier, who was father of Mrs. George Calvert. It is built in the characteristic style of many of the homes of Southern gentlemen; large, roomy and massive, surrounded by a lawn of 50 acres stretching out to the north, giving you at a glance an intimation of the hospitality for which they are so noted. As many as 50 fair dames and chivalrous cavaliers have been entertained under this hospitable roof after a night of gay festivities.

There is a portico surrounding the front door, the roof of which is said to be supported by pillars that were orignally made for the dome of the Capitol, but being too short were sold to Mr. Stier. The front doors are of solid oak, and in their massiveness are in keeping with the architectural grandeur of the old place.

The hall, or more properly corridor, is large and spacious; one door out of this leads into the saloon and a door at either end leads into the wings of the building. The saloon is a large, imposing room. The south side is quite taken up by high arched windows from which the eyes rest upon the same peaceful landscape as in the Clay room above.

This room is ornamented with fine wood carving and stucco work, for which the old Colonial times were famous. A brass-mounted chandelier with the prism effects sought to-day is suspended from the ceiling. The walls are vivid green. This peculiar characteristic is found throughout the house; one room is pink, another deep fawn-color, another blue.

The drawing-room and the dining-room, to the east and west, have each marble mantels, said to have been carved and sent from Carrara, Italy.

The stairway, over which so many of the dignitaries of the country have passed, leads from the west wing. The casing is ornamented by a beautiful arabesque pattern. The newel-post and railing are of solid mahogany and oak.

The steps are broad and low, easy of access, and when you have once made the ascent, you go on and on, past room after room; and it can easily be imagined how so many guests could be cared for. Some of the rooms, to be sure, are very limited in space, but a night in one of them would be far preferable to a ride of 20 or 30 miles, after the small hours had closed the mazes of the dance. In those days little was thought of a horseback ride of 20 miles to attend a ball.

At the end of the west wing is the library. When I was there two sides of the room were occupied by mahogany bookcases that reached from the floor to the ceiling. Emptied of their contents, they were but in keeping with the banquet-hall-deserted look of the whole place.

One solitary ornament still keeps vigil; a marble bust of Robert Burns looks down from its lofty perch over the door, and you can imagine it saying:

"I bless and praise thy matchless might,
That I am here afore thy sight,
For gifts and grace,
A burnin' and a shinin' light
To a' this place."

In one of the chambers stood a solitary piece of antique furniture, an ancient wardrobe and dressing-case com-

bined. It was made of walnut, with mahogany veneering, which was cracked, twisted and blistered by the heat and dampness of years; solid and cumbersome in appearance, supported by the heavy, conventional legs, side pieces for wardrobe accommodations, swinging mirror and candelabra, and drawers underneath.

The family safe is built in the wall, guarded by a heavy iron plate door. There were many interesting relics laid away therein, among which was an autograph letter of George Calvert to the *Federal Gazette*, referring to a visit of Lafayette to Georgetown. He was also a guest at the Manor.

There was also an autograph letter from Henry Clay to Mr. Calvert, in clear and legible hand. It referred to the bronze duplicate of the gold medal presented to Clay at the National Hotel not long before his death. The original was lost on its way to New York to be recast, the profile of the head of Clay on one side being imperfect; giving an added value to the duplicate.

The reverse side of the duplicate bronze bore this inscription:

"Senate 1811—Speaker 1811—War of 1812 with Great Britain—Ghent 1814—Spanish American 1822—Missouri Compromise 1821—American System 1824—Greece 1824—Secretary of State 1825—Panama Instructions 1826—Tariff Compromise 1833—Public Domain 1833-1841—Peace with France Preserved 1835—Compromise 1850."

In the surrounding outhouses you see the fading footprints of a slave oligarchy. The negro quarters are in a dilapidated, tumble-down condition. A large tower rises from the midst of them, in which still hangs the old bell that called the slaves to duty; it has grown green and rusty with age and idleness, and its tongue is palsied and silent forever.

Following a beautiful winding road a half mile to the east, underneath a network of osage orange, which forms a hedge on either side and a canopy overhead, you pass what was once the overseer's house, and come to the barn, a large octagon-shaped structure with stalls arranged

around the outer circle, each bearing the inscription of "her ladyship's" name. We find that of Corinne, Alberta, Jessie, Columbia, and a hundred and fifty others who have chewed their cud of contentment in this palatial home. Change and desolation are written every step of the way. The old barn is but an index of the Manor-house itself, which is slowly crumbling and going to decay. The disintegrating touch of time and change has left its mark in this home of the Calverts.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HOME OF JOEL BARLOW.

BEAUTIFUL KALORAMA—ROBERT FULTON AND THOMAS PAINE WELCOME THERE—ITS FAMOUS OWNER—OLD CAPITOL PRISON. HIS MISSION TO FRANCE—THE FRANZONIS.

A little more than a mile from the President's House' directly north from 21st street, used to be one of the most beautiful of Washington's suburban residences, Kalorama. The house was built early in the century (1805) by Joel Barlow, the well-known author of the "Columbiad."

After you entered the gate and passed the porter's lodge, every turn in the winding roadway brought to your eyes visions of beauty, and when you reached the plateau upon which the house stood, you fully comprehended the name Kalorama—"beautiful view." To your right was seen silent, restful Arlington; to your left the graceful lines of the Capitol were clean cut against the eastern sky. At your feet the Potomac stretched and wound its way through the undulating hills, until it seemed a silver thread woven in the landscape.

Mr. Barlow, who owned Kalorama, was born in Connecticut in 1754. He was a graduate of Yale College. His biographer, Todd, ranks him first as a philanthropist, second as a statesman, third as a philosopher, and fourth as a poet. His philanthropy creeps out in every line of his writings, in every act of his life. His letters to Washington, to the citizens of the United States, to Monroe while abroad on the French mission, and his Fourth of July oration at Washington, give evidence of broad and liberal statesmanship. His philosophical turn was most apparent in his private letters and intercourse with familiar friends.

A charming mock pastoral, written in Savoy at a time when he was called to go there with the Commissioners of the National Association, gives his claim to true poetic genius. In a little inn in Chamberg the poem "Hasty Pudding" had its birth.

He was sent to France as the agent for the Scioto Land Company, and his home was in Paris many years. It was during this time that Robert Fulton, then a young man, made Mr. Barlow's acquaintance. A warm friendship sprang up between him and the young inventor, and for seven years there was a room in the poet's house and a seat at his fireside always reserved for Fulton. It is said the relation between them was like father and son.

It seems, from private letters, that Mr. Barlow furnished the funds for Fulton's experiments with his torpedoes, steam and navigation projects while abroad, also after he came back to America, as the following letter will show. ("Toot" was the pet name for Fulton):

"Toot: Your reasoning is perfectly right about inventions and the spirit of the patent laws, and I have no doubt it may be secured in America. My project would be that you should pass directly over to England; silent and steady, make Chapman construct an engine 12 inches, while you are building a boat of a proportionate size; make the experiments on that scale, all quiet and quick. If it answers, put the machinery on board a vessel and go directly to New York, ordering another engine as large as you please, to follow you. Then secure your patent and begin your operations, first small and then large. I think I will find you the funds without any noise for the first operation in England, and if it promises well, you will get as many funds and friends in America as you want."

Mr. Barlow lived in Paris 18 years. In all this time, with all his cares, his love for his native land did not diminish. The completion of his "Columbiad," the preparation for its illustration, in which Fulton was of great assistance, and a partnership in Fulton's inventive enterprises, left him few leisure moments.

But to return to his beloved America was his dream. At length, in 1804, he wrote home that he was in England on his way to America, where he arrived in the following May. But he found great changes had taken place. Ohio, Tennessee, Vermont, and Kentucky had been admitted into the Union. Politics had changed. The

Constitution had been adopted and had been tried as by fire. Washington was dead.

Federalism had succeeded to the more powerful Republicanism. The Republicans rejoiced at Barlow's return, and the Federalists mourned. They could see nothing good in his Republicanism, or in the man who in his Algerian mission alone had won laurels for himself in doing such service for his suffering countrymen.

Soon after his return he purchased the old mansion on the hill, between Georgetown and the Capitol, with 30 acres of land. He soon transformed it into one of the most beautiful country seats of the time, and called it Kalorama.

Mr. Barlow had a cultivated taste, and wealth to indulge it. Mr. Latrobe, the architect of the Capitol, gave him assistance, and Robert Fulton lent his genius to the embellishment of the house and grounds.

The park, covered with forest trees, was left in its natural state; walks, drives, flowers, fountains, Summer houses were added to enhance the beauty of the grounds. The house was furnished, it is said, with republican simplicity, yet an air of elegance pervaded the rooms. In the years spent abroad, they had made a rare collection of paintings, curios and bric-a-brac, which were distributed with taste throughout the house. His library, especially, was rich in rare and valuable books.

This charming retreat became the Holland House of America. The President, Jefferson, and afterward Madison, were often there in conversation with Mr. Barlow, and it is well understood that he helped largely to mold the policy of this Government towards France through two Administrations.

Congressmen, foreigners, authors, poets, inventors and men of genius in every calling have been entertained beneath this roof. Robert Fulton is said to have constructed his model of the Clermont at Kalorama, and it was on Rock Creek the first experimental steamer was made to ply the waters. This was a short time before the public trial and successful sail up the Hudson. It was

here also that he tested his torpedoes, and tried to persuade Congress to consider his navigation projects.

Thomas Paine was also a visitor at Kalorama. It was at Kalorama that Mr. Barlow finished his epic poem, the "Columbiad." It was a National patriotic epic, great in expectations, but not a great poem.

It is well known that in the year 1811 America's relations with France and England were of the gravest character. Madison and his advisers at last resolved to make one more effort at negotiations, and it was clearly to be seen that the failure or success of the plan would depend entirely upon the man chosen to carry it out.

As Napoleon was France, he alone was the man to be influenced. In casting about, Madison and his Cabinet chose Mr. Barlow as the man eminently fitted for the Embassadorship. Mr. Barlow well understood the difficulties in the way of successfully carrying out such a mission, and it took a great deal of persuasion to induce him to accept. He had reached an age when home and home comforts were more to him than all the allurements of high position; he was also deeply engrossed in literary pursuits; but, at last, for his country's sake, he accepted.

Kalorama was leased, and he hoped to come back to it and enjoy the fruits of its well-earned comforts. His wife and nephew, Thomas Barlow, and Miss Clara Baldwin, Mrs. Barlow's half-sister, accompanied them. They arrived in France in September. It was not an opportune time for his arrival; Napoleon had been foiled by Russia in his designs upon Germany, and with an army of a million men was making preparations for the invasion of Russia. The business which might have been brought to a conclusion in a few days took years.

Napoleon requested Mr. Barlow to meet him at Wilna. A year of anxious and wearisome labor had already been spent upon the treaty thus far. He reached Wilna in time to learn of Napoleon's defeat and of the evacuation of Moscow.

After waiting six days, hoping Napoleon would fall back to Wilna, he was at length heard from. The army was in disgraceful flight. Napoleon had abandoned it,

and, in disguise, was hastening to Paris. It was very evident the treaty was lost. The party immediately left by way of Cracow, Vienna and Munich for Paris.

Mr. Barlow was taken violently ill on the road, and was compelled to stop at Zamowitch. Everything was done for his comfort, but it was too late; his malady developed into pneumonia, and he survived but a few days. His nephew had his body embalmed, with the hope of having it transported to America.

But the Cossacks were ravaging the country with fire and sword; none were exempt. It was impossible to bring his body away, and it was with danger and difficulty that Thomas Barlow escaped. His biographer says:

"Late in the Autumn of 1813 Mrs. Barlow and her sister, accompanied by Thomas Barlow and the young French lady he had married, returned to America and took up their residence at Kalorama. Here, in quiet and seclusion, the bereaved lady spent the remaining years of her eventful life, and died in 1818, greatly revered for her amiable character and deeds of charity."

Mr. Barlow had a niece who married an Army officer, whose moral status was not sufficient to even secure his name for posterity. While on the frontier his wife was carried off by the Indians. He did not deem it important to go in pursuit of her, but Lieut. Bomford organized a force and prosecuted the search. He found her, and, after she had procured a divorce from her husband, married her.

Mr. Barlow, while on a mission to Algiers, drew up his will, bequeathing everything he owned to his wife, to dispose of between the relatives on both sides. Kalorama was bequeathed to Mrs. Bomford, who lived there many years. Previous to this, Commodore Decatur, after he was appointed Navy Commissioner, made his residence at Kalorama.

In 1820, after the duel of Decatur and Barron, the remains of the Commodore were first deposited in the family vault at Kalorama by invitation of Col. Bomford. Afterwards Decatur's remains were removed to Philadelphia. In after years Mrs. Decatur lived again at Kalorama and

made it famous for the elegant entertainments given there. She survived her husband about 40 years, and died in Georgetown in 1860.

Mr. Barlow loved his country and gave his life for her good. His verse first gave American poetry a standing abroad, and his prose writing contributed largely to the triumph of Republicanism in 1800. The steamboat had him for a godfather; and, it is very probable, could he have carried out his scheme of a National University, that art, science and literature would stand on a different footing from that occupied by them to-day.

But no historian has touched upon or recognized the talent and public services of Joel Barlow. He was a sturdy Republican, with a strong hatred for everything that would degrade man. His interest in the industrial progress of his country was unbounded. In private life he was highly esteemed; in his family he was always the loving, kind and thoughtful husband.

But his country accepted his services and left his bones to moulder unmarked on the bleak Polish wastes where he fell, and took no action toward perpetuating his memory. Wifely love supplied the omission, and erected a monument over his grave.

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During the war, beautiful Kalorama was used as a smallpox hospital. This historic home was afterward owned by a family by the name of Lovett, and the mansion has been much improved. The vicissitudes of time have wrought many changes in this old home, and now we hear it is for sale. I suppose some fine morning we shall look for Kalorama and find it not. Civilization makes rapid strides. In place of undulating hills and dales, grateful forest shade and winding drives, we shall find the woodman's ax has felled the trees, the pick and shovel have levelled the hills, the shaded driveway that calls to memory the names of heroes and men famous in our country's history who have passed under those historic trees, will have to give way to broad avenues and architectural monstrosities which are an abomination to

the sight and to the sense; and this is—civilization. Will there come a time in this country when the very stones of these old buildings will be held sacred because other hands laid them; when men will say, "Touch not; our fathers built this"; when the glory of a building will be its age, and a deep sense of reverence and sympathy and mysterious adoration will possess us; because the walls have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity?

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Many historic houses have been razed to the ground to make room for the new National Library Building, east of the Capitol.

Among these was a row of houses on First street east, and facing the Capitol, called Duff Green Row. After the war the houses were remodeled and were known as Carroll Row, taking the name from Daniel Carroll, to whom the property originally belonged.

This row of five houses was originally a hotel. It was erected early during the present century, and was then called Nick Queen's Hotel; all except one house, at the corner, in which lived for many years Dr. James Ewell. It was afterward occupied by Duff Green as a printing establishment.

Ex-Senator Simon Cameron, when a young man, worked there as a printer, and from there was issued the *United States Telegraph*. This must not be mistaken for the Indian Queen Hotel that was kept by Jesse Brown on Pennsylvania avenue where the Metropolitan now stands. There was a day when Queen's Hotel was one of the finest in the city. At that time Capitol Hill was the fashionable part of Washington; most of the members lived there. Those who did not found quarters in Georgetown.

The aristocratic West End was a swamp, where frogs held their matinees and owls kept nightly vigils.

During the War of 1812, when the Capitol was burned by the British, they brought their wounded soldiers from Bladensburg and occupied the house of Dr. Ewell as a hospital, Dr. Ewell and the British surgeons attending the wounded.

Another house of historic interest, which has vanished in the march of improvements, is that of the old artist, Guiseppe Franzoni, which stood on Pennsylvania avenue east, and came into the Library Square.

This house was unpretending in size and architectural beauty, but as the home of Franzoni there circles around it an interest which many more imposing structures do not possess.

When the seat of Government was removed from Philadelphia to Washington, it was desirable that the new Capitol should be adorned with works of art. This new child of the world had no artists of her own, and Congress sent to Italy for the best sculptor there known, to come to this country and undertake the work. Franzoni was considered equal to the great Canova, and was then employed in the palace of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose near relative he was.

It took long and earnest persuasion to get his consent to come to America; but with the promise of a large salary, the expenses of himself and family paid, no matter how large, whenever he wished to return to his native land, he consented to accept the proposition. He arrived in this country in the year 1806 or 1807, accompanied by his wife, a beautiful Italian girl, only 15 years old.

Imagine the transition from beautiful Florence, with its balmy air and cloudless skies; from the shadows of the grand old duomo St. Michael and Donnetallois, St. Guigo, which his master said needed only speech; from an atmosphere in which was reared a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, a Leonardo da Vinci, or a Ghiberti—we say, imagine the change to this city, which was nearly a wilderness; the houses few and scattering, not one between the "Queen's Hotel," on Pennsylvania avenue, and the Capitol; muddy streets, no sidewalks. But—we had an artist.

Mr. Franzoni soon tired of walking through such a wilderness. Silk stockings and knee breeches were not in keeping with a tramp like this to the Capitol; therefore, he made a purchase of the house mentioned, the best to be had at that time.

The President, Thomas Jefferson, was a warm friend

of Franzoni, and the sculptor was his regular Sunday guest at dinner.

Mr. Franzoni lived only 10 years after coming to this country. The severity of the climate was too great. He never saw again his beautiful home, Florence. He died, leaving a widow and six children. The children were all born in this country, and after their father's death had no desire to return to Italy.

When the Capitol was burned by the British in 1814, all of the beautiful works executed by his hand were destroyed.

After Guiseppe's death, effort was made again to secure another Italian sculptor. The Government was successful in getting Carlos Franzoni and his friend, Jardella, to come to this country. Jardella married the widow of Guiseppe. They came here in 1816. Carlos lived only four years, and was but 33 when he died. He has left some examples of true art that surpass anything in the possession of the Government. One of these is the beautiful clock over the entrance to the old House of Representatives, now Statuary Hall.

It represents History riding on the car of time, making a record as she goes. The dial of the clock is the wheel of the car. This fine work of art has received the admiration of Webster, Clay, Preston, and all the brilliant minds that have adorned this Nation. This, like true history, is entering upon her record the names of great men as she passes in her car of time.

John Quincy Adams, just before his sudden death, in this hall, wrote his name to a poetical address to this muse of history, commencing:

"Come down, thou marble figure, upon the floor,
And take down the name of each candidate for fame."

Credit has been given to Guiseppe Franzoni for this as the only specimen of his work remaining after the fire; but he died before any of his children were 10 years old, and his daughter, Lavinia, then a young lady, sat as a model for her uncle, for the face and arm in this figure; besides, the name of Carlos appears on the clock.

Carlos built him a house on Four-and-a-half street, opposite the Presbyterian Church. Over the door and windows, until a few years ago, could be seen mythologic figures of Mercury, Bacchus, and others which he executed at his leisure.

He also imported two Carrara marble mantels from Italy for his house, but Commodore Blasdon persuaded him to sell them to the Government for the Senate Chamber of the Capitol, and they are still in the Supreme Court room.

Dr. Franzoni has a magnificent portrait of his grandfather, Carlos Franzoni, painted by the great Bonani. The family have been offered a fabulous price for it by the New York Historical Society.

In the old Supreme Court room, near the Law Library, is a bas-relief, a part of which is from the same master hand, the Goddess of Justice holding the scales. On the left is a youth, Fame, bearing in his hand a scroll upon which is inscribed the Constitution. The inferiority of this figure in comparison with the figure of Justice, at once sets one to studying the cause of the discrepancy in the workmanship.

We are informed by his grandson, now living, that the Franzoni heirs never came into possession of any of the drawings or models left at the death of Carlos. One solution of the difficulty may be that an inferior artist was put on the work to finish the bas-relief. It is certainly a libel on the name of Franzoni to attribute the whole work to him.

There is yet another bit of work from the great master's hand in the National architecture found in the pillars at the foot of the stairway of the old Senate Chamber, now used by the Supreme Court.

These were executed by Franzoni from a suggestion of Thomas Jefferson that some design should be made that would be entirely American. The columns of cornstalks, the capitals of the full corn in the ear were the result. No Corinthian or Doric columns are more exquisitely beautiful.

What use was made of the drawings and models left, only the architect of the Capitol knows.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOMES OF LITERARY WOMEN—LITERARY CLUBS.

THE "SEVEN BUILDINGS," THE FORMER RESIDENCES OF PROMINENT MEN—WHEN THE BRITISH BURNED THE CAPITOL—GIFTED MARY CLEMMER—HOME OF "OLIVIA"—THE HOME OF MRS. SOUTHWORTH—A CHECKERED LIFE—THE AUTHOR OF "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY"—WASHINGTON CLUBS AND SOCIETIES.

Among the earlier houses erected in the District was the row built on the north side of Pennsylvania avenue between 19th and 20th streets, known as the "Seven Buildings."

The house on the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and 19th street was occupied by Elbridge Gerry while he was Vice-President and James Monroe President. He was elected in 1812, and died suddenly, in the second year of his term.

The venerable Mrs. Townsend, who died in Boston some years ago, at the age of 92, was his daughter and the mother of Gen. E. D. Townsend, the late able and energetic Adjutant-General of the Army.

After the White House was destroyed by the British, this was the house into which President and Mrs. Monroe moved after leaving the "Octagon House." They remained until the White House was rebuilt. It had also been used, in the interim, for the United States Treasury. Mr. Fry, a Chief Clerk of the Paymaster-General's Office, occupied the house next door. John Quincy Adams and Mr. Fry had married the daughters of Gov. Thomas Johnson, of Maryland.

Gov. Johnson was born in Calvert County, Maryland. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress from that State, but resigned from that body for the purpose of raising troops, of which he was to take command, to go to the rescue of his warm friend, Gen. George Washington.

It was he who proposed the name of Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. He was Maryland's first Republican Governor and was also one of the Commissioners for laying out the City of Washington.

It is said that John Adams, second President of the United States, was once asked how it was that so many Southern men were in the war. He replied:

"If it had not been for such men as Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Jefferson, Samuel Chase and Thomas Johnson, there would never have been any Revolution,"—in other words, there would have been no United States.

After Mr. Fry removed from this house, it was purchased by Brook Mackall, esq. His wife was Miss Gunnell, an aunt of the accomplished and genial Medical Director, F. M. Gunnell, of the United States Navy.

The third and fourth houses were owned by Joseph Forrest. He married a Miss Dulaney, of Suter's Hill, near Alexandria. He occupied one of the houses, and his brother-in-law, Commodore Bladen Dulaney, of the Navy, the other.

After his death, in the distribution of the estate, these houses came into the hands of the late Commodore French Forrest, who lived in the third house from the corner, until about three years before the war broke out. He then removed to his country seat, "Claremont."

Commodore Forrest, at the breaking out of the war, resigned his commission in the Navy of the United States, which he had held 52 years. He was a gallant officer in the War of 1812. He was in the naval engagement with Commodore Perry on Lake Erie, and also fought valiantly in the Mexican War.

When Virginia seceded he joined her fortunes and was made an Admiral in the Southern Confederacy. At the close of the war he returned to the District, to find his property confiscated by the Government. It was purchased by Hon. Alfred Ely, formerly a member of Congress from New York, who was captured and carried to Richmond, where he remained prisoner until he was exchanged, by special arrangement, for the Hon. Charles Faulkner, our former Minister to France, who

had been arrested in New York upon his arrival from Europe, for being a rebel.

The Commodore died in Georgetown in 1866. After his death his son, Rev. Douglas Forrest, D. D., brought action in the United States Court for the possession of the property, which he recovered after a long and tedious suit.

In 1834 the Vice-President, Martin Van Buren, the Charge d'Affairs of the Netherlands, and the First Auditor of the Treasury, lived in the "Seven Buildings." The Secretary of War, at the same time, lived directly opposite.

These are some of the past glories of the "Seven Buildings," built in the morning of the city's growth, when the West End was a swamp, when horses were stalled on Pennsylvania avenue and pedestrians sank in the "slough of despond." In those days Washington was a provincial town, and yet heroic men and women walked its streets and gathered around the home fireside, whose lives are the history of the City and Nation as well.

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When Gen. Cockburn made his raid upon Washington, Aug. 4, 1814, only two wings of the Capitol were finished. Here Congress had held its sessions since Feb. 27, 1801.

It may not be generally known that the flight of Mahomet, John Gilpin and the fight at Bladensburg all occurred Aug. 24. It is a well-known fact that after the battle of Bladensburg Congress was without a home.

The wings of the Capitol, the President's Mansion, a few public buildings scattered here and there, a score or so of private dwellings stranded among the marshes, spreading from Greenleaf's Point to Georgetown, over several miles and along the river banks, constituted the main attractions of the infant metropolis that drew the British firebrand.

After the destruction of both Houses of Congress, William Law, Daniel Carroll and others began the building of a new edifice for the temporary accommodation of Congress, which was completed Dec. 4, 1815.

The building cost $30,000, $5,000 of which had been

expended on furniture. Congress paid the builders $5,000 in money and a rental of $1,650 per annum, with cost of insurance.

The Niles Register said: "The spot where this large, commodious building was erected was a garden on the 4th of July last. The bricks of which it is built were clay, and the timber used in its construction was growing in the woods that day."

Mrs. Seaton, in a letter to her mother, written November, 1815, says: "About fifty members have arrived and marked their seats in the new building on Capitol Hill, erected by Law, Carroll and others, who wished to advance the price of their property."

It was in front of this building James Monroe was inaugurated President, March 4, 1817, with brilliant ceremonies.

After the Capitol was in condition to receive Congress, this house emerged into a fashionable boarding house. It was in this house that John C. Calhoun died, while representing South Carolina as a Senator. Here the sculptor Luigi Persico occupied a room for a studio. Here, in plaster, was the group which now occupies a place in the main entrance to the rotunda, that of Columbus holding in his hand the new world. Some wag has described Columbus in this piece as playing ten-pins with George Washington, whose seated statue occupies a place in the ground in front. This building was afterwards Old Capitol Prison.

THE HOME OF DR. WM. THORNTON—THE HOME OF DR. THOMAS MILLER.

An historic home that is well remembered, and one that has been the rallying point of many dignitaries and of some of the aristocracy of the old regime, is the house that was originally 246, old number, or 1331, new number, F street. This year the house has been razed and another building has been placed upon the site.

The original house was built by Samuel Blodgett,

and occupied by Dr. William Thornton, first Commissioner of Patents. After his death the house was purchased by Dr. Thomas Miller, who leased it to Secretary Charles Conrad, who married Miss Lewis, daughter of Nellie Custis. Mr. and Mrs. Conrad lie buried at Mount Vernon. It was next occupied by Hon. John M. Clayton, of Delaware; then Hon. James Buchanan lived here, and was followed by the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, and James Guthrie when Secretary of the Treasury lived under this historic roof.

There was a large flower garden at the rear and sides of the house, which was kept under high cultivation.

Dr. Miller built an addition to the house on the east lot, which made it one of the most attractive houses in the city for entertaining. This addition contained a large ball room, reception rooms and accessories.

When James Guthrie was retired, Dr. Miller, who could well be termed the Court Physician of Washington, moved in, closed the doors, and rented the addition to Robert Toombs. Miss Sallie Toombs was married from this house, and it was also the headquarters for the congenial, big-brained Alexander H. Stevens.

But few houses in this city have been immortalized by so many noted men and women, and more's the pity that these landmarks must give way to the march of improvements and so-called civilization.

It is only arresting history by photographing the memories of those left, and through the mind's eye walk the stately corridors of these homes and people them for the time with those who lived in them for their day and have passed over, leaving their story for loving hearts to record.

Dr. Miller, though not an original secessionist, was a Virginian by birth and association, and when war was finally declared his whole heart and sympathy went out for his people. Dr. Miller closed his eyes on the world in this home, and was carried from it and was buried in the old church-yard at Rock Creek.

The father of Mrs. Doctor Miller was Gen. Walter Jones. He was Major-General of the District Militia,

and one of the most prominent lawyers of that day. He was retained in all the great cases of the time, such as the Girard case, the Gaines case, the Dermott case, the Baltimore and Ohio, etc. His wife was the daughter of Judge Charles Lee, brother of "Light Horse Harry," and through her mother granddaughter of Richard Henry Lee.

Gen. Jones headed the command that received Gen. Lafayette in 1825, and was his escort to Mount Vernon. His home was on Pennsylvania avenue between 11th and 12th streets, north side. He occupied the whole square from the *Star* Building to the Raleigh. The house proper was situated in the middle of the square.

Above the *Star* Building, on 11th srreet, was a small house he owned, which was given to an English woman, Mrs. Brush, for services she rendered when the British burned Washington in 1814. By her efforts and interposition the *Intelligencer* office was saved, and during her life this office furnished her in bread.

It is one generation touching hands with another that holds the chain of evidence unbroken of the men and women who peopled these homes and have left the imprint of their noble lives upon their children and upon a higher civilization.

The last days of Gen. Walter Jones were spent with his daughter and son in the F street house, and his funeral was from this home. Gen. Scott, Judges Morsell and Dunlap and Mr. Corcoran were among the pallbearers.

His daughters, Mrs. Stirling Murray, who lives in Virginia, Miss Virginia Miller, and Mrs. Arthur Fendall, are well known and are keeping up the traditions of this family and the old Washington regime in deeds of patriotism, works of charity and the higher welfare of the community in which they live

THE FORREST AND KEARNEY HOMES.

Among the first houses built in the new District of Columbia was the residence of Richard Forrest, on the southeast corner of F and 14th streets, now covered by the Ebbitt House.

Mr. Forrest came of one of the oldest families in this country. His ancestor and Capt. John Smith sailed up the James River and landed together at Jamestown. The family afterwards settled in St. Mary's County, Maryland, and three brothers were in the Revolutionary War. Uriah, as we have told elsewhere, was Colonel in the Maryland Line. Richard's father, Zachariah Forrest, was Captain of the lower battalion of Maryland.

Richard Forrest married a daughter of David Cranford, of Prince George's County. This gentleman built the house on F and 14th street for his daughter.

Richard Forrest occupied a position in the State Department for 30 years, and died in this house.

A friend and fellow-countryman of David Burns was George Walker, a Scotchman, who settled in Philadelphia, and was one of the merchant princes after the Revolution. It was probably at the solicitation of David Burns that out of his ample means he bought large tracts of land on the Potomac, and thus became one of the original proprietors of the District. Here he met his wife, Martha Cranford, the daughter of David Cranford, of Scotch descent also.

They settled in a house in Carrollsburg (now Capitol Hill). Mrs. Walker lived but one year after her marriage, and Mr. Walker became involved in controversies with the District Commissioners. Feeling great injustice was done him in the division of his lots, by the Federal Government, he returned to his native land and soon died.

Until very recently many valuable lots were assessed in the name of George Walker, and not until a commissioner was sent to Scotland and his heirs found were the titles perfected.

The great niece of Mrs. George Walker, and the granddaughter of Mrs. Richard Forrest, Mrs. Kate Kearney Henry, of Washington, has in her possession very beautiful jewelry which George Walker presented to his bride.

Another prominent residence, built in 1800, which stood on the corner of F and 14th streets northwest, was that of the Kearney family.

The father of the Kearney brothers was an Irishman,

and came to this country the latter part of the last century, bringing his wife and three sons. He was an architect, and died in South Carolina, where he had gone to design a public building. His family moved to Washington, and the three sons entered the U. S. service.

James Kearney died in 1860, a Colonel of Engineers, U. S. A.; Robert lost his life at sea, a Surgeon in the U. S. N., and John P. Kearney, also a Surgeon in the U. S. N., after serving his country for nearly forty years and participating in three wars, died in Mexico in 1847.

This house and grounds was purchased by the Willards when they extended the hotel to F street.

These records of the founders of this city, the part they bore through the century in defence of their country and in its history making, while the landmarks of their homes may be swept away, their memories will live as long as descendants carry them in their hearts, and then they will be perpetuated in history by a grateful people.

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Capitol Hill, since the rough career of Annie Royal, has not been without its representative literary women. Annie Royal's newspapers, The Washington *Paul Pry* and the *Huntress*, were badly printed and the matter badly written, and were noted for vile vituperation and for more of bitterness than wit.

That the press is surely and permanently improving needs no better evidence than the difference between the women writers of to-day and this notorious person. Women correspondents are honored and welcomed everywhere. Energy and perseverance are making journalism and correspondence a permanent vocation for the sisterhood.

Almost beside the Capitol door was the home of Mary Clemmer, the gifted correspondent and poetess. With the earnings of her pen she purchased this house, which was for many years a literary and social center. This is not the place for any extended biography, but in grateful memory of a life consecrated to conscientious and earnest work, a life of brave purpose and high endeavor, fitly representative of American womanhood in its truest,

highest, loftiest sense, we accord to Mary Clemmer a niche in our historic memories of Washington.

This accomplished woman when very young began writing for the newspapers, her first effusions appearing in the Springfield *Republican*. She afterwards became a correspondent for the New York *Independent*, to which journal, under the title of "A Woman's Letters from Washington," she regularly contributed for many years.

Through these letters she became best known to the literary world. Her first letter to the *Independent* was written March, 1866. She soon found that she was the possessor of a National reputation as a racy writer on political events and concerning people prominent in public affairs in Washington.

The vivid yet sympathetic tone in which she photographed notable personages connected with the brilliant social and personal life of the city made her sure of her audience. It was her talent for describing personal appearance, her skill in picturing faces and delineating soul power that gave these letters a special value to many, who came to look upon them for correct impressions of men at the head of National affairs at the Capital.

She was a poet by nature; she had trodden the wine press of life, meeting its disappointments and its sorrows with a brave courage; but her soul must needs sing as the crushed flower sends forth perfume, and so in every line we find a graceful touch from an overflowing human nature.

Aug. 18, 1884, she breathed her last. If reconciled the world must be that the future should unfold its scroll to one so soon, thankful must it also be that success was her crown and peace of heart her inheritance, ere the shadows of the night fell upon her for the last time and her spirit floated over into the golden sunset.

It is not our purpose to lay bare the sorrows and the hardships entailed upon her, or to indicate who or what was responsible for that which she suffered or that which she missed; we can only note that she took up the heavy burdens which Fate had decreed should be hers to bear, and with noble courage and womanly power grew strong

through suffering, and happiness at length was hers. Her story, here vaguely recorded, may be a message of encouragement and a stimulus to other weary and heavy-laden human hearts.

She sleeps in Rock Creek Cemetery. A beloved friend wrote of her; "The grass is growing on Mary Clemmer's grave; but all the way to it and beyond, so far as human love can reach, is covered with flowers."

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But a few steps from the Old Capitol Prison, which was at one time used as the publishing house of Annie Royal, across the beautiful park, you come to the house on New Jersey avenue in which Grace Greenwood (Mrs. Lippincott) lived. Her facile pen has won for her the honored crown of woman's admiration.

Lady Wilde has said: "How often a great genius has given a soul to a locality." We cannot say that here Grace Greenwood found aught that was special or personal in her eyrie that overlooked the fair city, but we do know that in her inmost heart she found the universality of human sisterhood.

Since then she has been a wanderer. By her letters we trace her over America, England and the Continent. Through English meadows, in Italian gardens, wintering on the Continent, or summering in old England, drinking inspiration from the Old World fountains; and yet no loadstone has been strong enough to attract and hold her from her motherhood.

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A little farther to the east, between Fifth and Sixth streets, you come to "Maple Square," the home of Emily Edson Briggs ("Olivia").

Farther back than memory runneth, the house, with massive foundation, gable ends, Queen Anne architecture, solid masonry of brick brought from England, was built, and has stood the shock of wind and rain, Summer's heat and Winter's frost. Situated in the middle of the square, shaded by grand old forest trees, vine-clad and venerable, with meadow lawns, fruit trees, shrubbery and flowers, what a history its closed pages could give

of the century gone! We know the wounded and dying after the battle of Bladensburg were cared for under its roof. It has been the silent witness of every Administration, its entree and its exit. It has been the home of foreign Ministers, members of Congress, and gentlemen of leisure.

Mr. Clayton, while a member of the Senate, owned the place and made extensive improvements. He built the right wing, which is a music room of imposing dimensions. In 1871 it came into the possession of Mrs. Briggs, who at the time was a special correspondent. Here many of her trenchant, spicy, vigorous letters were written. During the war the name of Olivia became a power that gave her precedence over many male correspondents; so mu h so that she could name her own salary to the newspaper editor. She has decided to leave this estate to a woman's university, for which her will has long been made, provided the City or Government will endow it with sufficient funds tocarry it successfully on.

Some day Capitol Hill, which has had the prestige of an environment of literary women, may develop the alma mater for women which will give them the opportunity that they now seek for in vain at the doors of universities, and to Emily Edson Briggs shall belong the honor.

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In Georgetown lived the noted novelist, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. At the head of Prospect avenue stands a quaint little cottage of many gables, vine-clad and bright with flowers. Mrs. Southworth was not one of our greatest novelists, and yet, perhaps, no writer has been more widely read. We knocked at the cottage door one afternoon and were ushered into the presence of a pleasant-faced woman; her hair was gray, brushed back, revealing a high and broad forehead. Her eyes were blue, full of tenderness, and when she talked her whole face seemed illuminated. White, soft lace encircled her neck and bosom. And as we listened to her delightful and fluent conversation, she revealed a character rich in womanly traits.

Her life has been a checkered one; but the maternal instinct and her own self-respect re-illumined the spark of genius and she has gone on through the years untiring until very many novels have emanated from her pen and brain.

When the civil war broke out she nailed the Stars and Stripes over her front gate, saying: "Whoever comes to my door must pass under that." With patriotic zeal she nursed the sick and wounded in camp and hospital, until she herself became a victim to the smallpox. With true philosophy she said:

"I cannot prevent the soldiers from taking the disease, but I can suffer with them; there is some comfort in that."

As we stood upon the veranda of this ideal home and glanced along the Virginia hills memory took us back to the far-away past that consecrated and made them classic ground. We thought of the brave and loyal men who had laid down their lives, sleeping among the green hills over there, to bequeath to the present all that the sacrifice, suffering and struggle of the past achieved. Mrs. Southworth died in the Summer of 1899.

HOME OF FRANCES HODGSON BUNRETT.

In the beautiful home, 1770 Massachusetts avenue, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett wrote "Little Lord Fauntleroy." "This home," says Olive Logan, "even as Litchfield House was bought by Miss Braddon out of the proceeds of 'Lady Audley's Secret,' so is Mrs. Burnett's residence due to 'Fauntleroy.' A substantial tribute indeed from the manly little Lord to 'Dearest.'"

Passing from the front drawing-room to the back drawing-room, from the dining-room to tapestry-hung hall, up the quaint, winding stairs to the various sitting-rooms, bed-rooms and work-rooms on the upper floors, one was perforce required to draw heavily on the stock of epithets of admiration; for each of these apartments seemed to outvie the other in freshness, daintiness and beauty.

Hanging here, handsomely framed, was the illuminated address of thanks of English authors for the resolution

taken by Mrs. Burnett and sustained by her at the law's point, concerning the right of an author to dramatize his own story, an injustice against which Charles Dickens protested in vain, against which Ouida has hurled some of her most vigorous language, from which hundreds of authors have silently suffered, and which was righted for all time by the energetic action of Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Mrs. Burnett was born in Manchester, England, and educated in her native city; and there it was that she became familiar with the Lancashire dialect and character which she has so bewitchingly used in her "Lass o' Lowrie's." But it was after she had become a child of America, after "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Through One Administration," "Esmeralda," after she was a wife, after she was the mother of two beautiful boys, that motherhood in all its glorious beatitudes received its jeweled setting in the inspired pages of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Washington society does not all revolve around the Capitol, nor does it all get its illumination by reflection. From a city of primitive insignificance in the beginning of the century, Washington has become not only the political capital of the Union, but the scientific and literary center.

It has its Biological, Anthropological and Philosophical Societies, devoted to general scientific investigation. At the Cosmos Club, whose headquarters are in the house so long the home of Mrs. Madison, these scientists meet and exchange the better thoughts of their natures and develop the social talents also.

The literati meet and mingle among the different social clubs. The Literary Society finds doors open to receive them, and men and women of culture and education contribute to the evening's entertainment.

The Unity Club is founded on nearly the same plan, and is a counterpart of the other; it has among its members many names familiar to the literary world.

There is the Travel Club; as its name indicates, the work is given entirely to travel in the different countries

throughout the world. With their guide, courier and traveling correspondents they ferret out the places of interest, and then some clever member of the club tells what he knows about it. The geography, history, science, fine arts and practical arts of other nations become familiar as household words to the members. Travelers of note, foreign Ministers, men of letters, and women of brains have helped to furnish this intellectual feast these many years.

There is the Educational Bureau, the Observatory, with its magnificent instruments for astronomical purposes, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and the several libraries, chief among them the Congressional.

The Woman's National Press Association is another of the clubs that brings together the literary women of the city. It has the honor of being the first of the kind organized in the country, and has among its members women from almost every State in the Union. It embraces among its members journalists, magazine writers and authors.

Washington, like all other cities, has a journalists' guild, and its masculine pens, flowing with sparkling repartee and ready wit, have been supplemented by those of the women correspondents, whose letters are filled with interesting gossip, and are garnished with realistic pictures of society, and clever pen-pictures of public men and women. Correspondence and even editorship has risen to a profession among women, and, with the exception of a small minority who do not find the circulation of scandals and misstatements in any sense profitable, they are generously rewarded.

Women, as a rule, write from a conscientious love of their work, and they become popular in proportion as their style differs from the rough rhetoric of their brother bohemians. Their energy and perseverance is making the profession a permanent vocation for women, and as the press grows in influence, more and more will it require the wit, grace and sparkle that emanate from intellectual womanhood.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THE CALL BY MRS. LOCKWOOD—ORGANIZATION AT THE STRATHMORE ARMS—THE OFFICERS—THE GREAT WORK DURING THE SPANISH WAR—THE PROPOSED CONTINENTAL HALL AT WASHINGTON, AND OTHER OBJECTS OF PATRIOTIC EFFORT.

If there is a society which should have recognition in this history it is the above named.

We know of no organized body that stands so pre-eminently for home and country.

The bugle call was sounded, and appeal was made to the women of this country to organize for patriotic work through a letter written to the Washington *Post* by Mary Smith Lockwood, July 13, 1890.

Further activities were entered into in August by Mary Desha, Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth and Eugenia Washington. Others signified their desire to unite in this work, and when the day seemed ripe for the launching of the ship the call was made and on October 11, 1890, at two o'clock p. m., in the parlors of the Strathmore Arms, 810 12th street, the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized.

The gathering was an enthusiastic one and 18 women signified their wish to become members. Eleven of them became members that evening.

It was decided that the Society should be National, with its headquarters in Washington, and that the head of the organization should be a woman of National repute.

A constitution was provisionally adopted and officers elected.

When the organization of the Board was complete it stood as follows, each officer being nominated and elected according to parliamentary usage: Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, President-General; Mrs. Flora

Adams Darling Vice-President in Charge of Organization; seven Vice-Presidents-General, Mrs. David Porter, Mrs. William Cabell, Mrs. Henry V. Boynton, Mrs. General Greely, Mrs. St. Clair, Mrs. G. Brown Goode, Mrs. William C. Winlock; Mrs. Ellen Harden Walworth, Secretary-General; Mrs. William C. Earle, Corresponding Secretary-General; Mrs. Marshall MacDonald, Treasurer-General; Miss Eugenia Washington, Registrar-General; Mrs. Howard A. Clark, Registrar-General; Mary S. Lockwood, Historian-General; Miss Clara Barton, Surgeon-General; Mrs. Teunis S. Hamlin, Chaplain-General; Executive Committee, Mary Desha, Mrs. William E. Cabell, Mrs. E. H. Walworth, Mrs. Marshall MacDonald, Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, Miss Eugenia Washington, Mrs. Hetzel.

It was a small body of loyal-hearted women that run up the old flag on that October day, and called the patriotic women of the Nation to order. The signal was cited, the rallying force was at hand, and to-day from the rising sun to its golden setting the name Daughters of the American Revolution means love of country, fidelity to her institutions, veneration for her flag, honor to her name. Now, in the ten years gone, what has this society accomplished? From a membership of eleven they tip the scales at 30,000. They publish an historical and biographical magazine. It is the news-letter of the Society. In it are recorded the proceedings of their Congress and the gigantic work of the Board. Through its pages and the Chapter work, each month, the Chapters are put in touch with each other. All vital questions in its pages can be discussed weekly; Chapter after Chapter is springing into being, until historical research and patriotic endeavor have become charged with a new spirit.

Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, wife of President Harrison, was the first President, Mrs. Letetia Stevenson was next, Mrs. John W. Foster next, followed by Mrs. Daniel Manning.

The marvellous advance of this Society is largely owing to the character of the women who have stood at its head. No year since the organization of the Society

has there been such opportunity to show what such an organization means as the one gone by (1898).

When the first cloud of war was seen in the horizon a resolution to be sent to the head of the Government was passed at a meeting held at the Strathmore Arms of this import: "The Daughters of the American Revolution have an organization in every State, and will hold themselves in readiness for their country's needs when called upon."

This was followed by a meeting of the National Board in April, when specific action was taken.

It resulted in the Society being commissioned by the War Department to provide all hospital nurses sent to Cuba and the camps in this country. The result was that no year has this Society accomplished so much that was so vital to the country, and the Daughters of the American Revolution have interwoven themselves into the fiber of National activities and will share in its glories.

The Committees and the personnel named by the President, Mrs. Daniel Manning, and confirmed by the Board, at once entered upon their arduous task. A royal patriotism that is ever the under-current of action with the Daughters controlled the self-sacrificing devotion and work through the long days and nights of that Summer.

Faithfully they labored under the orders of Government, and as a result 1,700 trained nurses who had passed through their rigid examination were sent out to the various hospitals at home and to the islands of the sea. Money was sent to the different hospital surgeons and supplies to every hospital.

"The War Committee" and "The Hospital Corps," by the united efforts of the Chapters in the different States, forwarded to the hospitals some $300,000, 60,000 garments, tons of food supplies, instruments, delicacies of all needful kinds, estimated at $60,000 more. Needy families, whose men had gone to the front, were provided for, rents paid, and supplies of food sent regularly.

A hospital launch, D. A. R., was given by the Daugh-

ters of the American Revolution to the Government Hospital Ship Missouri, which was found of great value in transporting the sick and wounded from shore to ship.

The trained nurses of this country gladly assert that they owe their standing and relation to the United States Government to the Daughters of the American Revolution, a brave class of women banded together for heroism and humanity.

The great object next in hand for this Society is the building of a Continental Hall, an object near at heart with the first President, Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison.

This will be accomplished in the near future. This, with the carrying out of the objects of this Society, make it one of the largest, best equipped and most comprehensive organizations of women in history.

Under its direction and care a work of great promise has been inaugurated, "The Society of the Children of the American Revolution." Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, its first President, has made a signal success of this Society. The systematic training of the children in love of country cannot be too highly estimated.

This Society will also keep fresh in the minds of the American people all the events of this Nation that has welded it into a glorious Republic.

The distaff and the spindle of their insignia tells its story. It whirs to the songs of patriotism, and the woof that is woven from its threads covers the motherhood and the womanhood of the Nation, and the Stars and Stripes, with the old emblematic eagle over all, no longer represents a faction, but the "household troops" and the Life Guards of the Nation.

They will watch over and care for the home of Paul Revere; for Fort Crailo, where "Yankee Doodle" had its birth; for Jamestown and the holy spots in the "Old Dominion," where our history first began; of the "Wolf's Den" of Putnam fame; of the school house out of which walked brave Nathan Hale; the Block House of Fort Pitt, and the restoration of the room in Continental Hall; Meadow Garden, under their fostering care, will always

be enveloped in the patriotic atmosphere of a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

This Society was invited by the Lafayette Memorial Committee of the United States Paris Exposition to assist in raising funds toward the erection of a monument to Lafayette in Paris in 1900.

This Commission, under the auspices of the Commissioner-General of the United States to the Paris Exposition of 1900, indorsed by the President of the United States, and composed of the Secretary of State, the Governors of all the States and Territories, and other representative men throughout the Union, in giving this invitation, assured the Society that they would receive full and official recognition in this work, and that one of the four tablets on the monument will be reserved for proper inscription by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Actuated by the same principles of perpetuating the names of Revolutionary soldiers, helped them in the work of erecting a monument to Lafayette as a proof that his help in an hour of need had not been forgotten.

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A few years ago a few patriotic women conceived the idea of presenting in the name of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the women of America a statue of Washington to France.

It is to be a bronze equestrian statue by the sculptor Daniel French. It will be presented to France during the Paris Exposition of 1900.

The Committee appointed by the President of the Society for the year did good work, notwithstanding the large drafts made for relief work.

The Lafayette fund for the year was $1,603.89; the Washington Statue, $917.20. Total, $2,521.09.

The Lafayette monument will be unvailed July 4, 1900. It will be placed in a beautiful part of the Tuilleries. This Society will be officially represented by its President.

This is but the alphabet of the history whose first pages are being written. Mrs. Manning's adminis-

tration will carry the organization over into the next century. With the executive ability she has already displayed, the hand writing is on the wall.

The Colonial Hall will be built, monuments will be raised, historic spots will be protected, unwritten history recorded, and the country will always have a hand-maiden in this Society, and the old flag never more greatly honored than when representing the Daughters of the American Revolution.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOMES OF FRELINGHUYSEN, MORTON, AND CHASE.

THE FRELINGHUYSEN HOUSE—HOME OF FOUR CABINET OFFICERS. ARTHUR'S ADMINISTRATION—MRS. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY A CHARMING HOSTESS—A MAN OF LETTERS—THE OLD MANSION IN GOOD HANDS—THE HOOPER HOUSE—PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON A GUEST—AN INCONGRUOUS MARRIAGE—THE ENGLISH MISSION—ESTRANGEMENT OF GRANT AND SUMNER—A SECRET WITH ROSCOE CONKLING—THE HOME OF SALMON P. CHASE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Among the houses of Washington that have associations of National interest attached to them is the home of the Frelinghuysens, 1731 I street.

Many noted men and celebrated women have met under this roof. Four Cabinet officers have here made homes—two Secretaries of State, Evarts and Frelinghuysen, one Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Whitney, and ex-Postmaster-General John Wanamaker.

Manifold associations cluster around this home which carry us back to the Arthur Administration, with a social atmosphere refined and elegant. Mr. Frelinghuysen, as Secretary of State, was very near the President, which brought the two families into intimate relations.

Of Mr. Arthur's Cabinet none entertained more royally than the Frelinghuysens. When another page of history was turned and the Frelinghuysens sought the seclusion of their New Jersey home, this elegant old home lost none of its social atmosphere. Its parlors never witnessed more brilliant social gatherings or gayer assemblies than when William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, and his estimable wife were host and hostess.

The elegant ball-room was added while they were in possession. This is a room 50 by 30 feet in width, with a raised platform for the orchestra. At one end is a large fireplace finished in Dutch tiles, panels and antique settles. The room is finished in hardwood.

The receptions given at the Whitney home far exceeded in brilliancy and generous outlay any others given by

the Cabinet. There were flowers everywhere, banks of roses, violets in profusion, ferns and smilax, japonicas and lilies, which loaded the air with delicate perfume. Champagne and terrapin, salads and ices drew the multitude.

Mrs. Whitney was a woman of generous impulses, charitable to the poor and thoughtful of the suffering. She had a quiet way of dispensing her charities, and only those who were the beneficiaries of her hand knew of the channels it reached.

Another page is added to history. One Administration goes out and another comes in, and with it comes John Wanamaker as Postmaster-General. The Frelinghuysen home is that of the man of *letters*.

And greater charities have not been done than by this host and hostess. Their lives have been spent in prompting acts of beneficence, in getting the rich to help the poor, and helping the poor to forget their misery.

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During the time that Levi P. Morton was a member of Congress his house was on the corner of 15th and H streets. This was another of the houses whose records could tell many tales. Better it is, perhaps, that walls, ever so historic, tell no secrets. This house was better known as the Hooper House. During Mr. Lincoln's Administration it was owned and occupied by Samuel Hooper, of Boston. Mr. Hooper was a Representative in Congress, a man of sterling worth and integrity, and by his urbane manner and liberal hospitality drew around him men of social and political standing like Charles Sumner, Bancroft the historian, and others.

It was to this house that Andrew Johnson was invited after President Lincoln's assassination and his own Inauguration. Here he remained for weeks, until Mrs. Lincoln had sufficiently recovered from the shock of her husband's death to be removed from the Executive Mansion.

Political consultations and Cabinet meetings were held, and undoubtedly the chrysalis of the early Johnson policy here found form. Stanch Republicans, like Sum-

ner, Hooper, Boutwell and others were his advisers. Seward was laid up, suffering from the would-be assassin's blow. Harlan, Randall, McCulloch and Welles were in his Cabinet.

The later policy that developed with President Johnson found no sympathy in the hearts of those who had been his friends, nor with Congress.

In the place where the President found his name supported, now congregated the same men, with Seward added, laying their plans to avert, what seemed to them, the death-blow of the Nation. How well they succeeded history tells.

Mr. Hooper had a son who died in his country's service during the war. His widow, one of the most attractive women in society at that time, connected with some of the foremost people of Boston, was one of the attractions of the Hooper mansion.

Here she constantly met the dignified, elegant Charles Sumner, a man in years old enough to be her father. At this time he stood before the country its most noble son, the leader of the Republican party, at the zenith of popularity, a brilliant orator, a profound scholar. His speeches filled the galleries with thinking men and women, as well as with the beauty and fashion of the day.

Possessed of lofty stature and nobleness of feature, it is not surprising that the fair daughter of Massachusetts admired Charles Sumner, and that all Washington was agog when it became known that the great statesman was to marry Mrs. Hooper. This is not the place to follow the outcome of this incongruous marriage.

After this followed many noted gatherings at the Hooper house. General and Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Sumner, Senators, diplomats, queens of society, all rivalled each other in wit, brilliancy and grace of manner.

There was in this house for months another guest to whom the world owes homage; a man who possessed in his own person that harmonious union of rare qualities which Dr. Holmes says "was the master key that opened every door, the countersign that passed every sentinel,

the unsealed letter of introduction to all the higher circles of the highest civilization." Such were the natural graces and such the distinguished bearing of J. Lothrop Motley.

After Gen. Grant's first election, Mr. Motley was Mr. Hooper's guest, and later Mrs. Motley and their three daughters joined him. It was during his stay here that he received the appointment of Minister to England, from President Grant. This appointment was undoubtedly due to Mr. Sumner's influence.

We can imagine what their dinner talks may have been, when Motley, Sumner, Hooper and a few other choice spirits exchanged views upon literature, art, politics, and all the great questions of the day, over choice viands and rare wines.

But the English mission was an episode in Mr. Motley's life full of heart-burnings. If a wrong was done him it must be laid at the doors of those whom the Nation has delighted to honor and whose services no error of judgment, or feeling, or conduct can ever induce us to forget.

It will be remembered that a serious estrangement had come between the President and Mr. Sumner, and we have been told by those "near the throne" that when the President saw Mr. Motley for the first time, he was disappointed; in what way does not appear. Mr. Motley was a scholar, not a soldier. Whatever was the real cause, whether it was slight indiscretion in the Alabama treaty, or his relations to Mr. Sumner, or some other reason, the letter requesting the resignation of Mr. Motley was issued by the President.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says in his Memoirs, "We might as well leave out Achilles from the Iliad as the anger of the President with Sumner from the story of Mr. Motley's dismissal"; and, again, "It is not strange that the man who had so lately got out of the saddle should catch at the scholastic robe of the man on the floor of the Senate."

Mr. Motley's sudden call from England was a shock to his proud spirit from which he never recovered—a

shock that affected his sensibilities, producing an interior laceration from which he died.

Mr. Motley's three daughters married Englishmen. The eldest, Mrs. Ives, a widow, married Sir William Harcourt. Notwithstanding the feeling she naturally shared with her father that America had wronged him, in Sir William Harcourt she must have found a sympathizer in Republican ideas, as he is the stanch ally of Mr. Gladstone and "home rule." One of the other sisters married a Mr. Mildmay; the third, a son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. All have become daughters of old England, and in her soil rests the dust of John Lothrop Motley.

Mr. Levi P. Morton purchased this house, and occupied it while he was in Congress. He belongs to the old merchant aristocracy of New York, and is one of the most popular of all merchant princes. When the future of the country was in question at the outbreak of the civil war, there was no uncertain ring in his decisions; they were founded on the broad principle of patriotism. He has lived to see France, which under the Second Empire attempted to take advantage of our civil strife and invade Mexico, become a free Republic upon the American model, and himself chosen to represent the United States at the Capital of the French Republic.

The day before James A. Garfield was made President he breakfasted with Mr. Morton, and it was, perhaps, at this time that the curious dispute arose as to the terms of agreement by which Mr. Morton had been pledged either the portfolio of the Secretary of the Treasury or Ministership to France.

This was the secret bargain that had gained credence by which Mr. Garfield was to obtain the support of the Stalwart faction; but when the campaign had been fought and won, Mr. Garfield's advisers insisted that Mr. Morton must be sent off to France. Mr. Morton never revealed the facts, and the secret remained with Roscoe Conkling. It is known that Mr. Morton accepted what to him was banishment from his country, and amid all the grandeur by which he was surrounded he sighed for his native land. While he was in Europe

Senator Hale lived in his house. An apartment house is now in its place. Lincoln, Stanton, Sumner, Hooper, Johnson, Grant, Motley, Garfield and Conkling have all passed away, and but the ghosts of memory people our brain, as once they gave life and character to this historic spot.

Mr. Morton began life in a country dry-goods store in Concord, N. H. Later he was a teacher in a district school. He was a bachelor of 32 when he married for his first wife Lucy Kimball, of Flat Land, Long Island. She was a woman of rare energy of character, possessing wonderful executive ability, generous and benevolent to a marked degree, a woman of many charms of person and temperament.

Grace Church Memorial of New York was the gift of Mr. Morton in memory of his wife's unselfish service to the poor. She died in Newport in 1871, leaving no children.

On the walls of Mr. Morton's house in Fifth Avenue, New York, among the portraits of Washington, Grant, Garfield and Lafayette, is a daguerreotype of the old country store at Concord where he began his mercantile career which led to his seniorship in a large wholesale house in New York; from that to ships, from ships to foreign exchange and to the banking house of Morton, Bliss & Co., New York, and of Morton, Rice & Co., London.

The present Mrs. Morton is the daughter of William I. Street, of Poughkeepsie, and the niece of Alfred B. Street, the Albany poet. She is a lady of refined tastes, cultivated intellect and refined presence. She is the mother of five young daughters.

No home in Washington surpassed that of the Vice-President, on Scott Circle, in royal entertaining; for both Mr. and Mrs. Morton won golden opinions from the people by the manner in which they adorned their high estate, and drew social forces into life at home and at foreign courts.

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On the northwest corner of 6th and E streets is a square-

built brick house that was once the home of Salmon P. Chase, who was successively Governor of his State, Senator in Congress, Secretary of the Treasury and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. In the country's direst need for level-headed men he was the one who carried its finances triumphantly through the great civil war, and was lastly Chief Justice of the highest Court in the land.

It was in this house that the beautiful Kate Chase graced the home of her great father. It is said that her history would, in part, be a history of the war; that no one woman had more to do in influencing the movements on the military and political chess-board than she, and it was her influence largely that kept McClellan at the head of the army. An unfortunate marriage to a man of brilliant promise, for the sake of the father she adored, which failed by the smallest chance of making him the Chief Magistrate of the Nation, proved her downfall. There was a time when Mrs. Sprague's position, her exquisite grace, her beauty of form and feature gave her the ascendency in society. Self-exiled was she for years. Edgewood, on the outskirts of the city, the country home of the family, had most of the time a deserted look. The change that came upon this once happy family laid its hand also upon beautiful Edgewood.

An organization of members of the bar from Ohio, in the Summer of 1886, removed the remains of Mr. Chase to Cincinnati, where he was best known as a lawyer. Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague returned from Europe to attend the last rites in honor of the father she adored.

The Nation will always reverence the name of Salmon P. Chase, and not forget the beautiful daughter who went down into the valley of suffering through filial affection and aspirations.

CHAPTER XXIX

GEORGETOWN HIGHTS—THE CHANGES OF A HUNDRED YEARS—THE HOLLAND HOUSE OF WASHINGTON.

THE BEALE FAMILY—THE UNEARTHING OF ANCIENT TABLETS. AN INDIAN PRINCESS—GEORGETOWN ARISTOCRATS—THE TUDOR ESTATE—THE LINTHICUM MANSION—PHILIP BARTON KEY—GEN. FORREST AT ROSEDALE—ONE OF THE HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD—THERE THE SANITARY COMMISSION WAS PLANNED AND ORIGINATED—STATESMAN, SAGE AND PHILANTHROPIST TO BE FOUND THERE.

Not many years ago there were unearthed in Georgetown some tablets of great value to the lover of antiquities. These slabs bear date so remote that most of the inscriptions have been eaten away by the tooth of time, but there remains sufficient to identify the Beale family, whose estate comprised what is known as Georgetown Hights.

Far back in the shadowy past the clear, ringing tongue of the Celtic Bell made melody in the ear of an Indian Princess, who soon after became his wife. The first home of this young pair was a wigwam founded upon Dumbarton Rock; afterwards a log cabin snuggled in these woody hights. Here Madame Bell, attended by her pale-faced consort, led the fashion without rival, and with none to dispute her sway.

To the east stretched their vast possessions, which embraced all the land within the scope of vision between the cottage and the rising sun. Over the stormy seas came the winged sailing vessels, bringing rich brocades and laces for this dusky queen. Her costumes were half civilized and half barbaric.

These ancient Georgetown aristocrats have been slowly undergoing the bleaching process, and the past hundred years have almost obliterated the last trace of Indian origin. But true to their instinct they were the first to seize the deadly musket in the Southern cause;

and the late battlefields of the South are made richer by the bones of the last of the aristocracy of Georgetown.

After the Bells came the Peters family, whose slave call was answered by hundreds of sable men. Georgetown Hights, in those days, was called the Tudor estate, in memory of the royal line in England.

The Peters family was related to the Washingtons and the Lees. Washington Peters is the most prominent descendant of this aristocratic family, but the last fragment of the estate has passed away from him, and he lives on a farm at Ellicott's Mills, a man of nearly eighty years. He alone retains the haughty bearing of the proud family, the last of his race whose hand has rested on the yoke of a slave.

The shifting panorama shows us Protestant Thuldkill, who, through the influence of Archbishop Carroll, of Baltimore, gave the extensive grounds, now occupied by the Georgetown College and Convent, to the Catholic Church during the latter part of the last century. But little has came down to us of the social element of the Thuldkills. They were a family of culture and refinement, and institutions of learning that have sprung up under their fostering care are their enduring monuments. The following amusing incident was related to us by a friend. Mr. Thuldkill was a great stock breeder on his estate, Georgetown Hights. When Merino sheep first attracted attention in this country he had obtained a small flock, and had been negotiating for some time for a ram. At length it reached Washington. He mounted his horse, and rode anxiously to see and possess it. It was a splendid animal, with a price correspondingly high. He bought it, engaged a cart and negro driver, and hastily addressed a note to Mrs. Thuldkill, saying that a stranger and several gentlemen would dine with them, and to have especially a leg of mutton done up in superior style; adding also: "The colored boy who delivers this takes over a splendid ram; please to see it."

The ram was tied up, and the preliminaries of the feast arranged. In reference to the mutton, Mrs. Thuldkill consulted her steward, and they concluded from the

tenor of the note that the animal sent by the cart was to supply the leg of mutton for the festive board; so, accordingly, that costly and fine ram was victimized, and his plump quarter dressed, garnished and served smoking at the head of the table.

After some preliminary libations at the sideboard, the guests were seated, and a generous slice of mutton was placed upon each plate. They unanimously decided that it was very superior, and the host heartily indorsed the sentiment, and turning to his delighted spouse, inquired from which particular flock it had been taken. She, of course, responded: "It was the large ram you sent for the occasion this morning."

This was too much. The old gentleman's cue stood on end, his face was fairly purple, for at first he was dumfounded. He arose from his chair, nearly upsetting the table, and brought his fist down with a tremendous thump, and, with an emphasis pinned with oaths, said:

"Madam, you have slaughtered my magnificent ram, for which I paid $300 this morning." It was a scene so ridiculous, it is said, one of the guests was obliged to withdraw to have out his laugh.

Coming down to the last 50 years, we find the aristocracy of Georgetown strongly flavored with merchants and trades-people.

The Linthicum mansion, standing at the head of Thirty-first street, is one of the finest of the old mansions of Georgetown. It was built and owned by a hardware merchant. He, too, has passed away, like all the old residents who gave tone to the elegant society which ruled during the Administrations of Polk and Buchanan. Many noted people have lived in this house, among them the Hon. John C. Calhoun. It is now owned by one of the capitalists of Washington, Henry F. Blount, and is known as "The Oaks." The beautiful grounds, the spacious mansion, its unique adornment of antique furniture so eminently befitting its tapestries, pictures, marbles, and the indwelling host and hostess, still bring sage and philanthropist together. From this home influences will go forth that will be dissolvents of prejudices and

the building of mental forces which will be keenly sympathetic with the life of the time.

In the days of Polk and Buchanan one of the social queens of the Capital lived in Georgetown, the city of her birth and education, the daughter of an obscure but highly-respected citizen, Mr. Williams. At the early age of 16 she was married to the Russian Minister, Bodisco. At this wedding there were eight bridesmaids. Miss Jessie Benton, the first, walked with James Buchanan. The bride wore a rich satin brocade and veil of Honiton lace, her ornaments simply a pearl sprig and pin. Henry Clay gave her away. M. de Bodisco wore his splendid court dress of blue, decorated with several Orders and precious stones and silver-lace of great depth. The foreign Ministers of his train wore their uniforms.

This marriage at once lifted Madame de Bodisco to the highest round in the social ladder, while his vast wealth was used to give his wifely jewel the most costly setting. From over the sea came the flashing gems that had adorned the persons of a hundred generations of Bodisco Russians—diamonds eclipsed only by those of world-wide fame, the same that Mrs. Tyler mentions in a letter written in 1842:

"I very seldom go to parties, but, of course, I could not refuse Madame Bodisco's invitation. Her ball was expected to be the grandest affair of the season. Madame Bodisco looked lovely and was attired in pink satin with lace, flowers, and such splendid diamonds, stomacher, ear-rings, breastpin, bracelets!—I never saw such beautiful diamonds. Most of the furniture was of European make, and the house was filled with a variety of curios, bric-a-brac and works of art, the china service unsurpassed, the plate magnificent."

Articles from this mansion are yet to be seen in some of the homes, and find a way into loan collections from time to time.

The home of the Bodiscos was 3142 P street, Georgetown. The most superb fete ever given in the District, it is said, was given in this house, in honor of the birthday of the Emperor Nicolas, when 800 guests were in-

vited. Music enlivened the brilliant scene. All the foreign Ministers were in attendance, with their attaches, in court dress.

The supper was served at 1 o'clock. A commodious apartment in the second story was set apart to accommodate the ladies. The table was covered with gold and mirror plateaus, candelabras, ornamental dishes, gold forks, etc. The gentlemen were not admitted to this room, the ladies being waited upon by servants. The gentlemen's supper room was in the third story.

The Czar of Russia was represented by one of the most popular Ministers of the Diplomatic Corps. None compared in popularity with M. Bodisco. Courtesies extended and entertainments given are often found to be the golden chain that binds Nations together.

In those primitive days the working people used to line the roadway to see Madame Bodisco pass from her mansion to the White House, on occasions of receptions or levees. If the weather permitted she was visible to all in her open carriage, far more beautiful than the famous Eugenie, and with the same superior tact and grace. Creamy white satin and costly old lace was the favorite costume, and when adorned with jewels worth more than half a million, mounted policemen followed in her train.

The people said, "Old Bodisco is afraid some one will steal his wife," but he was simply protecting her after the Russian fashion. But this American girl was something more than a figure to be adorned with precious stones. With that superb tact which only a Josephine knew how to practice, she united the contending social elements. She thawed the frozen ocean of diplomatic ceremony and bade the foreign fortress open its doors to her countrywomen as well as to herself. It is true, she had standing at her right hand the incomparable Harriet Lane, of the White House. History rarely records the fact that distinguished ladies are beautiful, but popular acclamation gave both these women the fairest crown.

Alike in style and type, both blondes, almost perfect in form and feature, with Titian-tinted flesh and golden hair such as the masters gave their beloved Madonnas,

they held their emblems of power with a firmer grasp than did Marie Antoinette, a woman of the same mold.

* * * * * * * * * *

There is no place where the sacred rites of hospitality were more rigidly observed than on the Hights of Georgetown, and at no period of history was this more generously carried out than immediately after the Revolutionary War.

One of the Generals of that war was Uriah Forrest, a member of an aristocratic Maryland family. During the struggle for independence he served in the "Maryland Line," and lost a leg at the battle of Brandywine; he was again wounded at the battle of Germantown, from the effects of which he never recovered.

He was as distinguished in civil as he was in military affairs. During the years 1786-87 he was a delegate from Maryland to the Continental Congress, and a Representative in the Councils from 1793 to 1794, when he resigned.

When the District of Columbia was ceded to the United States by the States of Maryland and Virginia, Gen. Forrest resided on his estate, "Rosedale," near Georgetown, then a portion of Montgomery County; but being within the 10 miles square, it became a part of the District, and Gen. Forrest thus became literally one of the first families of the District of Columbia.

He married Rebecca Plater, of "Rousby Hall," Maryland, daughter of George Plater. Mrs. Forrest was remarkable for her beauty; she was once toasted in England as "one of America's great beauties."

Gen. Forrest died at his residence, "Rosedale," in 1805. One of his daughters married John Green, of Maryland, who was for many years an efficient clerk in the Navy Department. They lived at "Rosedale," the former residence of her father.

One of the daughters of Mr. Green married Don Angel de Iturbide, whose father was the ill-fated Don Augustin I., the first and last Emperor of Mexico, who, after being banished from his country, had the courage to return, and soon after fell into the hands of his enemies,

and was shot in the presence of his family, who were banished and sought an asylum in the United States, where they remained many years.

But in the lapse of time, the friends of the late Emperor came into power, and young Iturbide, who from a long residence in this country, spoke English like a native, was appointed Secretary of the Mexican Legation in 1856; and it was while holding that position that his marriage with Miss Green took place. To them was born a son, Don Augustin. He was about seven or eight years old when Maximillian, supported by the bayonets of Napoleon III., attempted his unsuccessful conquest of Mexico.

Maximillian deeming it a wise policy to make himself popular with the people he was ambitious to govern, resolved to adopt young Augustin Iturbide as his heir.

In order to get control of the boy, he held out promises of power and wealth to the parents of Augustin, who, as soon as such promises were accepted and the child given up, were banished from the country, and once more sought the fostering care of the United States. Upon their arrival here they called upon William H. Seward, then Secretary of State, to ask him to use his influence as mediator between Maximillian and themselves.

But the United States being then at war, Mr. Seward was timid about making any fresh complications with foreign countries, so he declined to interfere, but advised Madame Iturbide to go to Paris, see Napoleon, and lay her case before him.

She followed Mr. Seward's instructions, but failed to get a personal interview with Napoleon, and was compelled to lay her case before him in writing. He declined to interfere, and Madame Iturbide was once more forced to return to her mother's home, "Rosedale."

Soon after the downfall and death of Maximillian, Augustin and his parents were once more united. Young Iturbide, after being educated in the best colleges in this country and Europe, again returned to the home of his fathers.

Mrs. Green, the daughter of Gen. Forrest, and mother

of Mrs. Iturbide, during her lifetime gave a portion of "Rosedale" to her son, George F. Green, whereon he erected a stone house. The point upon which the house was built presents a magnificent view of Washington and the surrounding country, and was called by him "Pretty Prospect,"

"Pretty Prospect" was afterwards purchased by President Cleveland, who made many handsome improvements to the property. With the change of owners came a change of name, and it is now known as "Oak View."

Gov. Plater's daughter, Ann, married Judge Philip Barton Key. He was born in Maryland in 1765. He entered the English service as Captain, and distinguished himself by refusing to bear arms against the Colonies. Afterward he established a high reputation as a lawyer, and lived at that beautiful spot called "Woodley."

Francis Scott Key, who immortalized his name by the writing of the "Star Spangled Banner," was a nephew of Judge Key. His home for many years was on the south side of Pennsylvania avenue, Georgetown, near Aqueduct Bridge. An authentic account of the incidents connected with the writing of this National song has been given by the grand-niece of Dr. Beans, Mrs. Dorsey:

"Francis Key, in 1810, lived in Georgetown. Dr. Beans, of Marlborough, a Surgeon in the United States Army, was attending the disabled soldiers when Commodore Barney's flotilla was attacked on the Patuxent. The British army, on their march to Washington, bivouacked on the plantation of Dr. Beans, who, though detesting them, treated the officers with true Maryland hospitality.

"A few days after their departure, while he was at dinner with some friends, a slave brought the news that the British were marching back to their boats. Full of glee, the party went to a spring on the estate, with lemons, whisky, etc., to drink to the confusion of 'perfidious Albion.'

"Three tired English soldiers coming for water, were made prisoners by the patriotic American gentlemen,

and marched off to the County jail. The men were missed from the ranks, and a detachment sent in search of them traced them to Marlborough, where the terrified inhabitants betrayed who were the captors. The men were recovered. Dr. Beans was seized at midnight, placed, in his night-dress, on the bare back of a mule, and taken, closely guarded, to the troops. Thence he was sent to Admiral Cockburn's ship and into rigorous confinement.

"The whole country was aroused, and as soon as steps could be taken, Francis Key, the intimate friend of Dr. Beans, was sent by President Madison, with a flag of truce, to get him exchanged. When Key reached the British fleet at North Point, they were about to attack Baltimore, and, though he was courteously received and invited to dine with Cockburn, he was informed that he must remain on board till after the bombardment of the city. He shared his friend's uncomfortable quarters that memorable night, at sunset seeing the Star Spangled Banner waving proudly from the ramparts of Fort McHenry. When the morning dawned after that night of battle, lit at intervals by the lurid flashes of exploding bombs, and made fearful by the thunders of cannon, the mist was too dense to discern whether the flag or the red cross of St. George waved from the fort, in the direction in which the two watched through the porthole, trembling with suspense. Presently there was a ripple in the water, a soft sough in the fog, and, like magic, it rolled away, revealing the American flag still floating defiantly from the staff above the ramparts. The patriots fell on each other's breasts, weeping for joy. Mr. Key then drew a letter from his pocket, and on its back penciled the first stanza of the celebrated National song. After the bombardment, Dr. Beans and Mr. Key were sent ashore in a skiff."

The land force was under the command of the grandfather of Kate Claxton, the dramatic artist. After the song was completed it was published in the Baltimore *American*.

With the coming of civil war a society mildew fell upon

Georgetown. Neighbors and friends looked upon each other with mutual distrust. As a general rule most of the fighting element rolled Southward. In a few instances a house was divided against itself.

Once a Georgetown mother appeared before Abraham Lincoln to beg for the life of her son, who had been caught as a guerrilla with arms in his possession. "My eldest son," said the mother, "is a trusty officer in the Union Army; my youngest, my darling, was one of Mosby's guerrillas."

"Miserable mother," said the President; "God help you, for I cannot. I know who you are; this is the third time your boy has been caught. Mercy is beyond me." And the man with streaming eyes supported the faltering steps of the wretched woman beyond the threshold.

At this period social life was dead, apparently, beyond resurrection.

One of the most beautiful and historic homes of Georgetown is the Tudor Place. It is the ancestral home of the Peters family. The house is built of English brick and contains eighteen or twenty spacious apartments.

At the period when the courtly manners of the old Colonial times prevailed, all that was best of the social circles of Georgetown and Washington used to assemble there, among them the Washingtons, Lees, Fairfaxes, Calverts, and Spotsfords.

HOLLAND HOUSE.

Holland House was built in the forties. It is on 12th street northwest, No. 506. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson removed from Philadelphia here in 1848; this was the only house available in the city that possessed any of the appointments and conveniences of the Philadelphia houses, and they took possession of it. It was at that time quite in the suburbs. Most of the residences of polite society were in the vicinity of C, 3d, and 4½ streets. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were of good old Puritan stock. Mr. Johnson was a lineal descendant of John Rogers, and Mrs. Johnson was a daughter of Dr. Donaldson, a soldier in the Revolutionary War.

Washington at this time was little more than a straggling village, fulfilling painfully the idea of a city of dreary distances. The avenues were poorly paved, and the streets almost impassable and miserably lighted. Modern improvements came in slowly, for slavery was spread like a cloud over the District. Gales & Seaton were struggling to keep pace with the times and sustain the prestige of the genteel *Intelligencer*.

New men took their places; those who were accustomed to the demands and progress of the times. Years passed by; the slow improvement was anxiously watched. The people who were in the watch tower of social and physical advancement have seen the desolation and decay of the last 40 years succeeded by a diversified and wonderful development.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson came to Washington in stirring times. Their Puritan education and instincts were in contradiction to the many acts of Congress and the seeming trend of public thought. The passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, the extension of the slave power, which brought on the long and terrible struggle between the friends of Free Soil and the friends of Slavery for the possession of Kansas, which convulsed the country for years, and moistened the soil of that Territory with blood, had left its impress here.

The Free Trade Tariff of 1846 had produced a train of business and financial disasters; instead of prosperity, everywhere was misery and ruin. Even the rich gold mines of California and the flow of its golden treasure into the Eastern States could not stay the widespread discomfiture.

President Fillmore, who succeeded Gen. Taylor on the latter's death, warned Congress to protect our manufactures from "ruinous competition from abroad," and President Buchanan, in his Message of 1857, declared that, "In the midst of unsurpassed plenty, in all the productions and in all the elements of National wealth, we find our manufactures suspended, our public works retarded, our private enterprises of different kinds abandoned, and thousands of useful laborers thrown out of

employment and reduced to want." Further than this, the financial credit of the Nation was at zero.

This was the condition of this goodly land; a state of things that would naturally assemble the better part of society, the thinking men and women of the country, to take counsel together. From these councils went forth influences that have proved a mighty shatterer of fetters and a dissolvent of many cast-iron prejudices.

Probably no house has entertained under its roof more distinguished men and cultured women than the Holland House. By this we do not mean the men and women who are the social lions of the day, but those who are known to the world as having made it better by having lived in it. Scholars, scientists and patriots have gathered here year after year.

Sunday's twilight has brought sage and philanthropist under this roof, and over the simple tea situations have been discussed and plans laid—plans that years have matured and time ripened into full fruition, from which the world has been benefited and humanity blessed.

Here we found those who were quickly and keenly sympathetic with the life of the time. All social and intellectual agitations of the day were discussed in a way that gave mental quickening and force to those taking part in them.

Here one always met the friends of human progress; such men as Charles Sumner, Senator Hale, William H. Seward, George C. Boutwell, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Gerrit Smith, Oliver Johnson, Henry Wilson, Frederick Douglas and Joshua Giddings—men whose blows struck for freedom and the right have been felt over the world.

This was one of the "Homes of the New World" in which Frederika Bremer formed her sweet recollections of American life, and of which she wrote after her visit to this country in 1849, when she returned to Sweden.

Harriet Martineau also was a friend. Her abhorrence of slavery, her advanced ideas of political economy, found ready sympathy in the hearts of these philanthropists.

After the battle of Bull Run this was one of the first houses to open its doors for the wounded and dying. Miss Dix, who was also an intimate friend of Mrs. Johnson, had passed through Washington and was stopping in Baltimore when the news of the battle reached her. She returned at once, and, for a time, had full charge of the improvised hospital arrangements, her headquarters being with Mrs. Johnson.

From New England's storehouse of supplies, medicines and delicacies were sent which were made up in every house and hamlet, until from cellar to garret each room was filled, and this was the chrysalis of the Sanitary Commission which afterwards was planned and organized in the parlors of this house, with Dr. Bellows and Dr. Channing as prime movers.

There does not live a soldier to-day who is treading the paths of life as best he may, armless, legless and with shattered frame, but has invoked God's loving benediction upon this great and merciful commission and the noble men and women who conceived and accomplished such glorious results.

This house is built of red brick, three stories and a basement. Winding steps lead up from the street to the front door; you enter a broad hall; a winding stairway at the end leads to the second story. At the left is a large bay window; a small table and a couple of easy-chairs fill the space. A beautiful etched portrait of Washington hangs on the wall underneath a tri-pannelled sepia drawing (by Toft, a Danish water-color painter) of Sulgrave Manor, Northamptonshire, England, the ancestral mansion of the Washington family. Mount Vernon is in the center, and Brinton Church, which the Washingtons attended, and the tombs of the Washington family. Underneath is the coat-of-arms of the Washingtons, that suggested the American flag. To the right you enter the large saloon parlor, where so many men of thought and action, at the Nation's Capital, have assembled during the last 20, 30 and 40 years. The walls are hung with rare paintings; several of them from the brush of Charles B. King, an artist who has painted the

portraits of more public men than any other Washington artist. For 40 years he had his studio in a building on Twelfth street, now used for the Newsboys' Home. An exquisite portrait of his is now in this collection—a fair young face, said to be that of the daughter of Aaron Burr, the unfortunate and beautiful Theodosia. Choice water-colors are grouped here and there, showing a la er school and younger taste. They are the selections of Mrs. Stroude, a niece of Mrs. Johnson, of whose years many have been spent in the atmosphere of this cultured home.

Mr. Johnson died April, 1852. For many years Mrs. Johnson and her sister, Miss Donaldson, lived here, the center and the attraction of a refined circle; women of superior intellect and will, genial and warm-hearted, it was their happiness to make others as comfortable as possible. It is to their honor that the unknown and the lowly shared in their thoughtful solicitation.

In 1881 the sweet-faced, gentle Miss Donaldson laid down the burden and the cares of life. Mrs. Johnson died a few years later. She lived to see all the companions of her youth pass away, but before the heavenly vision opened to her, she saw her beloved country clothed in the habiliments of unity, strength and freedom.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE STRATHMORE ARMS.

THE HOME OF MANY REPRESENTATIVE MEN AND WOMEN—HERE LIVED VICE-PRESIDENT WHEELER — SENATOR EDMUNDS. JUDGE HARLAN—SENATOR INGALLS—JAMES B. BLOUNT—M. C. BUTLER, OF SOUTH CAROLINA—CHARLES T. O'FARRELL, OF VIRGINIA—A LESSON LEARNED—CHARLES B. FARWELL AN M. C.—MAINE HAS HAD HER QUOTA—SENATOR FRYE AND TOM REED—MICHIGAN ROYALLY REPRESENTED—ASPIRANTS FOR THE SPEAKERSHIP—OHIO NOT LEFT OUT—SENATOR McDILL AND EX-GOVERNOR CARPENTER—THE BADGER STATE. HAPPY-GOING ISAAC VON SCHAICK—L. B. CASWELL—R. M. LA FOLLETTE—W. A. HAUGEN—A. S. GIFFORD AND JOHN LIND. FROM NEARER THE SUNSET BORDER—WILLIAM H. WADE, PATRON SAINT—WILLIAM E. MASON—"MOTHER GOOSE SPEECH." WOMEN OF CULTURE—OLIVE LOGAN SIKES—A GIFTED WOMAN—THE HOME OF GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN—HIS LIFE AN OPEN BOOK—THE GENERAL AS A SCHOLAR—HIS FRIENDSHIPS—AN ANECDOTE OF THAD. STEVENS—A JOB PUT UP ON THE GENERAL—SECRET INTERVIEW—NOMINATED VICE-PRESIDENT—CHEERS FOR "BLACK JACK"—SUMMER FRIENDS—A MEMORY OF THE WAR—MARY LOGAN GOES TO HIS SICK BOYS. FOUNDS THE STRIPED HOSPITAL—THE NIGHT CLOSES—GEORGE S. BOUTWELL—SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY—GREAT RESPONSIBILITIES ABLY MET—REUBEN E. FENTON, GOVERNOR AND SENATOR—ONE WHO DID THE COUNTRY HONOR—SENATOR HALE—AN INCIDENT IN WHICH PRESIDENT PIERCE WAS CONCERNED—JUDGE THOMAS HOOD—A FAMILIAR FIGURE—A MAN OF TENDER HEART—FRIEND OF EDWIN STANTON—"I HAVE SHIPS AT SEA"—REV. DR. SCOTT—MRS. SCOTT LORD—MRS. DIMMICK—MRS. LIEUTENANT PARKER—REFLEX HONOR—THE FAMILY'S VENERABLE HEAD—AMONG THE LITERATI—OLIVER JOHNSON—C. C. COFFIN (CARLETON)—BRONSON HOWARD AND HIS ENGLISH WIFE—"THE HENRIETTA"—GEORGE KENNAN. SIBERIA—THE NEWSPAPER FRATERNITY—MANY UNDER THIS ROOF—FLEMING—DUNNELL—McBRIDE — PEPPER — ANDREWS. CARPENTER—FRANK PALMER—MISS JENNINGS—HARRIET TAYLOR UPTON—A CHARMING COTERIE OF KNIGHTS OF THE FREE LANCE—UNBROKEN FRIENDSHIPS DUE THE HISTORIC HOMES IN WASHINGTON.

There are few houses in the city of Washington that have gathered under their roofs so many noted people during the last decade as the Strathmore Arms.

Not alone has it been known for being the home for

Congressmen and their families, but there is hardly a State but at some time has had representative men and women in it as guests.

The North and the South, the East and the West have here congregated year after year. Party and sectional lines have not been known.

Here lived the families of ex-Vice-President Wheeler, Senator Edmunds, Judge Harlan of the Supreme Court, Senator John J. Ingalls, who always brought with him the atmosphere of Essex Hills, which he first breathed; the same that has given to the Republic Rufus Choate, Judge Story, Caleb Cushing, and many other great men.

The senior member of the Georgia delegation, the able, vigilant James H. Blount; the courteous, dignified Senator of South Carolina, M. C. Butler; the representative Virginia gentlemen, statesman and scholar, Charles T. O'Farrell, have here broken bread; and we gather the lesson, as these men come and go, that there is a brotherhood reaching above and beyond the strife of private rights or public gain that will live when State and country are no more.

The Hon. Charles B. Farwell, before he was raised to the dignity of United States Senator, was domiciled in this house; and Maine sent her quota in the personnel of Senator Frye and Tom Reed, two well-known men in the affairs of state, and who to the country are treasures in many ways. If they do not know everybody, everybody knows them by reputation.

Michigan has been royally represented by Hon. Julius C. Burrows, John T. Rich, R. G. Horr, McGowan, Brewer and Moffat.

Two of these men mentioned are aspirants for the Speakership. No picture, it is said, does Tom Reed justice. He is a splendidly developed man in brain and muscle; he has a large, round head, partly covered with a thin, fine growth of soft, brown hair, a short neck and a face round as the moon; he has a pair of twinkling, humorous brown eyes, which when he laughs lie in fleshy ambuscade.

He is the leader on the Republican side, the best parliamentarian of the House, and if he is made Speaker everybody will feel that he deserves it. It is said that some day he will be asked to go over to the other side of the Capitol. It will then be Senator Reed, and Julius Cæsar Burrows will take the place of leader which he vacates. Mr. Burrows's splendid physique, magnificent voice and manly bearing would well fit him for an administrative officer.

As Ohio never allows any niche to go unfilled without the representative Ohioan, so the Strathmore Arms has had Hon. Ezra B. Taylor, John T. Rich and "Silver Bill" Warner.

As we go on towards the sunset we find Senator McDill, of Iowa, and ex-Governor Carpenter as member of Congress; and from the Badger State, Senator Cameron, the large-hearted, reliable, happy going Isaac W. Van Schaick, L. B. Caswell, R. M. LaFollette, W. A. Haugen. O. S. Gifford and John Lind take us farther on over the broad expanse of country. In time the boundaries narrow until the Strathmore Arms brings States and Territories together. With William H. Wade, of Missouri, as patron saint, their burdens are lightened and life brings some cheer even to a Congressman.

Into this peaceful household once walked the spirit and the embodiment of the Prince of Evil, Charles Guiteau. He gained access to the house by a low cunning, which was ultimately proven to be the groundwork of his nature and the demon responsible for all of his diabolical acts.

In alluding to this it brings forward one of the most tragic incidents connected with American history, that of the assassination of President James A. Garfield

The assassin professed intimacy with the President-elect and James G. Blaine, and desired to make the acquaintance of John A. Logan and other prominent men for their official assistance. In this he showed the vagaries of a crazed brain.

His stay was short, but long enough to make a very unfavorable impression on many of the household, and

long enough to bring some of them as witnesses at court in one of the most exciting trials on record.

How it broadens hope and welds confidence to see men of varied minds and untried measures beat and hammer away in the halls of legislation, and afterwards in purest friendship meet around a common board, and be to each other the prince of good fellows!

William E. Mason, known better among his numerous friends as "Billy" Mason, makes this house ring with merriment when, in his droll manner, he hurls some witticisms or tells an apt story, of which he has an inexhaustible stock. Those who heard his rollicking "Mother Goose" speech on the Tariff, when the House was kept in a roar of laughter, will not forget the telling points where every truth struck home. The memory of it will survive, when the rhetorical eloquence of Breckenridge, the profound argument of Carlisle and the Jacksonian thrusts of Randall have been forgotten.

Mr. Mason is a short man in stature, rising little more than five feet above Mother Earth, thick-set, with an avoirdupois of two hundred and twenty pounds. His hair is black and shaggy, his face smooth, broad, and good-natured. In looks he resembles two sons of Illinois, John A. Logan and, in a marked degree, the "Little Giant," Stephen A. Douglas.

One meets here society in all its phases; men and women of the world who have more money and leisure than ability to utilize them. One sees those who long to read their names in the papers, and those who are angered because their names are there; and those who delight in social duties, as well as those who are miserable because of them. Women of culture here congregate; women of patriotism whom the vicissitudes of life have drifted into the workshops of the Nation; women whose integrity and honor are to them jewels far above the positions lost when fortune changed hands.

Memory recalls those whose fine sense and broad charity never intruded on privacy, never spoke ill of the absent; but rather whose conversation and life were full of deep, true instincts that make rounded characters, who could

talk of science, poetry, art, religion and politics with a keen intelligence which made such a fellowship an education, such conversation a continual spring of inspiration, and social freedom a delight. While the floodgates of memory are raised, in walks the embodiment of one of these, Olive Logan Sikes. It is not necessary to tell the people who she is. Too long she has been one of America's favorite daughters not to have been heard of in city, town and hamlet, through her writings and her lectures.

She is a woman as gifted in mind as she is charming in person and manner; she is one who is true to herself, true to her profession and true to her sex—a strong, helpful, womanly woman.

It is for these qualities that she has been kindly received by the Queen of England among a few chosen guests at a lawn gathering at Windsor; complimented by the Empress of Germany; thanked by the Empress Eugenie for her written words; bidden to the Stratton mansion by Baroness Burdette-Coutts; warmly welcomed by the best in her own native land. Wherever her feet touch its shores there "Welcome ever smiles."

She is a handsome woman, of large figure, fine complexion, her skin exceeding fair and cheeks rosy with health, pleasant, laughing blue eyes, an abundance of soft, gray, wavy hair, which completes a pen portrait of this woman, who is as fascinating as her letters are charming.

Were it not for the influence she has wielded with her pen in the English press, for America and its institutions, for the last quarter of a century, during which time she has made London her home, more would be the pity that the mother-land could not have the honor of sheltering its own daughter in the eventime of life. Still, Olive Logan feels that her English sojourn is only temporary, and always expects to locate in the United States. She is now but at the period of ripe middle age, and returns home to America every year or two. As soon as she feels her physical powers waning, and that she can no

longer travel to and fro, she will return to America and settle—probably in Washington.

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The face and form of another rises before me as I write, that for many years was a noted character and one that filled a large place in the public eye. Is there an American heart that will ever forget the service rendered to country and State by John A. Logan?

It is out of respect to his memory that we take up the pen to make record of some incidents occurring in his life which came under our own eye. For many years we broke bread and lived under the same roof with him, and it was during this time that we came to know another side of this man, of which the people at large knew but little.

We speak advisedly when we say that his life was an open book; he indulged in no secret plotting, no underground wires, no deep-sea affiliations; every act of his life was one of honest conviction, and if there was a legislator of the people and for the people, John A. Logan was one.

Many thought him to be the unyielding, stern, dignified General; his stalwart figure, raven black hair, and eagle eye, that could pierce one through when roused, gave credence to this belief. But to a friend he was affable, approachable, and always had a pleasant word of welcome; his face could glow with genial expression, and the same piercing eye would grow soft and tender as a child's.

There is, perhaps, no part of the General's character as little understood as his intellectual attainments. A general impression seems to have gone abroad that Mrs. Logan was the power behind the throne in all his literary work, speeches, letters, books, what not. There never was a greater error. Mrs. Logan has literary tastes, but of a very different order. She had sole charge of his correspondence, and any one can see what advantage that would be to any public man. Matters that were best kept secret were in no danger of divulgence. This correspondence was answered by her dictation, and when it is known that often the wee small hours of the

night have found her at her desk, it can be inferred what a helpmate she was to him.

After the General was nominated for the Vice-Presidency, a public demonstration was given him at this residence, where he delivered a carefully-prepared speech; some of the papers next day, as usual, gave the credit to Mrs. Logan. The facts were General Logan had a private room in which to prepare his speech, and Mrs. Logan was too ill to see any one that day but the nurse attending her.

One very stormy Sunday, in the public parlor, were congregated several of the household, General Logan among the rest. The conversation drifted upon religious subjects. Among the number was a young man who really was an intellectual prodigy, but without principle. He made a furious attack on the Christian religion, and especially the Methodist Church. The General listened attentively for a time. At length he opened upon him. It took but a very few moments to show who was the Biblical scholar, and it was as interesting as it was astonishing to learn how completely the General had the Bible at his command. The young man saw that he could hold no argument with him on religion, and so withdrew his forces and planted them upon the plains of the Peloponnesus. Again the General proved himself quite as much at ease among the classics as in Bible lore. The Greek philosophers, statesmen, and warriors, one after another, were brought up, each one a representative of the past in his age, their ambitions and their failures noted. Through a mass of commentaries and tranditions he had gathered them out of the centuries; and on that stormy afternoon we listened to the old story afresh from his lips. The young man sat, astonished and thrilled, through it all, while the whole company had been held spellbound by the man whom the newspapers said got some one else to write his speeches.

We remember a paper prepared for the Travel Club, one of the literary clubs of Washington, upon the military life of Egypt. It was wonderful in research, beautiful in expression, abounding in interesting data, and

when we asked where he went for all the information, he replied, "I have had no book in my hand but the Bible."

If he liked a friend, it was for his true worth; rich or poor, high or low, it mattered not; if he possessed redeeming traits, he liked him for those; if a servant did him a kind act he never forgot it, and from that time held him in grateful remembrance. If, by virtue of his office, he could be of help to others, the needed aid was sure to follow. It sometimes happened that those who had been thus benefited would keep aloof out of consideration to the great demands upon his time; nothing hurt him more, and we have been surprised at the sensitiveness manifested. He was fond of company, and was always glad to see his friends. He would say, "When my friends come wanting no service of mine, I know they come because they want to see me, and it is the people who are willing to foot it that I like to see. But when they come with a great flourish of trumpets, four-in-hand and livery, it is because other people do it, it is the thing to do—there is no heart in it."

It always gave him pain when he recalled the injustice done him by the criticisms made on his educational bill, that the "tax on whisky should go towards educating the masses."

As we look upon it in the light of the days gone by, we can but feel that the advocates of temperance were "penny-wise and pound foolish"; as though it would purify the money by being put into the general crib and drawn out *ad libitum*, had the educational bill passed. The anecdote repeated by the Senator is pertinent to the case.

One morning the tall, stately form of Thaddeus Stevens was making its way up to the Capitol on Pennsylvania avenue. He was stopped by a colored man, who saluted him with a "good morning," and added that the colored people were struggling along to build a church; could he help them a little. Mr. Stevens took a hundred dollar bill out of his pocket and handed it to the man, eyeing him closely, and said, "There is a hundred dollars I won gambling last night; if that will serve you you are welcome to it." The colored man, instead of disdaining to take

the money, as the donor supposed he would, adroitly slipped it into his pocket, exclaiming: "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

The day before the Chicago Convention, permission was asked by the Telegraph Company to run a wire into an upper room of the Strathmore Arms, in which the General lived. Consent was given, and when the General returned from the Capitol he was told what had been done. With an amusing twinkle in his eye he said: "You and that company have been putting a job upon me." When asked, "Do you object?" he answered: "Well, I would not have done it myself." But before the convention was over it proved to be the right thing in the right place.

The Sunday previous to the convention, James G. Blaine called on General Logan. During the forenoon they were in secret session in an upper room. What the outcome of the conference was cannot be known except by the events that followed. It at least made one room in this house historic. Without doubt that Sunday's agreement as to the political strength proved the defeat of Mr. Arthur, with the consequent but wholly unexpected result of making Grover Cleveland President of the United States. "There are occasions and causes, why and wherefore in all things."

When the moment in the convention came that Logan's following would turn the vote to James G. Blaine, the order to do so was given. There was never shown greater magnanimity by any man than by him on this occasion, when he consented to take the second place on the ticket. His friends know the true inwardness of the whole transaction, that it was against his wishes and judgment, but he yielded to their earnest appeals.

After the nomination of Mr. Blaine, an adjournment was taken till eight o'clock p. m. Then the telegrams came pouring in from all over the land, urging consent for his name to be run; still he did not yield; one after another who felt that the fate of the ticket rested largely upon his acceptance, called in person to urge it. Ex-Governor George S. Boutwell, who was a guest in the same house, left the dinner table and was closeted for

some time with the General. When he left the room many were anxiously awaiting the decision. When he was asked what was the final conclusion of the whole matter, he answered: "We shall see what we shall see."

When the final hour came, bringing the message from the convention for his answer, the General sat there more composed than any one in the room, holding in his hand a piece of paper folded; he handed it to the operator, who turned pale as he read it. No one in the room knew the decision. Tick, tick went the machine; onto the convention went the message, "My friends can do what they think best for the party," and in less time than it has taken to write this, a sea of heads could be seen moving up Twelfth street on double-quick to his residence, while cries for General Logan and cheers for "Black Jack" filled the air. Before many in the house knew that the message had gone, the General was nominated Vice-President by acclamation, and the multitude in front was doing him enthusiastic homage.

General Logan had good reasons for making the quotation he did at the decoration of the tomb of General Grant:

> "Blow, blow, thou Winter wind,
> Thou art not so unkind
> As man's ingratitude."

There probably was no one who had oftener proved this; for no man in public life was so frequently appealed to for help and influence. His friendship was the stepping-stone to higher possibilities to many of his fellow-men; his kindly hand was ever held out to help those who came to him; but so many times they proved to be those who had fawned at fortune's dawn while the breezes and the tide wafted steadily on; but let the tide in the affairs of men and politics change, then what? They would leave him to sink or to struggle alone. This the General felt most keenly, and it had a greater influence over him in shaking his confidence in mankind than all things else combined.

There was a silent sarcasm in an invitation he gave to one of these Summer friends. The time had been when

this man was omnipresent in the General's house; he held a lucrative place under the Government, and the General's influence had put him there. But there came a day when a new king reigned in Israel not of the house of Jacob, and days and months passed ere this quondam friend dare make his appearance at Calumet Place. At last he ventured. When he arose to take leave the General quietly remarked: "Mr. Blank, call again some dark night."

Yet the General was the most unsuspicious of men. He would never believe in the treachery of a friend until unmistakable evidence was in his hand. His fidelity to his friends, his attachment to his old associations, has made us marvel that any one could play him false.

If he made a friend, it was for all time, if he proved himself worthy. His local attachments were as strong as his nature.

After he purchased Calumet Place as a home, his home at the Strathmore Arms, where he had lived so many years, had ties for him that never were effaced; he would often drop in for a short rest or chat with some of his old friends, in going to or coming from the Capitol. No guest was more welcome; his friends were always glad to grasp the hand of a man they knew well to be so true, so noble. The day he was taken ill he made a call at his old home. A peculiar sadness had settled upon him. At last he said: "I begin to feel, with President Arthur, that if this is all there is to live for, if there is no hope of a future life, this life is not worth living." The General was rich in friends, those who liked him for what he was. Those who knew him best respected him most. Those who had no favors to ask liked him for his integrity, his loyalty, his nobleness of soul. There is not a soldier who was ever in his command but learned to love his commander. More than friends, or home, or life, did he love his country. He was brave, daring, courageous. He did not know the word fear, yet he was tender and considerate of his men. We heard him say he never knew what fear was when the battle raged; but with quivering lips he added, "I never saw a man dead on the

battlefield, friend or foe, when the conflict was over, that tears did not run down my cheeks."

He was charming in conversation, full of anecdote and story and interesting reminiscences of the war.

The country will not forget, in the morning of the war, when the General was a Colonel and was stationed at Cairo with his regiment, many of his soldiers were sick. Six hundred of them lay ill at one time with the measles and eight had already died. The General in his dire distress thought of the wife he had left, and, as was his habit in moments of greatest perplexity, turned to her. "Mary, my boys are sick and dying for want of care; what can you do?" She took the first train, and found them quartered in an old inn, stretched on the floor, without a pillow for their heads, or a blanket to cover them. She returned and visited every home that had sent a boy to the front, and on her way back she had a car load, and a bundle marked for every boy—for Jim, for Joe, or Dick. Within forty-eight hours the improvised hospital had six hundred comfortable cots and every sick boy had a bed. And this hospital was known as the "Striped Hospital," from the homespun blankets of bright colors made by the wives, mothers and sisters of the brave boys that composed the regiment. The stock of fruits and delicacies sent by these women was the beginning of the great Sanitary movement in the West.

It is for what she has done in such emergencies as this, and for the help given to the suffering left behind, that she has endeared herself to the people and made her name as one with John A. Logan's.

When the night closed down upon his earthly career, when his work was finished, for his own, his friends and his country, he left for the first an honored name, which is riches indeed; to his friends the memory of a pure and good man, but for his country—who has he left to fill his place? The years will go by, men will come and go, but his comrades will say, with the Ithacans of old, "Ulysses has gone upon his wanderings and there is none left in all Ithaca to bend his bow."

Here, too, ex-Governor George S. Boutwell lived for

several years. He was chosen by President Grant to be Secretary of the Treasury. He had previously been Commissioner of Internal Revenue. When the portfolio of the Treasury came into his hands, it also brought with it greater responsibilities than had befallen any financial minister, not excepting Alexander Hamilton: that of reducing the high import and revenue tax, created as a war measure, and avoid crippling the National income, for the war debt must be reduced and the interest met; in fact, he was expected to find the golden way to National prosperity and to pay the country's debts besides. How ably he met the requirements reference to the monthly statements will show. Had the reduction of revenue taxation gone on in the same ratio up to the present time, no cry of an alarming surplus would have been heard in the land.

For some reason not yet divined, there seems to be but little of the spirit of "Civil Service Reform" in the rank and file of statesmen. A few of the best of men's lives are given to the country and its needs, and when some great imperilled crisis is past, parties, without distinction, try timber whose strength has never been tested and whose power they know naught of; and so Governor Boutwell has the chance of making a lucrative living in Washington at his profession, the law, with the time, now and then, to give to the country some literary work for which his ripe scholarship and keen intuition have eminently fitted him, while the country is reaching out its feelers to find others that would serve it as well as has George S. Boutwell.

Another who would equally be numbered in the same category, one who was never known to falter when his country called, one who stood manfully by the old Ship of State when she was rocked by adverse waters; one who was Governor of his State and Senator of the United States, was the late Reuben E. Fenton, of New York.

Several Winters he spent in this house, and the question was more than once asked, "How is it that our country can afford to lay aside such men, those whose dignity and high-bred courtesy, whose knowledge and experience of

affairs would do the country honor at home and abroad, and whose sound judgment and watchful vigilance saved us when we were perishing?"

The swift current of events will rush on and seemingly cover the break when such men drop out, but it is not so; the lost strength of the missing link has yet to be measured.

The late Senator Hale, of Vermont, was another representative man who was at one time a member of this household. Mr. Hale took occasion at one time to scathe President Pierce from his seat in the Senate, and afterwards attended a levee. As he approached President Pierce with a lady on his arm, the President received the lady with grace, and then turned his back upon the Senator. President Pierce was a small man and did not cast much of a shadow over the Senator; notwithstanding, it created no little amusement among the bystanders.

Another person who has been a familiar figure in this home was the late Judge Thomas Hood. His striking physique, noble features, faultless dress, ruffled shirts, spotless broadcloth and dignified manner stamped him as a rare specimen of the old-school gentleman. He was a man tender of heart and sympathetic in his nature, a better friend to the world than to himself, a man who never left a duty undone to serve a friend. He was often summoned for counselby hisfriend, Edwin M. Stanton, when darkness hung over the Nation. Manfully would he work to see his friends provided for, while he barely got the crumbs from the Nation's table.

Who that has heard him recite in his pathetic way, "I have Ships at Sea," does not regret that after a life spent in helping others, without the talent for making a selfish stroke for himself, he could not have lived to see the long-looked-for ship that had been sighted, enter port? His appointment for a judgeship was in his hands; but ere he could qualify, when on the threshold of an earthly future, full of hope and honor, he was suddenly called into the mysteries of another world. His genial nature, his brilliant conversation, his retentive memory

made him to his friends an agreeable companion, and his memory will long be cherished.

For the past three years the Rev. Dr. Scott and daughter, Mrs. Scott Lord, with her daughters, Mrs. Dimmick and Mrs. Lieutenant Parker, have been familiar figures in this household. When the Nation called Benjamin Harrison to be its Chief Executive, the reflex honor fell upon this family as father, sister and nieces of Mrs. Harrison.

It is as refreshing as it is unusual to see people called into the foremost rank of social precedence who preserve the same quiet, unaffected spirit, the same genial and warm-hearted manner toward everybody. Not by look or deed do they betray any change fortune may have brought. And, indeed, why should they, when you realize that for nearly ninety years the venerable head of this family has drunk deep from the eternal springs of inspiration that has moulded a character, that casts a halo over his presence, that brings all within his influence to feel that there is no Sovereign but One; no crown but the highest which is not in the gift of men?

To daily watch the tender solicitude of the daughters for their father, and the devotion of these sisters to each other, confirms the faith that lives that are guided and pervaded by the loftiest sense of duty and conscientiousness, can be trusted implicitly to carry out all duties our country may impose.

Many literary people, who belong more or less to the public, have at different times found a home under this roof. We remember Oliver Johnson and his sweet-faced wife, the daughter of John S. C. Abbott. Mr. Johnson's name brings up a multitude of memories when his pen was the sword that cut into the "peculiar institution." We see arrayed such men as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Gerrit Smith and a line of others whose sense of right and justice made them strong to do, and bear, and suffer for the right.

Later came C. C. Coffin, known as "Carleton," the war correspondent who never wrote a lie. He, with his wife, were the first to make the tour of the world, and it was

Mr. Coffin who laid out the line of travel for William H. Seward and his party when they took the same journey. He has made patriots of all the boys who have read his "Boys of '61."

He is a pleasant-faced, pleasant-voiced, agreeable gentleman, and never happier than when relating to others what the great world has revealed to him, and he can charmingly crowd his talk with the pictures of people he has seen.

Mr. Coffin brings to mind another versatile genius who has walked and talked with the constituents of the literati in this house, a man of cultivated literary tastes, a ready contributor and charming story writer, Junius Henri Browne.

And then the genial, whole-souled Bronson Howard, with his charming English wife, steps upon the scene. With frankness, but extreme modesty, he will tell you how characters materialize in his brain and take their places in the drama, until some "Henrietta" with acts, and scenes, and setting fair appears. They have friends wherever they go.

Into this home George Kennan brought his intellectual wife as a bride. This was after he had written "Tent Life in Siberia," but before his later travels, which have made him rich in Siberian lore. He has entertained audiences here by the hour, gossiping through the avenues of his experience, many of them full of the flower and the fragrance of a cultivated life.

Of the newspaper fraternity there might be written a fascinating volume. The Washington correspondents, men and women, by virtue of their profession, by uprightness and integrity, by judicious judgment of opportunities and chances for information, have the open sesame to all official circles, and the opportunity is not limited to make acquaintanceship with people of national reputation. Socially they are always welcome in fashionable or in home life.

In the busy life of this fraternity many have been drawn together under this roof.

We remember Edmund Flemming, now editor of the

Buffalo Courier; E. G. Dunnell, of the *New York Times;* William C. McBride, of the *Cincinnati Enquirer;* Charles Pepper, of the *Chicago Tribune;* Byron Andrews, of the *Inter Ocean* and *National Tribune;* Frank G. Carpenter, of the Associated Press, formerly "Carp" of the *Cleveland Leader*, who with their pleasant, intellectual wives formed a noble representation of the newspaper guild of this country, each in his own way exerting a wide and telling influence, which has brought its reward in professional preferment and advancement. Add to this number the generous-hearted, noble-souled Frank Palmer, now Public Printer; and another, Miss Jannette Jennings, a correspondent of marked ability, a writer who is always welcome, one to whom the doors of officials are never closed, from the White House to the homes of Cabinet Ministers, Judges of Supreme Court, Senators, Congressmen and laymen—she is a faithful, conscientious delineator of time and its events; and Harriet Taylor Upton, who is now giving the world, through *Wide-Awake*, "The Children of the White House," and a more charming coterie of Knights of the Free Lance it would be difficult to find.

There are those whose Winters have waned and Summers come again within this circle, who have become so much a part of this home that it would seem like photographing one's father or mother, brother or sister for the public, to give aught of their personal life and experience; those who in no sense but the general one belong to the public, but have, each in his own way, become identified with this home.

Many of them are scattered over the earth's fair domain. Their memories are kindly cherished. These friendships made and welded will live until the portals of another life open. To them for sympathy when difficulties arose, for their encouragement when obstacles had to be overcome, for their friendships which never failed, we owe much for the beginning and carrying forward to completion this volume on the

HISTORIC HOMES IN WASHINGTON.

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